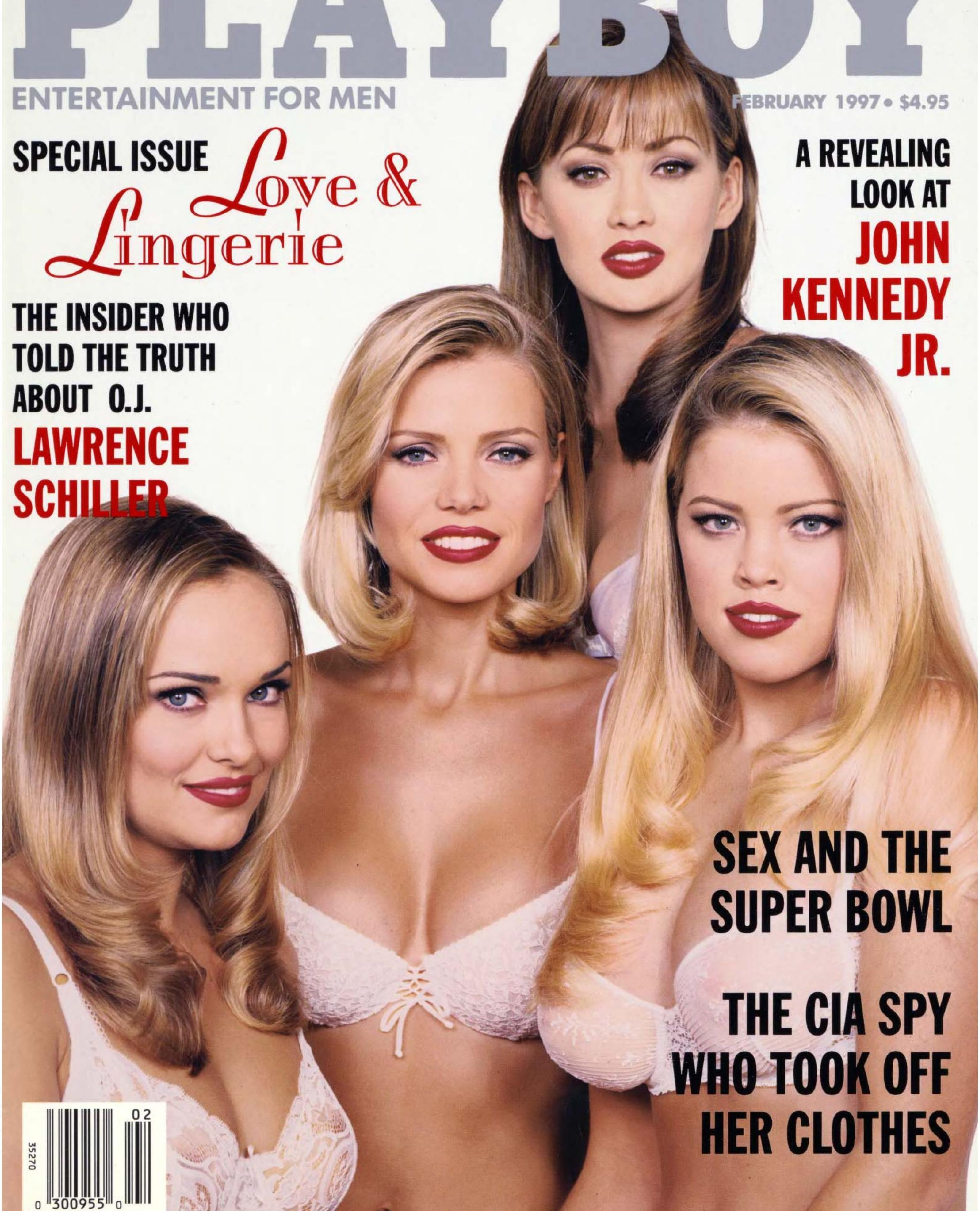
PLAYBOY

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

FEBRUARY 1997 • $4.95



SPECIAL ISSUE *Love & Lingerie*

THE INSIDER WHO TOLD THE TRUTH ABOUT O.J. **LAWRENCE SCHILLER**

A REVEALING LOOK AT **JOHN KENNEDY JR.**

SEX AND THE SUPER BOWL

THE CIA SPY WHO TOOK OFF HER CLOTHES

02
35270
0 300955 0

© Philip Morris Inc. 1996

Ultima: 1 mg "tar," 0.1 mg nicotine—Ultra Lights: 5 mg "tar," 0.4 mg nicotine—Kings: 8 mg "tar," 0.6 mg nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Quitting Smoking Now Greatly Reduces Serious Risks to Your Health.

es!
MERIT
FILTER
MERIT
ULTRA LIGHTS
FILTER
MERIT
ULTIMA
MERIT
ULTIMA

Yes, lower tar with
satisfying taste. Yes, you
can switch down and
yes...you can
enjoy the flavor!

You've
got
MERIT

"La Femme Nikita"
Mondays at 10 pm/9C

A sexy streetpunk is trapped
in a life of danger and espionage.
Another original USA Studios
production. Only on USA Network.

USA NETWORK

The cure for the common show.

36-24-.45

www.usanetwork.com

PLAYBILL

YOU'LL NOTICE FROM our cover that this special issue is a celebration of love and lingerie—a potent pair. After all, lingerie is the warhead of love bombs. Call it Victoria's secret weapon. As a delicate yet powerful underpinning to our lineup, the lingerie pictorial *Heart Couture* features a gift pack of Playmates in various stages of dishabille. Next, we asked two of our favorite funny valentines, **John Cleese** and **Jamie Lee Curtis,** to square off for a disarming discourse on desire. Cleese and Curtis, you may recall, flirted and flopped their way through the literate, sexy comedy *A Fish Called Wanda*. As they wrapped Fish II—the forthcoming flick *Fierce Creatures*—**Dick Lochte,** columnist for the *Los Angeles Times Book Review*, solicited their lustful thoughts on everything from muesli to whether it is better to frisk or not to frisk. The illustration is by **Fred Stonehouse.** If money is power and power is the fulfillment of desire, Super Bowl weekend offers corporate America a chance to show off its big balls. Never mind football, the big game is payday for hookers and limo drivers alike. In the article *Sex and the Super Bowl*, **Kevin Cook** follows the money to the honeys. When top salesmen and U.S. senators fly into New Orleans this year, more than cash will be pumped into the local economy. (**Blair Drawson** did the artwork.) As **James R. Petersen** explains in the second installment of *Playboy's History of the Sexual Revolution*, the relationship between sex and popular culture has deep roots. Between 1910 and 1919, the advent of movies and the dancehall craze helped fuel a sexually charged atmosphere that the temperance movement couldn't cool. (Managing Art Director **Kerig Pope** and Assistant Photo Editor **Beth Mullins** did the visuals.)

He was called the Hyannis Port hunk, the Central Park stripper, Mr. Fab Ab. Then John F. Kennedy Jr. seemingly turned serious, started the political magazine *George* and topped it off with a marriage to beauty Carolyn Bessette. In *John*, Pulitzer Prize–winning columnist **Jim Dwyer** cuts through the imagery and uncovers the private conflicts of this hopelessly public figure. On the other end of the spectrum lurks **Lawrence Schiller,** a modern-day Zelig who witnessed the murder of Lee Harvey Oswald, the death of Gary Gilmore and the trial of O.J. Simpson. A collaborator with Norman Mailer on *The Executioner's Song*, a filmmaker and PLAYBOY photographer, Schiller is now the author of the definitive Simpson book, *American Tragedy*. In an absorbing *Interview*, **David Sheff** puts Schiller on the stand for the truth behind Simpson's rage, the role of Robert Kardashian and Marcia Clark's minis.

From behind the scenes to under the covers: In a pictorial exposé, former CIA operative **Jayne Hayden** reveals herself to be a spy who came in from the cold and turned up the heat. For comic belief, we offer **Conan O'Brien,** this month's *20 Questions* by **Warren Kalbacker.** Though we'd never suggest that O'Brien put a lid on it, author **Michael Walsh** would. He gives tips for toppers in his essay *The Way You Wear Your Hat*. It's the perfect accessory for our fashion layout, *Hats & Coats*. For a real brim-snapper Playmate **Carol Vitale** returns for an encore in photos by the famous **Bunny Yeager**. This month also marks the introduction of *Playmate News*, our compendium of news flashes about the important women in our lives.

Last but most sweet in our V-Day box of chocolates is *An Office Romance*. It's information-age love lore by **Terry Bisson,** art by **Steven Guarnaccia.** Four pages of foreplay-enhancing ideas—gifts, getaways, videos and bath oils—will ensure your holiday goes, um, smoothly. Our ultimate confection is Playmate **Kimber West,** who says she's happiest when she's nude. Funny, when she's nude we're pretty happy, too.

LOCHTE

STONEHOUSE

COOK

DRAWSON

PETERSEN, MULLINS, POPE

DWYER

SHEFF

KALBACKER

WALSH

YEAGER

BISSON

GUARNACCIA

Playboy (ISSN 0032-1478), February 1997, volume 44, number 2. Published monthly by Playboy in national and regional editions, Playboy, 680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611. Periodicals postage paid at Chicago, Illinois and at additional mailing offices. Canada Post Canadian Publications Mail Sales Product Agreement No. 56162. Subscriptions: in the U.S., $29.97 for 12 issues. Postmaster: Send address change to Playboy, P.O. Box 2007, Harlan, Iowa 51537-4007. E-mail: edit@playboy.com.

"Mr. Jenkins is encouraged that
his suggestion to play 'no-handed pass the olive'
is being received so enthusiastically."
Tanqueray
IMPORTED
Tanqueray
SPECIAL DRY
Distilled English Gin
Do drink responsibly, won't you?
www.tanqueray.com
Imported English Gin 47.3% Alc/Vol (94.6°), 100% Grain Neutral Spirits. ©1996 Schieffelin & Somerset Co., New York, N.Y.

PLAYBOY®

vol. 44, no. 2—february 1997

CONTENTS FOR THE MEN'S ENTERTAINMENT MAGAZINE

PLAYBILL 3

DEAR PLAYBOY 9

PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS 13

- **WIRED** 15
- **MUSIC** 16
- **MOVIES** .... BRUCE WILLIAMSON 18
- **VIDEO** 23
- **STYLE** 24
- **BOOKS** .... DIGBY DIEHL 26

HEALTH & FITNESS 28

MEN .... ASA BABER 30

THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR 33

THE PLAYBOY FORUM 37

PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: LAWRENCE SCHILLER—candid conversation 47

JOHN KENNEDY—playboy profile .... JIM DWYER 54

CIA OPERATIVE—pictorial 58

SEX AND THE SUPER BOWL—article .... KEVIN COOK 64

PLAYBOY'S HISTORY OF THE SEXUAL REVOLUTION PART TWO (1910-1919)—article .... JAMES R. PETERSEN 68

AN OFFICE ROMANCE—fiction .... TERRY BISSON 76

THE WAY YOU WEAR YOUR HAT—article .... MICHAEL WALSH 79

HATS & COATS—fashion .... HOLLIS WAYNE 80

TRUE WEST—playboy's playmate of the month 86

PARTY JOKES—humor 98

CUPID'S QUIVER—romance 100

PLAYMATE REVISITED: CAROL VITALE 107

THE SLINGS OF DESIRE—article .... DICK LOCHTE 110

20 QUESTIONS: CONAN O'BRIEN 112

HEART COUTURE—pictorial 116

PLAYBOY GALLERY: BRIGITTE NIELSEN 131

PLAYMATE NEWS 167

WHERE & HOW TO BUY 169

PLAYBOY ON THE SCENE 171

Secret Agent P. 58

Sex Revolution P. 68

Go West P. 86

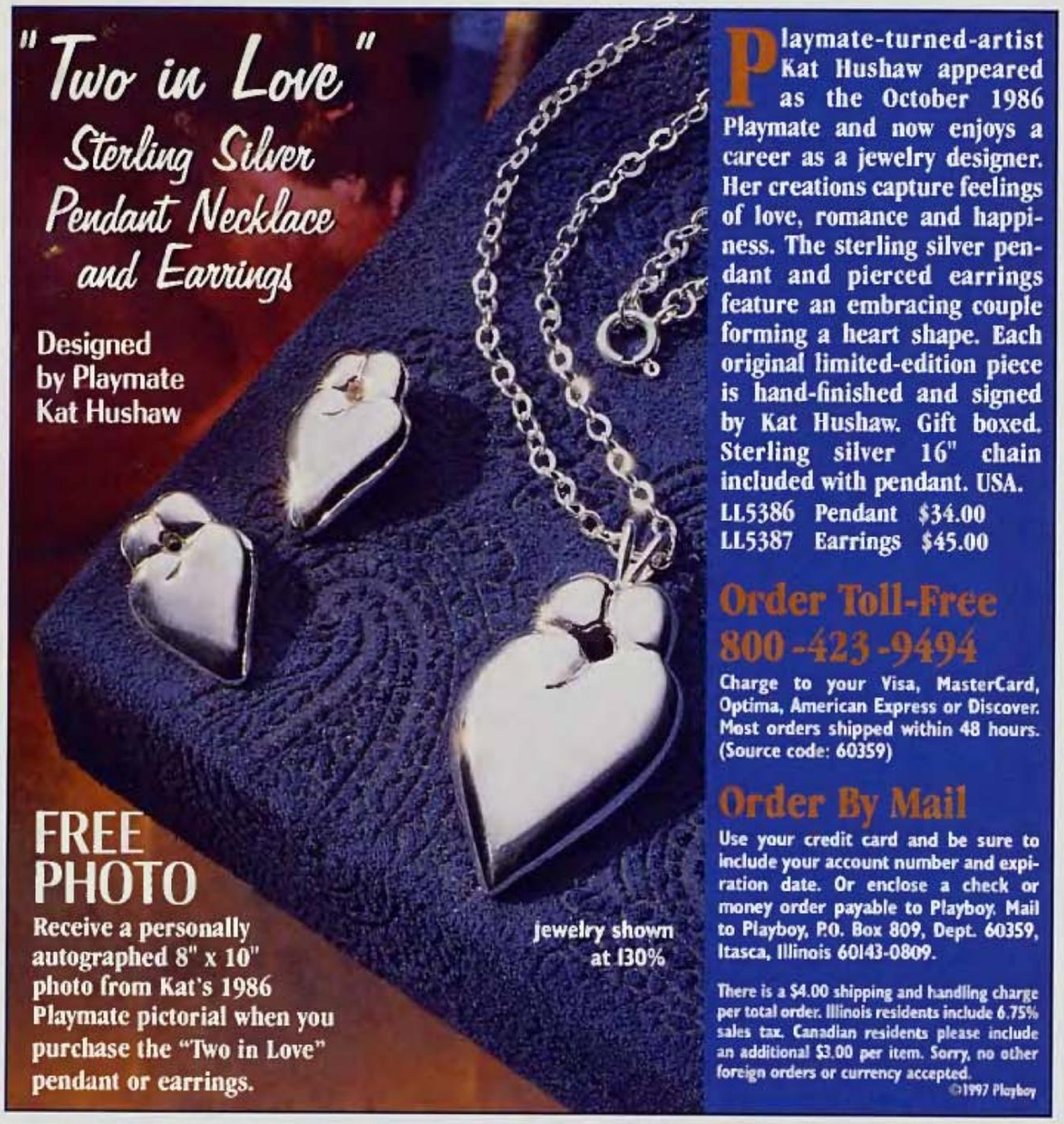
By George P. 54

COVER STORY

Lingerie can be much ado about little nothings. As a Valentine, Playmates (clockwise from bottom left) Echo Johnson, Anna-Marie Goddard, Rachel Jeán Marteen and Jami Ferrell show us their underwares. We say brava! The cover was produced by Marilyn Grabowski and shot by Stephen Wayda, with make-up by Alexis Vogel, hair by Daniel Dicriscio for José Eber Salon, Beverly Hills and styling by Jennifer Tutor. Our Rabbit shows up in a supporting role.

GENERAL OFFICES PLAYBOY, 680 NORTH LAKE SHORE DRIVE, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS 60611. PLAYBOY ASSUMES NO RESPONSIBILITY TO RETURN UNSOLICITED EDITORIAL OR GRAPHIC OR OTHER MATERIAL. ALL RIGHTS IN LETTERS AND UNSOLICITED EDITORIAL AND GRAPHIC MATERIAL WILL BE TREATED AS UNCONDITIONALLY ASSIGNED FOR PUBLICATION AND COPYRIGHT PURPOSES AND MATERIAL WILL BE SUBJECT TO PLAYBOY'S UNRESTRICTED RIGHT TO EDIT AND TO COMMENT EDITORIALLY. PLAYBOY, DATE OF PRODUCTION: DECEMBER 1996. CUSTODIAN OF RECORDS IS MARCIA TERRONES. ALL RECORDS REQUIRED BY LAW TO BE MAINTAINED BY PUBLISHER ARE LOCATED AT 680 NORTH LAKE SHORE DRIVE, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS 60611. CONTENTS COPYRIGHT © 1996 BY PLAYBOY. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED. PLAYBOY, PLAYMATE AND RABBIT HEAD SYMBOL ARE MARKS OF PLAYBOY, REGISTERED U.S. TRADEMARK OFFICE. NO PART OF THIS BOOK MAY BE REPRODUCED, STORED IN A RETRIEVAL SYSTEM OR TRANSMITTED IN ANY FORM BY ANY ELECTRONIC, MECHANICAL, PHOTOCOPYING OR RECORDING MEANS OR OTHERWISE WITHOUT PRIOR WRITTEN PERMISSION OF THE PUBLISHER. ANY SIMILARITY BETWEEN THE PEOPLE AND PLACES IN THE FICTION AND SEMIFICTION IN THIS MAGAZINE AND ANY REAL PEOPLE AND PLACES IS PURELY COINCIDENTAL. FOR CREDITS SEE PAGE 169. FRANKLIN MINT OUTSERT IN DOMESTIC SUBSCRIPTION POLYWRAPPED COPIES. AMERICA ONLINE OUTSERT IN SELECTED SUBSCRIPTION POLYWRAPPED COPIES. MBI CARDS BETWEEN PAGES 24-25 AND 28-29 AND CBS INSERT BETWEEN PAGES 48-49 IN DOMESTIC NEWSSTAND AND SUBSCRIPTION COPIES. PLAYERS INSERT BETWEEN PAGES 142-143 IN SELECTED DOMESTIC NEWSSTAND AND SUBSCRIPTION COPIES. CALVIN KLEIN INSERT BETWEEN PAGES 16-17 AND MARLBORO INSERT BETWEEN PAGES 20-21 IN DOMESTIC SUBSCRIPTION COPIES. CERTIFICADO DE LICITUD DE TÍTULO NO. 7570 DE FECHA 29 DE JULIO DE 1993, Y CERTIFICADO DE LICITUD DE CONTENIDO NO. 5108 DE FECHA 29 DE JULIO DE 1993, EXPEDIDOS POR LA COMISIÓN CALIFICADORA DE PUBLICACIONES Y REVISTAS ILUSTRADAS DEPENDIENTE DE LA SECRETARIA DE GOBERNACIÓN, MÉXICO. RESERVA DE TÍTULO EN TRÁMITE.

PRINTED IN U.S.A.



"Two in Love"
Sterling Silver Pendant Necklace and Earrings
Designed by Playmate Kat Hushaw
Jewelry shown at 130%

FREE PHOTO
Receive a personally autographed 8" x 10" photo from Kat's 1986 Playmate pictorial when you purchase the "Two in Love" pendant or earrings.

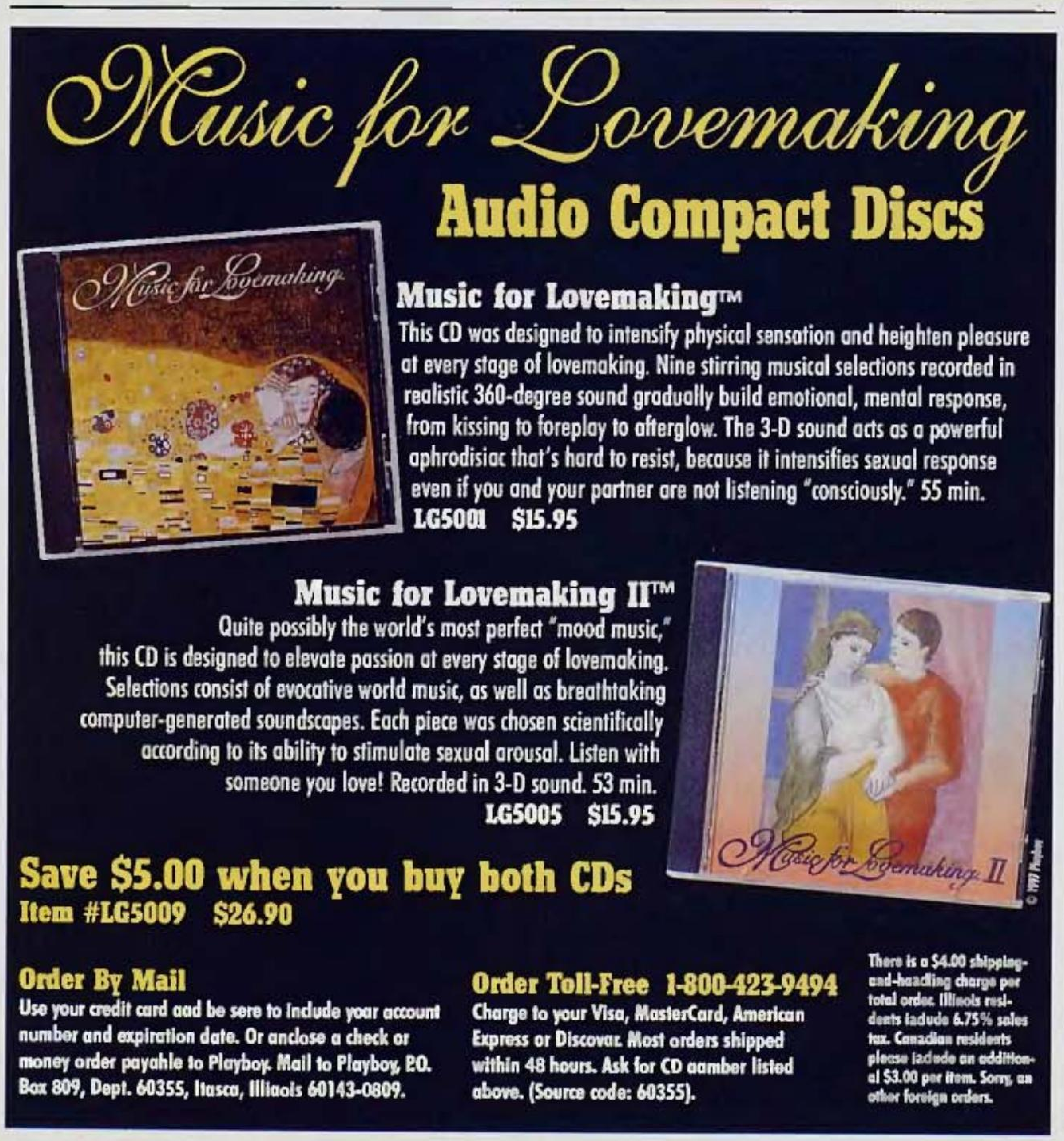
Playmate-turned-artist Kat Hushaw appeared as the October 1986 Playmate and now enjoys a career as a jewelry designer. Her creations capture feelings of love, romance and happiness. The sterling silver pendant and pierced earrings feature an embracing couple forming a heart shape. Each original limited-edition piece is hand-finished and signed by Kat Hushaw. Gift boxed. Sterling silver 16" chain included with pendant. USA.

LL5386 Pendant $34.00
LL5387 Earrings $45.00

Order Toll-Free 800-423-9494
Charge to your Visa, MasterCard, Optima, American Express or Discover. Most orders shipped within 48 hours. (Source code: 60359)

Order By Mail
Use your credit card and be sure to include your account number and expiration date. Or enclose a check or money order payable to Playboy. Mail to Playboy, P.O. Box 809, Dept. 60359, Itasca, Illinois 60143-0809.

There is a $4.00 shipping and handling charge per total order. Illinois residents include 6.75% sales tax. Canadian residents please include an additional $3.00 per item. Sorry, no other foreign orders or currency accepted.
©1997 Playboy



Music for Lovemaking
Audio Compact Discs

Music for Lovemaking™
This CD was designed to intensify physical sensation and heighten pleasure at every stage of lovemaking. Nine stirring musical selections recorded in realistic 360-degree sound gradually build emotional, mental response, from kissing to foreplay to afterglow. The 3-D sound acts as a powerful aphrodisiac that's hard to resist, because it intensifies sexual response even if you and your partner are not listening "consciously." 55 min.
LG5001 $15.95

Music for Lovemaking II™
Quite possibly the world's most perfect "mood music," this CD is designed to elevate passion at every stage of lovemaking. Selections consist of evocative world music, as well as breathtaking computer-generated soundscapes. Each piece was chosen scientifically according to its ability to stimulate sexual arousal. Listen with someone you love! Recorded in 3-D sound. 53 min.
LG5005 $15.95

Save $5.00 when you buy both CDs
Item #LG5009 $26.90

Order By Mail
Use your credit card and be sure to include your account number and expiration date. Or enclose a check or money order payable to Playboy. Mail to Playboy, P.O. Box 809, Dept. 60355, Itasca, Illinois 60143-0809.

Order Toll-Free 1-800-423-9494
Charge to your Visa, MasterCard, American Express or Discover. Most orders shipped within 48 hours. Ask for CD number listed above. (Source code: 60355).

There is a $4.00 shipping-and-handling charge per total order. Illinois residents include 6.75% sales tax. Canadian residents please include an additional $3.00 per item. Sorry, no other foreign orders.

PLAYBOY

HUGH M. HEFNER *editor-in-chief*

ARTHUR KRETCHMER *editorial director*
JONATHAN BLACK *managing editor*
TOM STAEBLER *art director*
GARY COLE *photography director*
KEVIN BUCKLEY *executive editor*
JOHN REZEK *assistant managing editor*

EDITORIAL

ARTICLES: STEPHEN RANDALL *editor;* **FICTION:** ALICE K. TURNER *editor;* **FORUM:** JAMES R. PETERSEN *senior staff writer;* CHIP ROWE *assistant editor;* **MODERN LIVING:** DAVID STEVENS *editor;* BETH TOMKIW *associate editor;* **STAFF:** BRUCE KLUGER *senior editor;* CHRISTOPHER NAPOLITANO, BARBARA NELLIS *associate editors;* **FASHION:** HOLLIS WAYNE *director;* JENNIFER RYAN JONES *assistant editor;* **CARTOONS:** MICHELLE URRY *editor;* **COPY:** LEOPOLD FROEHLICH *editor;* ARLAN BUSHMAN *assistant editor;* ANNE SHERMAN *copy associate;* REMA SMITH *senior researcher;* LEE BRAUER, GEORGE HODAK, SARI WILSON *researchers;* **CONTRIBUTING EDITORS:** ASA BABER, KEVIN COOK, GRETCHEN EDGREN, LAWRENCE GROBEL, KEN GROSS *(automotive),* CYNTHIA HEIMEL, WARREN KALBACKER, D. KEITH MANO, JOE MORGENSTERN, REG POTTERTON, DAVID RENSIN, DAVID SHEFF, DAVID STANDISH, BRUCE WILLIAMSON *(movies)*

ART

KERIG POPE *managing director;* BRUCE HANSEN, CHET SUSKI, LEN WILLIS *senior directors;* KRISTIN KORJENEK *associate director;* ANN SEIDL *supervisor, keyline/pasteup;* PAUL CHAN *senior art assistant;* JASON SIMONS *art assistant*

PHOTOGRAPHY

MARILYN GRABOWSKI *west coast editor;* JIM LARSON, MICHAEL ANN SULLIVAN *senior editors;* PATTY BEAUDET *associate editor;* STEPHANIE BARNETT, BETH MULLINS *assistant editors;* DAVID CHAN, RICHARD FEGLEY, ARNY FREYTAG, RICHARD IZUI, DAVID MECEY, BYRON NEWMAN, POMPEO POSAR, STEPHEN WAYDA *contributing photographers;* SHELLEE WELLS *stylist;* TIM HAWKINS *manager, photo services;* ELIZABETH GEORGIOU *photo archivist;* GERALD SENN *correspondent—paris*

RICHARD KINSLER *publisher*

PRODUCTION

MARIA MANDIS *director;* RITA JOHNSON *manager;* KATHERINE CAMPION, JODY JURGETO, RICHARD QUARTAROLI, TOM SIMONEK *associate managers*

CIRCULATION

LARRY A. DJERF *newsstand sales director;* PHYLLIS ROTUNNO *subscription circulation director;* CINDY RAKOWITZ *communications director*

ADVERTISING

ERNIE RENZULLI *advertising director;* JAMES DIMONEKAS, *new york manager;* JEFF KIMMEL, *sales development manager;* JOE HOFFER *midwest ad sales manager;* IRV KORNBLAU *marketing director;* LISA NATALE *research director*

READER SERVICE

LINDA STROM, MIKE OSTROWSKI *correspondents*

ADMINISTRATIVE

EILEEN KENT *new media director;* MARCIA TERRONES *rights & permissions manager*

PLAYBOY ENTERPRISES, INC.
CHRISTIE HEFNER *chairman, chief executive officer*

PLAYBOY

THE PLAYBOY PLAYMATE BOOK

More than 500 of the World's Most Memorable Women

THE PLAYMATE BOOK
THE PLAYMATE BOOK

THE EIGHTIES

- **MORE THAN 1000 PHOTOS, MANY NEVER BEFORE PUBLISHED**
- **NUDITY**
- **INCLUDES MORE THAN 500 PLAYMATES**
- **PLAYMATE FACTS AND RECENT PHOTOS**

$50.00

BOOK# LU5328

"In many ways, this book is much more personal to me than The Playboy Book." —HUGH HEFNER

THE PLAYBOY PLAYMATE IS A CULTURAL ICON. NOW FOR THE FIRST TIME EVER, PLAYBOY HAS OPENED THE PLAYBOY ARCHIVES AND ASSEMBLED THIS BOOK FEATURING INCREDIBLE PHOTOGRAPHY OF EVERY PLAYMATE FROM THE FIRST ISSUE TO THE PRESENT DAY. THE BOOK CONTAINS ORIGINAL PHOTOS OF MORE THAN 500 PLAYMATES, NUDE PICTORIALS, NEVER-BEFORE-PUBLISHED PICTURES AND SNAPSHOTS FROM HUGH HEFNER'S PERSONAL PHOTO ALBUM. AS A SPECIAL BONUS; RECENT PHOTOS AND UP-TO-THE-MINUTE FACTS PROVIDE A LOOK AT THE PAST AND PRESENT LIVES OF MANY OF YOUR FAVORITE PLAYMATES. THE PLAYMATE BOOK IS A UNIQUE TRIBUTE TO, AND MEMENTO OF, THE WORLD'S MOST ALLURING WOMEN. INTRODUCTION BY HUGH M. HEFNER. HARDCOVER. NUDITY. COLOR AND BLACK-AND-WHITE PHOTOS. 9" X 12". 384 PAGES.

Order Toll-Free 800-423-9494

CHARGE TO YOUR VISA, MASTERCARD, AMERICAN EXPRESS OR DISCOVER. MOST ORDERS SHIPPED WITHIN 48 HOURS. (SOURCE CODE: 60367)

Order By Mail

USE YOUR CREDIT CARD AND BE SURE TO INCLUDE YOUR ACCOUNT NUMBER AND EXPIRATION DATE. OR ENCLOSE A CHECK OR MONEY ORDER PAYABLE TO PLAYBOY. MAIL TO PLAYBOY, P.O. BOX 809, DEPT. 60367, ITASCA, ILLINOIS 60143-0809.

THERE IS A $5.95 SHIPPING-AND-HANDLING CHARGE PER TOTAL ORDER. ILLINOIS RESIDENTS INCLUDE 6.75% SALES TAX. CANADIAN RESIDENTS PLEASE INCLUDE AN ADDITIONAL $3.00 PER ITEM. SORRY, NO OTHER FOREIGN ORDERS OR CURRENCY ACCEPTED.

©1997 PLAYBOY

3...2...1...Blast off with Uniden's UDS 100/200 Digital Satellite Systems with ultra-small 18" dish. For over 30 years, Uniden has been bringing you the very best in communications equipment. Now, we're introducing our latest DSS® Systems that offer features like *One-Touch* VCR Recording & Programming, On-Screen Menus and Program Guides, Parental Lock, UHF Universal Remote and much more. With you at the controls, Uniden's Brand UDS 100/200 DSS® Systems will make watching TV a real blast.

Ever since you were a kid, you've dreamed of exploring unknown worlds.

uniden
TV/DSS
MENU
GUIDE
SELECT
TIMER
TV/DSS
uniden
DSS

Behold your spaceship.

U.S. Satellite Broadcasting DSS DIGITAL SATELLITE SYSTEM DIRECTV

uniden®

©1996 Uniden America Corp. Programming and hardware sold separately. DIRECTV and DSS are registered trademarks of DIRECTV, Inc., a unit of Hughes Electronics Corporation. USSB is an official service mark of United States Satellite Broadcasting Company, a subsidiary of Hubbard Broadcasting, Inc.

DEAR PLAYBOY

680 NORTH LAKE SHORE DRIVE
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS 60611
FAX 312-649-9534
E-MAIL DEARPB@PLAYBOY.COM
PLEASE INCLUDE YOUR DAYTIME PHONE NUMBER

THE DEVIL AND MR. REED

Joe Conason's *Ralph Reed: Smart as the Devil* (November) is superbly written. Despite Reed's efforts to moderate the Christian Coalition's intolerance, a leopard cannot change its spots. The Bible has high regard for forgiveness, charity and compassion. The Christian Coalition clearly comes up short.

Mark Naeser
Jamestown, New York

It will be a sad day for the American people if Pat Robertson and Ralph Reed ever get into the White House. Women will be subjected to backstreet abortions, the rich will get richer and the poor will get poorer. But most important, there will be no separation of church and state.

Daniel Statkowski
Cherry Tree, Pennsylvania

I was born in 1947 in a world that remained mostly free of violence until the mid-Sixties. In the Nineties, we've become callous to violence. God no longer exists in the national agenda, and we seem to be going down the same road the Romans did. Their empire collapsed in several hundred years because of moral decay. I say hurrah for Pat and Ralph. They're trying to turn the wagon train around, and that's better than shooting the horses.

Robert Methvin
Napa, California

Until 1933 when it was adopted by the Third Reich, the swastika was an honorable religious symbol and ancient design motif. The Nazis made it represent the worst evil. Ralph Reed seems to be the reincarnation of Joseph Goebbels—right down to his stature and rhetoric. We must be careful not to let the Christian cross Reed is hiding behind follow the path of the swastika.

Arthur Carlsten
Tucson, Arizona

HISTORY ACCORDING TO LIAM

Most of Liam Neeson's comments regarding Michael Collins (*Playboy Interview*, November) were accurate, but Neeson referred to Collins as "a statesman." Collins was no statesman. When Eamon De Valera asked him to negotiate, Collins argued that he was a soldier, not a politician.

Michael Linkletter Jr.
qix@alaska.net
Anchorage, Alaska

BABEWATCH

First it was Erika Eleniak, then Pam Anderson and now Donna D'Errico (*Donna Does "Baywatch," Days and Nights*, November). I think *Baywatch* has finally found the best.

Kendall Keith
Las Vegas, Nevada

BLOWING THE WHISTLE ON THE RABBIT

It was quite a challenge to find the Rabbit on the November cover. I had to cheat and look at the clue in the caption.

Randy Kupsh
De Pere, Wisconsin

I was certain that the bashful Rabbit was intended to be formed by Donna's thumb and the whistle she is holding until I checked the clue. I like my discovery better.

Dave Van den Branden
StudioTHO@aol.com
Chicago, Illinois

WOMEN

Cynthia Heimel's "Women's Intuition" (*Women*, November) was a useful column. I especially liked her insights on how social roles and expectations for women have affected all of us. Mythbusting is hard and thankless work. It's also prone to misinterpretation. It takes courage to do what Heimel does.

Christopher List
clist@pdm.kla.com
Menlo Park, California

PLAYBOY (ISSN 0032-1478), FEBRUARY 1997, VOLUME 44, NUMBER 2. PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY PLAYBOY, 680 NORTH LAKE SHORE DRIVE, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS 60611. **SUBSCRIPTIONS:** U.S., $29.97 FOR 12 ISSUES. CANADA, $43.97 FOR 12 ISSUES. ALL OTHER FOREIGN, $45 U.S. CURRENCY ONLY. FOR NEW AND RENEWAL ORDERS AND CHANGE OF ADDRESS, SEND TO PLAYBOY SUBSCRIPTIONS, P.O. BOX 2007, HARLAN, IOWA 51537-4007. PLEASE ALLOW 6-8 WEEKS FOR PROCESSING. FOR CHANGE OF ADDRESS, SEND NEW AND OLD ADDRESSES AND ALLOW 45 DAYS FOR CHANGE. POSTMASTER: SEND FORM 3579 TO PLAYBOY, P.O. BOX 2007, HARLAN, IOWA 51537-4007. **ADVERTISING:** NEW YORK: 730 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 10019 (212-261-5000); CHICAGO: 680 NORTH LAKE SHORE DRIVE, CHICAGO 60611 (312-751-8000); WEST COAST: SO MEDIA, 2001 WILSHIRE BOULEVARD, SUITE 200, SANTA MONICA, CA 90403 (310-264-7575); SOUTHEAST: COLEMAN & BENTZ, INC., 4651 ROSWELL ROAD NE, ATLANTA, GA 30342 (404-256-3800); BOSTON: NORTHEAST MEDIA SALES, 8 FANEUIL HALL MARKETPLACE, BOSTON 02109 (617-973-5050). FOR SUBSCRIPTION INQUIRIES, CALL 800-999-4438.

Somebunny to Love T-Shirt

Only $16.95

SOMEBUNNY TO LOVE

We always thought the Playboy Rabbit Head was lovable and obviously "somebunny" agrees...he's been covered with kisses! Unisex white T-shirt has black screen-printed Rabbit Head logo with screen-printed red lips. 100% cotton. USA. Sizes L, XL.

T-SHIRT# LH4864 $16.95

Order Toll-Free 800-423-9494 Charge to your Visa, MasterCard, American Express or Discover. Most orders shipped within 48 hours. (Source code: 60356)

Order By Mail Use your credit card and be sure to include your account number and expiration date. Or enclose a check or money order payable to Playboy. Mail to Playboy, P.O. Box 809, Dept. 60356, Itasca, Illinois 60143-0809.

There is a $3.00 shipping-and-handling charge per total order. Illinois residents include 6.75% sales tax. Canadian residents please include an additional $3.00 per item. Sorry, no other foreign orders or currency accepted.

©1997 Playboy

TOXIC TERROR

Michael Reynolds' article (November) is informative. I've read a lot on the subject of the right wing's interest in military hardware and assassination. Unfortunately, there's never been an explanation as to why this militant element exists. If we could determine what motivates these zealots, then maybe we would understand why they are mad as hell.

L.H. Smith
TontoandKemosabe@MSN.com
Tacoma, Washington

I find *Toxic Terror* very shocking. The thought that paramilitary psychos can get their hands on bubonic plague is scary and disheartening. The fact that you can easily obtain a copy of *Silent Death* and can't always find a copy of PLAYBOY is amazing.

David Duty
Potosi, Missouri

MEN

Asa Baber's November column ("Her Dominant Sex Organ") is totally out of whack. It's true that some women are obsessed with food, but that doesn't apply to all of us. For me, food is just the fuel that keeps me going. Other things are far more important.

Becki Mathis
Perry, Michigan

WHAT SORT OF MAN READS PLAYBOY?

I enjoy your magazine, but your What Sort of Man ads always leave me a little perturbed. I am not dreaming of Olympic gold medals or life next door to the Clampetts in Beverly Hills. My ad would read: "He's an average Joe. He knows the cruelty of the day job and the excitement of the nightlife. He's an extremist. He'll do anything to get the adrenaline going."

Ken Johns
Hoboken, New Jersey

WHAT SORT OF WOMAN READS PLAYBOY?

In our house, I'm the subscriber to PLAYBOY and Playboy TV. I'm also the first one to read the magazine. I've enjoyed your What Sort of Man Reads Playboy? ads and want to remind you that women like your fabulous entertainment, too.

Tiffany Stephenson
Kula, Hawaii

PLAYMATE REVISITED

I was a high school senior when Janet Pilgrim (November) first appeared on PLAYBOY's pages. For most of my college years, her gorgeous centerfold was taped to my dorm room door. I gazed at Janet's picture and dreamed of making love to a woman as beautiful as she was. You've given this old-timer quite a thrill. At the age of 58, I still like your magazine as much as I did when I was 18.

Laurence R. Januz
Lake Forest, Illinois

SMELLS LIKE VIKING SPIRIT

November Playmate Ulrika Ericsson (*How Swede It Is*) is the Viking maiden who has surely made Odin and Thor very happy.

Roger Kicker
South Beloit, Illinois

I'm a photographer who has worked with Ulrika for two years, and she is as beautiful a person as she is a model. Volvo, move over and make room for Sweden's greatest export.

Bill Bachmann
Orlando, Florida

We're from Gävle, Sweden—Miss November's hometown—where we are used to seeing luscious blondes. But they all fade in comparison with Ulrika Ericsson. We had the great pleasure of meeting her a few years ago and knew she was special and would make it. We thank Ulrika for putting Gävle on the map.

Magnus Lindblom and
Andreas Wikholm
Gävle, Sweden

It may well be that the sylphlike Ulrika Ericsson first showcased her charms in an American periodical. Yet Iggy Pop's immortal lyrics never rang so true: "I wish life could be Swedish magazines."

Tony Pivetta
Royal Oak, Michigan

You asked if Vikings wore horns on their helmets. Even though you were being rhetorical, I think Americans should know the answer is no.

Oscar Haeger
University of Borås
Borås, Sweden

UNBELIEVABLE FICTION

Brendan DuBois' *The Dark Snow* (November) is great if you disregard the last four or five paragraphs. Does he expect us to believe that those good old boys are going to drive their $8000 Arctic Cats across thin ice just because some asshole pulled down warning signs? Get a grip.

Jody Logan
Thomaston, Maine

What an amazing survivor's story! DuBois proves that intelligence rather than brute force will conquer stupidity.

A.J. Gidyk
Edmonton, Alberta

HANGING WITH THE GIRLS

Talk about a picture that's worth a thousand words (*Playboy Gallery*, November). I'm still waiting for Jayne Mansfield to inhale.

Juan Llanes
Fort Lauderdale, Florida

SEXY CINEMA

What's the world coming to? November's *Sex in Cinema 1996* reveals Mary Tyler Moore—remembered by most as Mary Richards—with her sweater pulled up. For God's sake, don't tell Mr. Grant. It would probably kill him.

William Heyer
Toms River, New Jersey

HEARD IT THROUGH THE GRAPEVINE

On a recent trip to Los Angeles, I wandered into a bar where I was greeted by a group of beautiful women promoting a South American beer. I struck up a conversation with one of them and discovered she had appeared in November 1995's *Grapevine*. It would be great to see Alexandra Otterstrom again in the magazine.

Eric Dunn
Salt Lake City, Utah

WAXING NOSTALGIC

I just bought a copy of *The Playmate Book* and I love it. The photos are fabulous and it's great to find out what the Playmates are doing with their lives.

Robert Wendt
Downers Grove, Illinois

I live in northwest England and get my PLAYBOY every month from my local newsagent. While looking through the November issue, I spotted the ad for *The Playmate Book*. That's every Playmate since forever all in one book. My dream has come true. How do I get it?

Mike Raymond
West Kirby, Cheshire

You can order "The Playmate Book" through The Playboy Store on the Internet (http://www.playboy.com).

If
YOU'VE
EVER
BEEN
SWEPT
AWAY
you
ALREADY
KNOW
THE
FEELING
of
COGNAC
HENNESSY
Maison Fondée en
1765
Hennessy
COGNAC

© 1996 Schieffelin & Somerset Co., NY, NY. Cognac Hennessy 40% Alc./Vol. (80°)

Enjoy Cognac Hennessy with good judgment.

"Lost on Earth"
Saturdays at 7 pm/6C

Dave's last chance on TV depends on some very demented aliens. Another original USA Studios production. Only on USA Network.

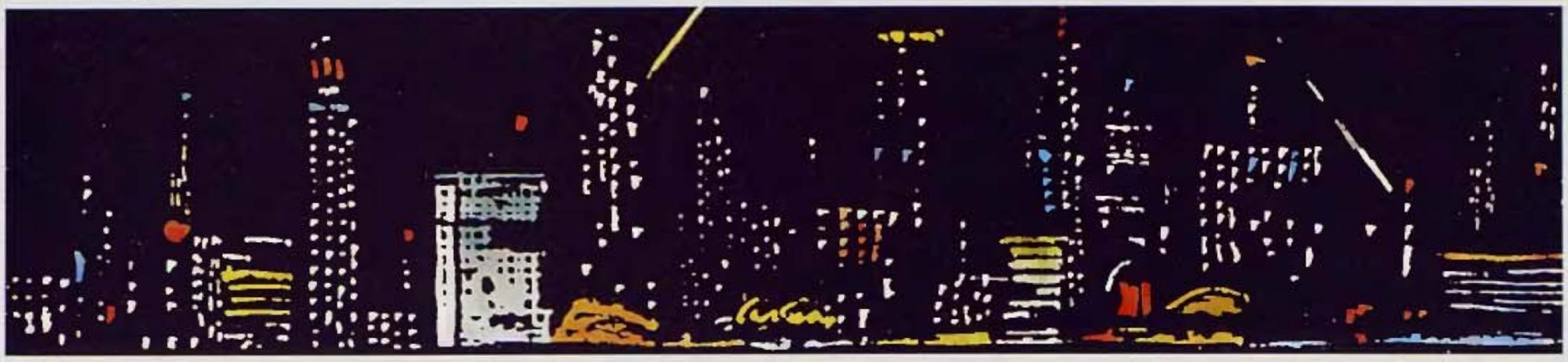
USA NETWORK

The cure for the common show.

THE PUPPETS ARE REALLY ALIENS. THE ALIENS ARE REALLY TWISTED. THE CENSORS ARE REALLY NERVOUS.

www.usanetwork.com

PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



CAGED HEAT

To add animal magnetism to the romance of Valentine's Day, the Santa Ana Zoo is holding its Annual Sex Tour in honor of the holiday. A curator and a veterinarian guide adults through various habitats and explain the sex habits of the zoo's endangered species. Champagne is served to loosen things up before the tour heads into the beastly boudoirs. The two-toed sloth's mating dance, for example, has the animals rubbing rumps before they turn the other cheeks and hang face-to-face. Said a zoo spokeswoman of last year's event, "It's fun, it's interesting and everyone blushes." No matter how cozy the tour may get, visitors are not permitted to spank the monkeys.

THE X-POLICIES

Goodfellow Rebecca Ingrams Pearson, a London insurance firm, offers coverage against alien abduction. For a premium of about $155 a year, the policy will pay an abduction victim about $160,000—with the proviso that the abductor is not a resident earthling. The payout is doubled if the victim is impregnated during the alien festivities. This additional coverage, happily, applies both to male and to female victims because the firm is unsure of the reproductive capabilities of space peoples. Who knows? Some of their parts might fit very creatively with some of our parts. Goodfellow director Simon Burgess does not make the most compelling advertisement for the policy when he says, "I personally would not buy it."

BEAGLE AND BUTT-BREATH

Flush from the success they enjoyed with Breathasure—a capsule breath freshener—Anthony and Lauren Raissen are now offering Pure Breath for dogs and cats. Wanting to get closer to the ones they love, the couple developed a product that works with the digestive system to attack the source of halitosis. The doggy version is a blend of sunflower oil, parsley-seed oil and St. John's bread. The Raissens say it's safe, natural and veterinarian-approved. Furthermore, a portion of each sale will be donated to the Los Angeles SPCA/Humane Society. This is all well and good, but what about that other source of doggy unpleasantness—the lingering aftermath of the canine ritual of greeting other dogs by aggressively sniffing their butts? Perhaps a scented nose tissue is in the works.

GUTEN TAGGER (SPRAY CAN ZE DEUTSCH?)

Bring us your tired, your hungry, your huddled masses yearning to deface. We love it that German graffiti artists have been making sentimental journeys to New York City specifically to soak up the variety of graffiti styles and to contribute to them. One tourist tagger from Cologne explained it this way: "It's like a pilgrimage to the birthplace. We want to know our roots."

WWW.CON

Think of it as a black Lincoln Town Car on the information superhighway. There is now a page on the Internet honoring convicted Mafia don John Gotti. If you're interested, the address is http://ng.netgate.net/~ravenna/gotti.html, which is not nearly as long as his sentence. Still, Gotti's site has recorded more hits than, well, the subject himself.

ILLUSTRATION BY GARY KELLEY

WASTE NOT, WANT NOT

A class project at Harvey Mudd College in Claremont, California was to develop an alternative fuel supply based on human waste for the inhabitants of a Guatemalan village where firewood is scarce. In order to simulate authentic conditions, one student was challenged to produce village-like waste by eating only beans, rice and tortillas. After a week the student became woefully constipated, and the project was unceremoniously dumped.

OH, JUST ENJOY THE RIDE

According to a spokesman, Nissan was "very surprised" and "didn't realize that the campaign would cause offense to anyone" when it was criticized for running an ad in the U.K. depicting a four-wheel-drive sport utility vehicle cruising over the landscape of a woman's body, including a bared breast. This claim to innocence wasn't helped by the ad's slogan: "Four-by-four play." Apparently, no one thought of "Truck your brains out."

TEXAS LINE DANCE

Should you be traveling in Texas and wish to make an operator-assisted call to another part of the state, be careful when you're asked to pick a long-distance carrier. Saying "I don't know," "I don't care," "It doesn't matter" or "Whoever" will deliver you into the hands of KT&T Communications, which trademarked those phrases as names for its subsidiaries. It also charges a significant premium over the rate of the major carriers. Maybe Bob Dole should have changed his name to None of the Above.

IT'S NOT EASY BEING GREEN

Let's hear it for the beleaguered Italian beaver. The International Fund for

RAW DATA

SIGNIFICA, INSIGNIFICA, STATS AND FACTS

QUOTE

"I read PLAYBOY now for the same reason I read *National Geographic*—to see fascinating places I'll never get to visit."—JAMES QUELLO, 82, FORMER MEMBER OF THE FEDERAL COMMUNICATIONS COMMISSION

WELL GROUNDED

Since deregulation of the airline industry in 1978, the number of minutes added to flight time of an average domestic trip: 8. Number of those additional minutes spent waiting on ground for takeoff: 5.

FACT OF THE MONTH

Twice as many women as men bought lingerie in 1995, but male buyers bought $50 worth on average, while female buyers spent $23.

HAND-WRINGING

Percentage of women who wash their hands before leaving the restroom: 80. Percentage of men who wash before leaving: 55.

NEW WORLD WALLET

Percentage of the world's currency supply that is made up of U.S. greenbacks: 20. Percentage of all U.S. paper currency that is held outside U.S. borders: 67.

COST OF FORE! PLAY

Percentage of the 24 million American golfers who are men: 79. Average price of a set of golf clubs at a pro shop, where most premium clubs are sold: $476. Average price for a set of clubs at a sporting goods store: $289; at a discount store: $177. Total sales of clubs in 1994: $2.35 billion.

GAS PAINS

In Finland, cost of a gallon of unleaded, low-octane gas: $5. Percentage of price that goes to taxes: 70.

BUG POPULATION

Number of computer viruses that have been discovered: 7000. Approximate number of viruses in circulation: 200. According to a 1995 survey by Intelliquest, percentage of all computers that have had a virus: 37. Percentage of computer users who have installed an antivirus program: 87.

HALVED HOUR

Average number of minutes taken by office workers for lunch: 36. Percentage of workers who don't take a lunch break: 14.

HIGHER MATH

From 1990 to 1994, the annual percentage increase in college tuition, fees and room and board at public and private institutions: 7. During the same period, percentage increase in the amount borrowed by students and families to cover college costs: 22.

HOUSE ODDS

In a two-year study of Nevada brothels by a Harvard Medical School student, number of clients serviced by the average prostitute per day: 6. Percentage of prostitutes who said a recent client initially refused to wear a condom: 70. Percentage of clients who eventually complied: 100. Percentage breakage rate of condoms in Nevada brothels: 0 (lowest recorded rate in the world).

LIE OF THE LAND

In a joint study by the University of Virginia and Texas A&M, chances a nonmarried participant lied to a romantic partner during any given social interaction: 1 in 3. Chances that a married participant lied to a spouse: 1 in 10. Chances that a college student lied to his or her mother: 1 in 2.

SCOREBOARD

Average cost of building a sports stadium today: $225 million. Average cost 7 years ago: $50 million.

—BETTY SCHAAL

Animal Welfare recently mounted a billboard campaign in Italy featuring a nude photo of the wife of the head of Italy's Green Party with this caption: "The only fur I'm not ashamed to wear."

POSTMODERN MATURITY

The editor of *Divorce Magazine*, a new quarterly publication for the no-longer-married, is Diana Shepherd, formerly an editor of *Wedding Bells* magazine.

POLITICAL DRIVE

Washington, D.C. mayor Marion Barry, who has some experience in these matters, recently proposed that all municipal employees who drive city-owned vehicles submit to regular drug testing. Barry's no-nonsense position may be a reflection of new leadership, political realities—or the fact that he has his own driver.

BASE MEDALS

Each year the satirical journal *Annals of Improbable Research* announces the winners of the Ignobel Prizes, awarded to the dopiest research published in a scientific journal. The 1996 Ignobel Prize in physics went to Robert Matthews of Aston University in England for "Tumbling Toast, Murphy's Law and the Fundamental Constants," a paper on, among other things, why toast tends to land buttered-side down. Two Norwegians won the biology Ignobel for "Effect of Ale, Garlic and Soured Cream on the Appetite of Leeches" in the *British Medical Journal*. Not surprisingly, most winners shun the honor, but Harald Moi of Oslo, who shared the public health prize for "Transmission of Gonorrhea Through an Inflatable Doll," attended the awards dinner. We don't know whether or not he showed up stag, but if he didn't, we assume his date got nary a clap.

SONG SUNG WRONG

We've all been busted for singing the wrong words ("Oh, beautiful for spaceship guys"), but to writer Gavin Edwards, your malaprop is his royalties check. In *He's Got the Whole World in His Pants* (Fireside), a collection of misheard lyrics, Edwards has Rex Harrison singing, "I've thrown a custard in her face," Aretha Franklin belting, "You make me feel like a rash on a woman," and Billy Joel insisting, "You make the rice, I'll make the gravy." Most entries in the book were submitted by readers of Edwards' first book, *'Scuse Me While I Kiss This Guy and Other Misheard Lyrics*. Maybe they're the ones who turned Alanis Morissette's lyric "The cross I bear that you gave to me" into "The cross-eyed baby that you gave to me" and have Bonnie Raitt singing "Let's give them something from Taco Bell."

WIRED

LOVE BYTES

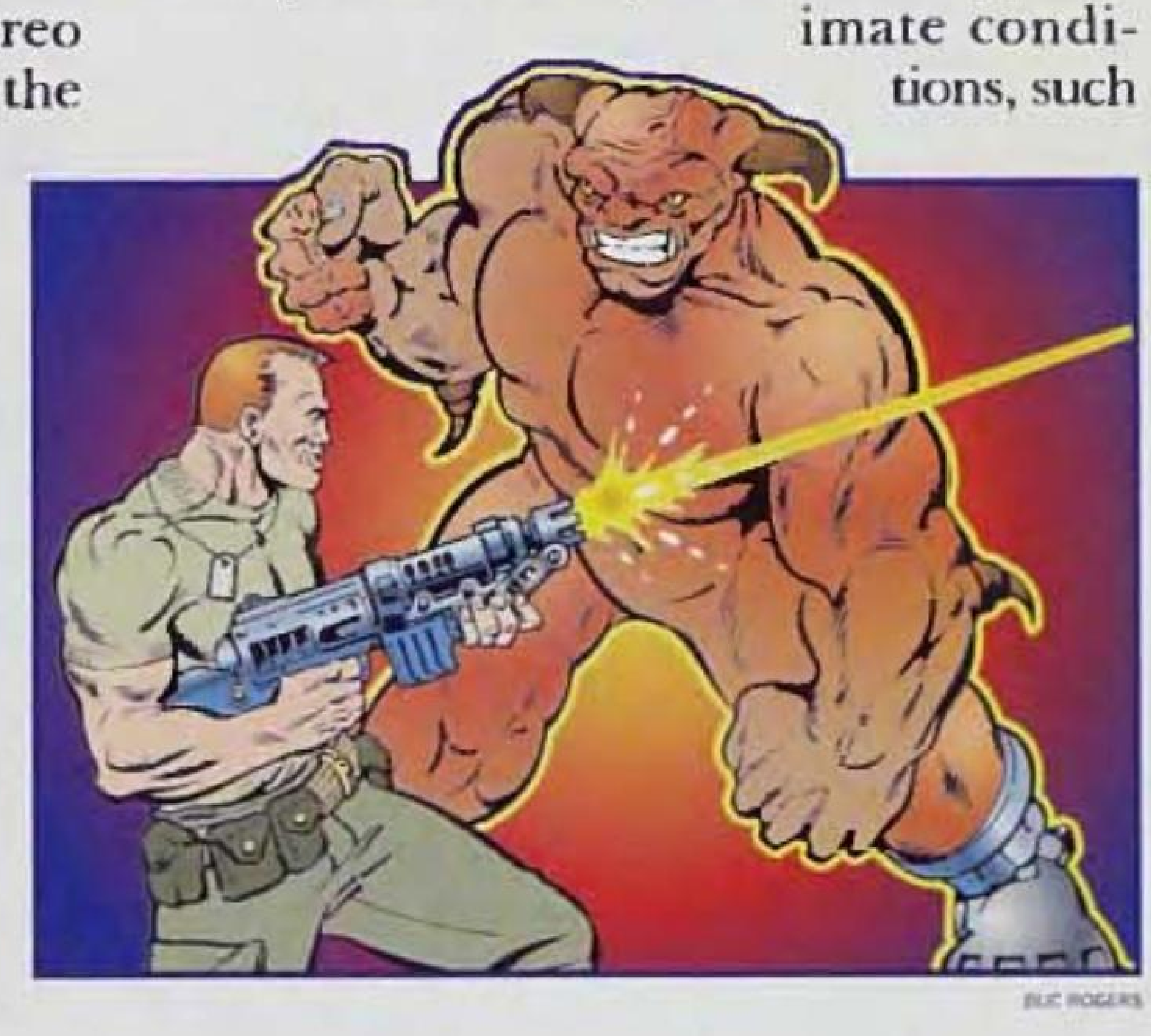
If you've been wondering where the oft-hyped online romance is happening, sign on to **Cupid's Network** at www.cupidnet.com/index.html. Whether you're looking for love, companionship or a quick fling, this one-stop shop for singles covers all the angles. There's a section with romantic gift ideas, a nationwide calendar of events for the unattached and dozens of links to matchmakers on the Web. We went to **Match.Com,** billed as the "largest Internet personals site." Membership is ten dollars a month, but it offers lots, including chat rooms and thousands of ads for "women seeking men" (complete with color photos). **Webpersonals** (www.webpersonals.com) offers similar services—free of charge—plus a nightly scouting report titled Love Hound, which alerts you to new ads via e-mail. If verbal foreplay is more your thing, head to the chat rooms at our new pay site, **Playboy's Cyber Club,** accessible at www.playboy.com. Besides enjoying lively exchanges with other members, you can carry on occasional keyboard conversations with Playmates, PLAYBOY editors and contributors and Hef himself.

WE'RE ALL EARS

One of the slickest items to debut at the January 1997 Consumer Electronics Show in Las Vegas was Audio Highway's Listen Up. A handy gadget about the size of a pack of smokes, Listen Up is a kind of personal stereo recorder that stores and plays back audio information and entertainment from the Internet. To obtain programming, you connect the device to your computer, access Audio Highway's Web site and then download the items you'd like to hear. Choices include material from news sources such as the Associated Press, Dow Jones and *Newsweek*, as well as a selection of Time Warner audio books and Berlitz language courses. A chip built into Listen Up holds an hour's worth of content. (Expanded storage is in the works.) To play it back, simply plug a pair of stereo headphones (sold with the unit) into the appropriate jack. Better yet, prop it on the dashboard of your car and tune the stereo to a specified radio frequency. Listen Up uses wireless technology to broadcast your selections back through the car's speaker system. The price: about $300, including an IBM-compatible docking station.

A FEW GOOD MEN—AND DEMONS

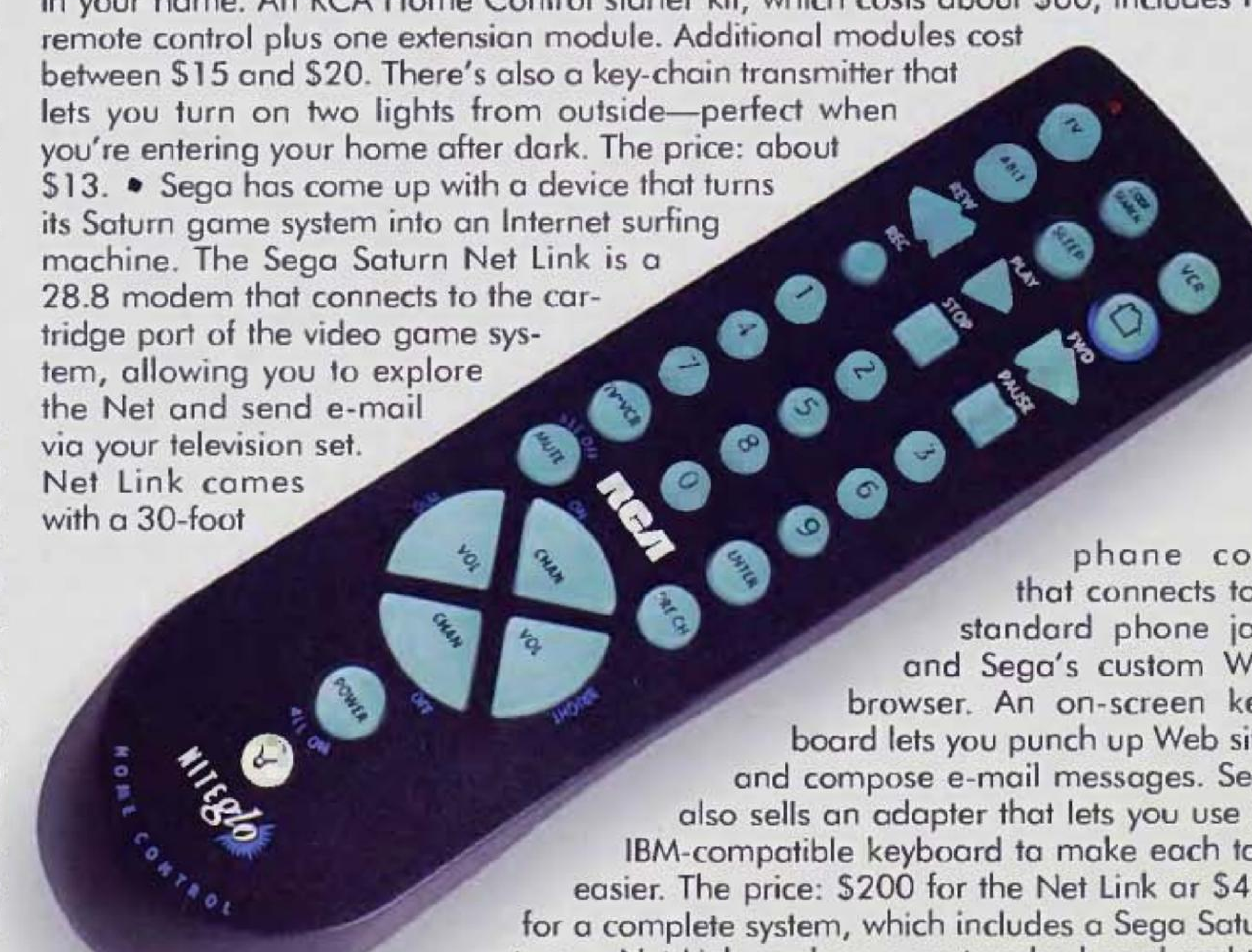
Leave it to the Marines to use Doom to their advantage. Sergeant Daniel Snyder, a computer network administrator at Marine headquarters in Quantico, Virginia, has reprogrammed the bloody demons-vs.-good-guys game to simulate the under-fire conditions faced by Marine combat teams. Replacing some of the bad guys with enemy soldiers, and the space-age weapons with authentic Marine ordnance, Snyder has created a simulation that top brass claim necessitates the quick decisions soldiers must make under fire. Snyder acknowledges that a computer game will never replace field practice but says that it can approximate conditions, such as friendly fire, that Marines rarely face in exercises. The Marines' version of Doom, which plays on top of the actual game from id software, is available to civilians at www.usmc.mil/opages/doom.htm. Snyder hopes to provide similar add-ons for newer multiplayer games such as Duke Nukem and Quake. But finding time may be tough. Since creating Marine Doom, he's been fielding offers from commercial game developers.



BUC ROGERS

WILD THINGS

When you're wiped out and ready to crash for the night, the last thing you want to do is wander around flipping switches. Enter RCA's Home Control. This universal remote control (pictured below) commands your TV, VCR and cable box to rest (or wake) and can do the same for up to 16 lights and appliances. Everything from a ceiling fan to a popcorn popper can be turned on and off with the press of a button—from any room in your home. An RCA Home Control starter kit, which costs about $60, includes the remote control plus one extension module. Additional modules cost between $15 and $20. There's also a key-chain transmitter that lets you turn on two lights from outside—perfect when you're entering your home after dark. The price: about $13. • Sega has come up with a device that turns its Saturn game system into an Internet surfing machine. The Sega Saturn Net Link is a 28.8 modem that connects to the cartridge port of the video game system, allowing you to explore the Net and send e-mail via your television set. Net Link comes with a 30-foot phone cord that connects to a standard phone jack and Sega's custom Web browser. An on-screen keyboard lets you punch up Web sites and compose e-mail messages. Sega also sells an adapter that lets you use an IBM-compatible keyboard to make each task easier. The price: $200 for the Net Link or $450 for a complete system, which includes a Sega Saturn system, a Net Link modem, a custom keyboard and the Sega Rally Championship game.



WHERE & HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 169.

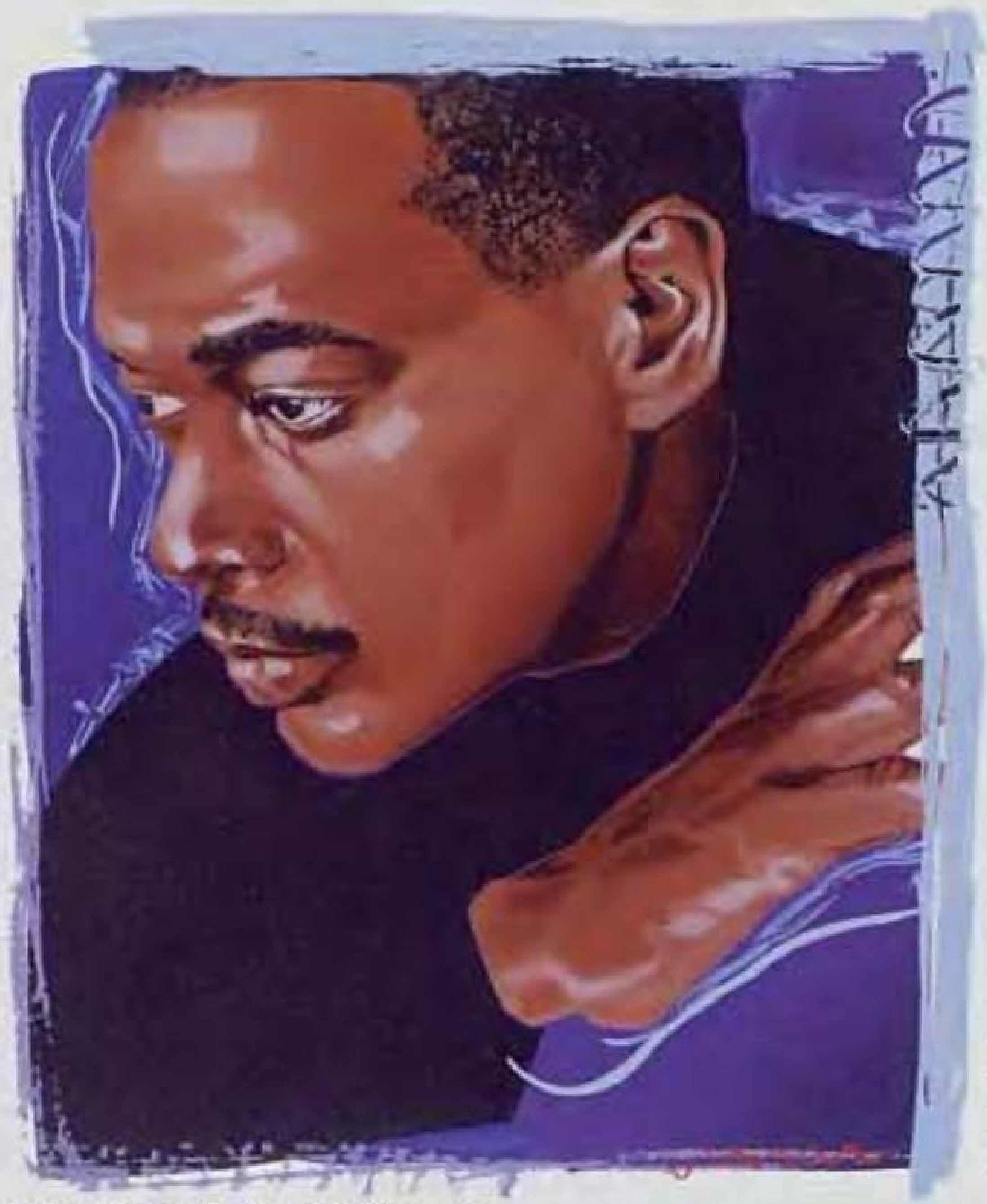
MUSIC

R&B

COMING OFF the worst album of his career, Luther Vandross has a welcome return to form with his latest, **Your Secret Love** (LV/Epic). Vandross is reunited with producers Nat Adderley Jr. and Marcus Miller (including a quasi-hip-hop track that features Spinderella of Salt-N-Pepa). But most of this project's best moments occur when Vandross is at the controls.

With impeccable diction, sweet phrasing and his trademark vocal riffs, Vandross sings several lush ballads: *Crazy Love, Love Don't Love You Anymore, Nobody to Love*. A real gem is *Whether or Not the World Gets Better*, a duet with protégé Lisa Fischer. He's a great vocalist.

—NELSON GEORGE



Vandross' *Secret Love*.

BRIAN FUJIMORI

Luther and Chris croon, Koerner, Ray and Glover groove and DJ Shadow samples.

ROCK

Chris Isaak's music is so stylized that it seems as if he's been singing a single song—one long, keening ballad—for his entire career. It's tempting, therefore, to react to **Baja Sessions** (Reprise) as more of the same. But that would be wrong. You can look at Isaak as just a hunk with a thrilling upper register, but his subtlety makes his crooning palatable. On *Baja* (which was inspired by a journey to the Mexican peninsula), Isaak sings the corny bachelor-pad ballads (*South of the Border, Yellow Bird*) with which he's always flirted. He even tries *Only the Lonely*, risking direct comparison with Roy Orbison. Yet if you believe that music is mainly emotional, *Baja*'s effortless rhythmic flow and lush melodicism constitute a triumph.

Punk has now been around so long that its finest practitioners have come back. Social Distortion, the L.A.-based band led by Mike Ness, never quit making music, but Ness headed in a traditional rock direction for a couple of albums. **White Light, White Heat, White Trash** (Epic) slams its way back into punk at its hardest. Ness has always been a terrific singer and songwriter, and the side trip to his roots only sharpened his craft. *Dear Lover* and *Gotta Know the Rules* are as good as the best Social D has ever done.

On **Back Room Blood** (Genes/Adelphi) Gerry Goffin sings weird but true—what else would we expect from the guy who wrote the lyrics to *Up on the Roof, Will You Still Love Me Tomorrow?* and all the other classics he created with Carole King?

—DAVE MARSH

If you've been thinking that Morphine—with its saxophone, two-string bass and drums—must be a piece of calculatedly weird, postmodern fecal matter loved only by critics, don't think that anymore. **Like Swimming** (Ryko) is a terrific, lowdown, vaguely decadent rock album with a touch of jazz. "I know a way to swing on the way downtown," sings Mark Sandman, who could give Chris Isaak steam lessons. You will swing all the way downtown, and probably get laid when you get back uptown. What instrument sprays more pheromones than a baritone sax? —CHARLES M. YOUNG

In 1970 Hendrix, Morrison, Townshend and Joni Mitchell were the vanguard of the alternative revolution begun five years before by the Beatles and Dylan. In the U.S., their Lollapalooza was called Woodstock, and in the U.K. it was the Isle of Wight Festival. **Message to Love: The Isle of Wight Festival 1970** (Columbia/Legacy) captures exceptional performances by rock's young giants. Less than a month before his death, Jimi Hendrix turns in his best versions of *Voodoo Child* and *Foxy Lady*. Free delivers a driving *All Right Now* and the Who's muscular *Young Man Blues* and *Naked Eye* are first-class. Dylan, Joni Mitchell and Leonard Cohen are superb. But Miles Davis steals the show with an almost 15-minute-long *Bitches Brew*-styled vamp that matches Hendrix for sheer genius. Unfortunately, the Doors are unable to light anybody's fire, and there's lots of self-indulgent noodling by a few other bands that will remind you why punk was a revolution waiting in the wings.

—VIC GARBARINI

TECHNO

DJ Shadow (a.k.a. Josh Davis) is a 24-year-old Californian who's famous in London for inventing the spacey techno-derived style known as trip-hop. Armed with a sampler, a sequencer and mountains of vinyl, Shadow painstakingly creates music. Some of the 13 dense, varied, drum-driven tracks on **Endtroducing DJ Shadow** (FFRR/Mo' Wax) are less than a minute in duration, while others are more than nine. They are not so much songs as compositions, designed for headphones rather than dance floors.

Tricky made his name, if not his fortune, with 1995's downbeat *Maxinquaye*. On **Pre-Millennium Tension** (Island), fame has made him a little jauntier, and he writes recognizable songs. But if you want to hear how meaningful sampled textures can be, put his bone-tired electronic sounds up against Shadow's melodic grooves.

If you think this stuff sounds too weird, you may be ready for the Pet Shop Boys. Are they mechanical, bloodless and wimpy? I never thought so. By now, you should be grateful for their expert dance beats and indelible tunes. On their fine new **Bilingual** (Atlantic), they're even happy, sometimes.

—ROBERT CHRISTGAU

JAZZ

Sweetback consists of saxophonist-guitarist Stuart Matthewman, keyboardist Andrew Hale and bassist Paul Spencer Denman—the band that's performed with Sade for more than a decade. This self-titled debut (Epic) offers a surprising selection of music. R&B rookie Maxwell, Sade backup singer Leroy Osbourne and Groove Theory lead singer Amel Larrieux provide vocals on several songs. Much of the album is made up of hard-to-classify instrumentals that borrow from trip-hop, jazz and New Age. This album isn't Sade without the vocals. **Sweetback** is its own idiosyncratic musical blend. —NELSON GEORGE

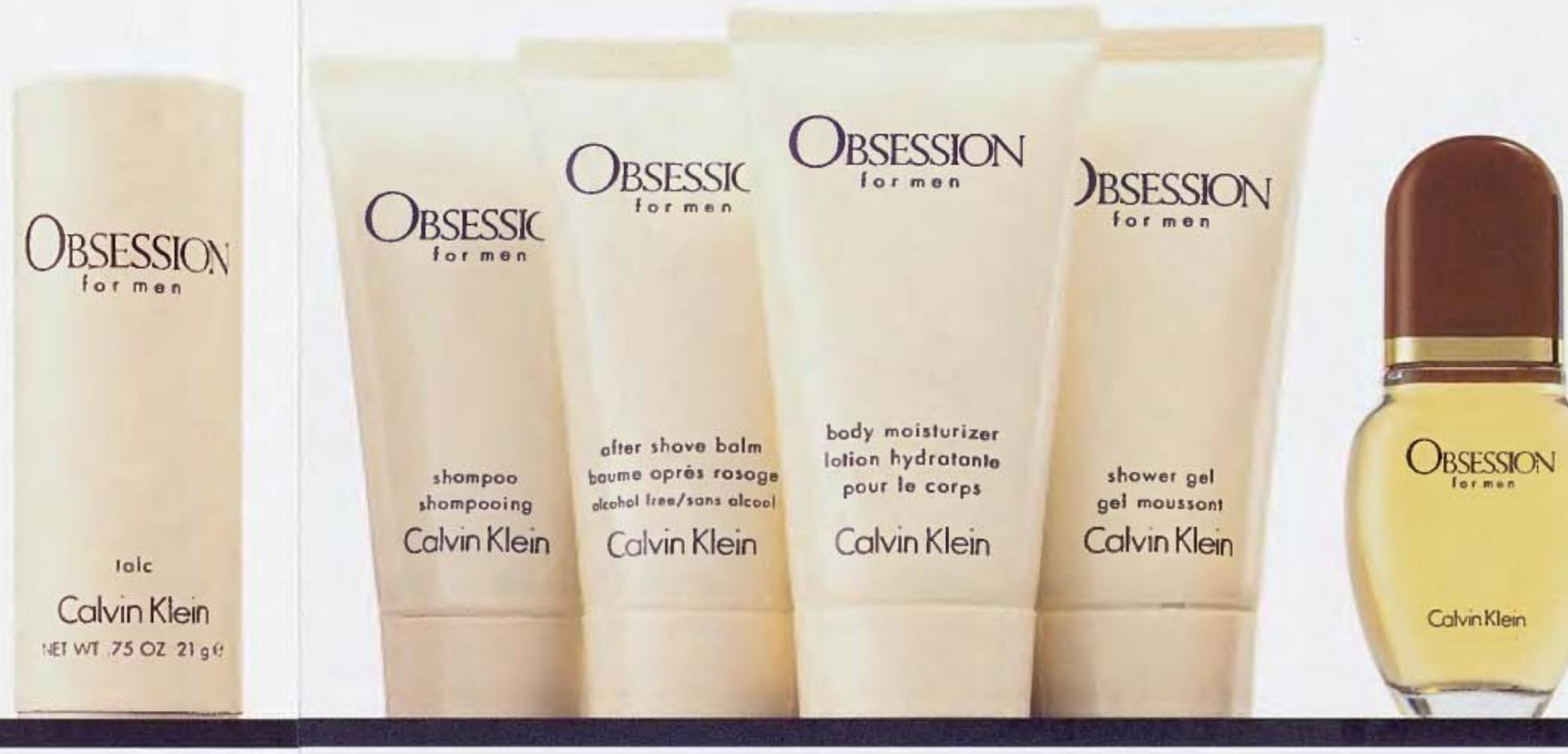
BLUES

For anyone who cared about the folk–blues movement of the Sixties, Koerner, Ray and Glover have recorded their first album together in 31 years. But even if you didn't care, give **One Foot in the Groove** (Tim Kerr) a listen. Stalwarts in the Twin Cities scene that produced Bob Dylan, KR&G recorded several classic albums that are now collectors' items. *One Foot* has all the charm, wit and rollicking affection that made their earlier work remarkable, but it also has a sense of mortality. The Dave Ray version of Bill

OBSESSION
for men
Calvin Klein
eau de toilette

OBSESSION

for men


OBSESSION
for men
talc
Calvin Klein
NET WT .75 OZ 21 g
OBSESSIO
for men
shampoo
shampooing
Calvin Klein
OBSESSIO
for men
after shave balm
baume après rasage
alcohol free/sans alcool
Calvin Klein
OBSESSION
for men
body moisturizer
lotion hydratante
pour le corps
Calvin Klein
BSESSION
for men
shower gel
gel moussant
Calvin Klein
OBSESSION
for men
Calvin Klein

Your gift with any
OBSESSION for men purchase
of $32.00 or more

FOLEY'S

Open fold for
OBSESSION for men

available from february 12, while quantities last

Monroe's *With Body and Soul*, a eulogy for a dead lover, sends chills up your spine. Both Ray and Koerner are devastating on the acoustic 12-string, and Glover (the first great harp player of his generation) can still blow with the best.

—CHARLES M. YOUNG

Heretofore, Mike Henderson has been one of the most underrated honky-tonk singers in country. ***First Blood*** (Dead Reckoning) marks him as one of the most underrated white bluesmen, too. His *Pony Blues* is so adept that Johnny Winter might envy it, and his Chicago blues evoke the spirit of Elmore James. Plus there's *Pay Bo Diddley*, on which Henderson and his band pay some dues.

—DAVE MARSH

COUNTRY

A quarter century ago, Bob Dylan went to Nashville to work with Johnny Cash on *Nashville Skyline*. Now, Cash heads to Los Angeles to work with producer Rick Rubin for the second time. ***Unchained*** (American) is less bleak than their first collaboration. Tom Petty and the Heartbreakers provide discreet backing as Cash brings the heartfelt gravity of his amazing voice to tunes by Beck and Soundgarden, plus Petty's own *Southern Accents*.

—VIC GARBARINI

OPERA

Sales of classical music were down 19 percent last year, but not because of a lack of good opera CDs. Clearly the best of 1996 was Archiv's release of Claudio Monteverdi's ***L'incoronazione di Poppea.*** Conductor John Eliot Gardiner leads a remarkable cast that includes soprano Sylvia McNair. Equally inspiring is mezzo-soprano Lorraine Hunt's performance in George Frideric Handel's ***Ariodante*** (Harmonia Mundi), sensitively directed by Nicholas McGegan. Modest Mussorgsky's ***Boris Godunov*** is probably the greatest Russian opera. What better way to hear it than with the chorus and orchestra of the Bolshoi Theater? BMG Classics' remastering of a titanic 1962 performance does justice to a masterpiece. In Richard Strauss' ***Elektra*** (Teldec), Deborah Polaski masters the work's vocal and dramatic challenges to create a character of enormous depth. When Viktor Ullmann was murdered at Auschwitz in 1944, the world lost a tremendous composer. His expressionistic ***Fall of the Antichrist*** (CPO) is a powerful portrayal of tyranny. But if you buy only one opera disc this year, make it ***James Levine's 25th Anniversary Metropolitan Opera Gala*** (Deutsche Grammophon). An all-star aggregation—including the wonderful Renée Fleming and Bryn Terfel—celebrates the conductor's tenure with the Met.

—LEOPOLD FROEHLICH

FAST TRACKS

ROCKMETER

	Christgau	Garbarini	George	Marsh	Young
DJ Shadow *Endtroducing DJ Shadow*	8	9	7	7	8
Chris Isaak *Baja Sessions*	6	5	7	8	6
Koerner, Ray and Glover *One Foot in the Groove*	7	6	6	8	9
Message to Love: The Isle of Wight Festival 1970	7	9	9	6	7
Luther Vandross *Your Secret Love*	6	4	8	7	8

HOW'D YOU GET TO BE SO SMART DEPARTMENT: **Jackson Browne, Roseanne Cash, Bruce Cockburn** and **Carly Simon,** among others, performed on the world's first environmentally friendly guitars at a concert to benefit the Rainforest Alliance. The performers played Gibson Smartwood guitars that are made of wood harvested without jeopardizing forests. But how do the guitars sound?

REELING AND ROCKING: **Lisa Loeb** will play a rocker in an indie thriller called *Black Circle Boys*. . . . The next **Steven Seagal** feature, *Fire Down Below*, co-stars **Kris Kristofferson, Levon Helm** and **Mark Collie.** It will be out this summer.

NEWSBREAKS: *Don't Stop the Carnival*, the musical collaboration between **Jimmy Buffett** and author **Herman Wouk,** will premiere in Miami in April. If it goes well, it's sure to end up on Broadway. . . . We caught a Chicago production of **Randy Newman's** *Faust*, also preparing for a possible Broadway run. We were disappointed with everybody but the devil himself. The CD has it all over the show. . . . **Paul** and **Linda McCartney** got a lifetime achievement award from PETA honoring their longtime campaign for vegetarianism. . . . **Rancid** begins recording its next album this month. . . . The **Jimi Hendrix Festival,** originally scheduled for fall 1996 in New York, has been rescheduled for this spring. Expect an all-star tribute concert as part of the festivities. . . . *Rent*'s **Daphne Rubin-Vega** has recorded her solo CD for release in mid-1997. . . . A reunion concert with the three surviving members of **Led Zep** and **Jason Bonham** is in the works for England this summer. It will be held at Knebworth County Park, the site of the band's last performance in 1979. No firm dates yet. . . . A book publisher claims he has a **Beatles** book—a kind of oral history by the three surviving members and **Yoko.** He plans a 500,000-copy first edition of *The Bible on the Beatles* for next October. . . . Look for the new **Live** CD any day now. . . . A rock-and-roll auction held last fall in Newport Beach, California included the following items: **Kurt Cobain's** discharge papers from a rehab center, **Elvis'** white jumpsuit, a **Les Paul** guitar signed by **Guns n' Roses** and **Stevie Ray Vaughan's** set list from his final concert. . . . It is altogether possible that you haven't heard of the Chinery Collection of premiere vintage guitars. So look for the coffee-table book *The Chinery Collection: 150 Years of American Guitars*, and a CD release, *Masterpiece Guitars*, featuring jazz guitarist **Martin Taylor** and **Yes' Steve Howe.** And check out the exhibit at the Smithsonian of 50 guitars from the collection. (**Scott Chinery** is a 36-year-old collector who says, "The guitar is one of America's art forms.") . . . The largest collection of **Hank Williams** memorabilia is on display in Nashville at the Country Music Hall of Fame and Museum and includes costumes, original song manuscripts and rare artifacts—all owned by **Marty Stuart.** . . . We don't usually make a fuss about Chicago music, but thanks to **Frankie Knuckles,** house music is associated with Chicago all over the world. A fine new CD, *The House That Trax Built*, will get you going with the likes of Frankie, **Marshall Jefferson** and **Jamie Principle.** For more on Trax, write 932 W. 38th Place, Chicago, IL 60609.

—BARBARA NELLIS

MOVIES

By BRUCE WILLIAMSON

Harrelson and Love: In like *Flynt.*

Defending schlock from censors, forsaking love for pulp fiction, and reworking some classics.

CZECH-BORN director Miloš Forman, a two-time Oscar winner (for *One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest* and *Amadeus*), should reap new honors with ***The People vs. Larry Flynt*** (Columbia). From a screenplay seething with humor, drama and social relevance (co-authored by Scott Alexander and Larry Karaszewski, the team that wrote *Ed Wood*), Forman has wrought an ultrapop masterpiece about the controversial publisher of *Hustler*. Here, Flynt's stormy career in defense of First Amendment freedom more than compensates for his reputation as a raunchy, uncontrollable eccentric. Woody Harrelson portrays him as a "scumbag" (as Flynt calls himself) from Kentucky who gets rich by building his Ohio strip clubs into a magazine empire that blatantly promotes "pussy" shots. "All I'm guilty of is bad taste," Flynt proclaims while the law closes in. After doing jail time, he is permanently paralyzed by an unknown-assailant's bullet and finally wins his point about censorship in a historic Supreme Court case against the Reverend Jerry Falwell (who sued for libel after being mocked in print by Flynt as having had sex with his own mother). You don't have to like Flynt to admire the film's ultimate defense of him. He is a schlock merchant, perhaps, but one ennobled by fierce, unshakable convictions.

Caroming through the best role he has ever had, Harrelson is nearly upstaged by Courtney Love, who gives a blisteringly honest performance as Flynt's wife, Althea, a drug-addicted sexpot. Love is an electrifying screen presence. There is stunning work by Edward Norton as Flynt's harassed young lawyer, particularly his compelling Supreme Court summation. Also first-rate are Brett Harrelson (Woody's sibling) as Flynt's brother Jimmy, Crispin Glover as an aide named Arlo and James Cromwell as Flynt's courtroom nemesis Charles Keating (the moral crusader later imprisoned for fraud). That Forman cast former Clinton strategist James Carville as a porn prosecutor is more distracting than helpful. To better effect, New York mayor Rudolph Giuliani's wife, Donna Hanover, a TV anchor in real life, plays evangelist Ruth Carter Stapleton, who oversees Flynt's brief conversion to Christianity. Forman keeps the screen alive with surprises in the most scintillating and outrageous message movie of the decade. ¥¥¥¥

•

Americans abroad are on parade in ***The Portrait of a Lady*** (Gramercy), based on the Henry James novel about an independent young heiress' romantic misadventures in Europe. Filmed in Italy and England but doggedly emphasizing bleak interiors over regional scenery, the movie stars Nicole Kidman as the titular lady, Isabel Archer. She is supported by John Malkovich, who gives a mannered performance as her misogynistic husband, Gilbert; Barbara Hershey as the mysterious, conniving Madame Merle; and Martin Donovan as cousin Ralph. Also featured are Mary-Louise Parker, Shelley Winters, Sir John Gielgud and Shelley Duvall. Performances by this illustrious cast are adrift in director Jane Campion's strangely stylized drama, characterized by extreme close-ups, very dim lighting and tight shots of nervous hands and scurrying feet. After her 1993 triumph with *The Piano*, Campion strikes some discordant notes here and makes James' classic *Portrait* pretty dull. ¥¥

•

A true story of unrequited love between a young schoolteacher named Novalyne Price and writer Robert E. Howard unfolds at a leisurely pace in ***The Whole Wide World*** (Sony Classics). Howard—a pioneer author of pulp fiction—created the barbarian superhero Conan and achieved fame writing for *Weird Tales*. In 1936, as portrayed with a nice blend of bumptiousness and bravura by Vincent D'Onofrio, he's just an aspiring Texas egomaniac, devoted to selling far-out adventure yarns and caring for his sick mother (Ann Wedgeworth). Director Dan Ireland's first feature follows the memoir *One Who Walked Alone*, written decades after the fact by Price. In that role, as the plucky young woman who can't wring a commitment from the elusive man she loves, Renee Zellweger is bright, feisty and forlorn. It's a fine performance in an overlong movie that projects real emotional pain but would seem far-fetched as fiction. ¥¥½

•

The full text of Shakespeare's ***Hamlet*** (Columbia/Castle Rock) consumes more than four hours of screen time in the film version directed by Kenneth Branagh, who also adapted and stars in this sumptuous new production. Branagh assembled a great Anglo-American cast, assigning relatively minor roles to such big names as Jack Lemmon (the guard Marcellus), Charlton Heston (the Player King), Billy Crystal (the gravedigger) and Robin Williams (as the foppish Osric). All provide solid backup to stellar stints by Julie Christie as Queen Gertrude, Kate Winslet as Ophelia, Derek Jacobi as Claudius, Michael Maloney as Laertes and Richard Briers as Polonius. *Hamlet* was shot both in Blenheim Palace and on elegant sets that are like no Elsinore in memory. Branagh's performance in the title role ranges from over-the-top to underplayed, but his Hamlet is volatile and passionate. Several tasteful nude scenes leave little doubt that the Danish prince had done a fair share of fooling around with the doomed Ophelia. Despite the estimable *Hamlets* preceding it on the big screen (Olivier's in 1948, Mel Gibson's in 1990), Branagh's is definitely one for the books. ¥¥¥¥

•

Sex, infidelity, espionage and betrayal are powerfully interwoven in ***The English Patient*** (Miramax), a lush romantic epic of the old school. Adapted by writer-director Anthony Minghella from Michael Ondaatje's Booker Prize–winning novel, the film moves from Italy to north Africa in the years before and immediately after World War Two. England's Ralph Fiennes boosts his leading-man status in the title role as Almásy, an explorer and linguist whose rash, clandestine affair with a colleague's wife is the movie's main event. As the wife, Kristin Scott Thomas projects the vintage movie-star glamour of a Bergman or a Dietrich, and her scenes with Fiennes are sexually strong.

Following a plane crash in the Sahara that leaves him badly burned, Almásy is cared for by a Canadian nurse named

IT'S NOT
TRESPASSING
WHEN YOU CROSS YOUR OWN
BOUNDARIES.
Enjoy Black Label Responsibly
Imported Blended Scotch Whisky, 40% Alc./Vol. (80°)
©1995 Schieffelin & Somerset Co., New York, N.Y.
Johnnie Walker.
BLACK LABEL
AGED 12 YEARS
THERE'S MORE TO EXPLORE IN BLACK.
The resonating taste whispers beyond the expected.

MARLBORO UNLIMITED

ALL NEW

GEAR

BUILT FOR ADVENTURE

© Philip Morris Inc. 1996

16 mg "tar," 1.1 mg nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

Marlboro

SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Smoking Causes Lung Cancer, Heart Disease, Emphysema, And May Complicate Pregnancy.

GEAR #21

THE MARLBORO LIGHTER BY ZIPPO®

SPECIAL EDITION LIGHTER WITH CLASSIC MARLBORO DESIGN. SOLID BRASS WITH MATTE BLACK FINISH AND MARLBORO RED ROOF TOP. WINDPROOF, REFILLABLE AND GUARANTEED FOR LIFE BY ZIPPO®. MADE IN THE USA. 475 MILES.

CARRY IT, WEAR IT, LIGHT IT.
IT'S THE GEAR BUILT
FOR ADVENTURE.

MARLBORO UNLIMITED GEAR.
ALL NEW ITEMS. AND ALL OF IT BUILT
TO TAKE ON ANY ADVENTURE THAT
COMES YOUR WAY.

TO GET YOUR FREE
MARLBORO UNLIMITED CATALOG,
STOP BY YOUR LOCAL
MARLBORO RETAILER. OR WRITE:
MARLBORO UNLIMITED P.O. BOX 96200
PHOENIX, AZ 85072-6200

NOW GET THE MILES AND
GEAR UP FOR ADVENTURE.

CATALOG OFFERS LIMITED TO SMOKERS
21 YEARS OF AGE OR OLDER. OFFER EXPIRES
8/15/97. CATALOG REQUESTS MUST
BE RECEIVED BY 6/15/97.
SEE CATALOG FOR DETAILS.

Unger: On a *Crash* course.

OFF CAMERA

She has been compared to Bacall and Bardot. But **Deborah Unger,** at 30—blonde and beautiful, with a voice like crushed velvet—carves out her own niche in David Cronenberg's controversial *Crash*. The movie shook up the Cannes Festival with its portrait of auto-erotic characters turned on by car smash-ups, leg braces and scar tissue. *Variety* hailed Unger for her performance as James Spader's wife, who "most perfectly personifies the film's prevailing sense of cool and daring." Since then, Unger has been promoting *Crash* from Hamburg to Tokyo, calling it "metaphorical." She admits, however: "I was initially terrified by the script, because I didn't understand it. But it's really not about sex. The theme is isolation, about people trying to connect in an age of cars, computers and phones."

Unger was born in Canada and spent several years in Australia at its prestigious National Institute of Dramatic Arts. She debuted in the U.S. with a bang as an erotically supercharged psychiatric patient in 1992's *Whispers in the Dark* and has teamed with Spader again in a movie titled *Tornado*. She's James Russo's wife in *No Way Home*, in which she is tempted into a love triangle with Tim Roth ("I don't have favorite roles, but I loved this one"), and is currently shooting *The Game*, which co-stars Michael Douglas and Sean Penn.

Unger calls herself "a nomad, living not far from the D in the Hollywood sign." If she has a role model, "it's Gena Rowlands, a no-b.s. femme, or maybe Grace Kelly or Bette Davis." Unquestionably ambitious, she sees herself as a shy, private person offscreen. "I don't have a klieg-light sort of social life; no one has knelt in front of me to profess undying love. Anyway, I'm too busy to care. And I'm getting scripts from some interesting directors."

Hana in a deserted Italian monastery as the war ends. Warmly played by Juliette Binoche, Hana fears that everyone she loves is doomed to die. Her own story involves a fling with a Sikh demolition expert named Kip (Naveen Andrews) and friendship with a professed thief and con man (Willem Dafoe) who believes the scarred, supposedly amnesiac Englishman may have been a wartime spy. The truth emerges in flashbacks to Almásy's obsession with a woman he can't have. Overall, *The English Patient* is novelistic to a fault and requires close attention at times. But for literate viewers—meaning any who don't let references to primitive art and the writings of Herodotus cool their blood—the film pays off with its love stories connected by intrigue and headlong desire. ¥¥¥¥

•

Class war underlies **La Cérémonie** (New Yorker Films), a fine-tuned French thriller by writer-director Claude Chabrol. The title refers to pre-execution rituals, and the plot concerns three women brought together in a deadly game. Jacqueline Bisset is Catherine, a wife and mother running an elegant château and in need of an efficient housekeeper. She unwittingly hires a prim young psychotic named Sophie (Sandrine Bonnaire), who seems almost too perfect. Sophie's hidden agenda doesn't surface until she strikes up an acquaintance with Jeanne (Isabelle Huppert), a deranged postmistress in the nearby village who was once acquitted of murdering her own child. Jeanne detests Catherine's well-to-do husband (Jean-Pierre Cassell) and sets the stage for a chilling act of vengeance. Chabrol coolly lays out the plot's fearsome inevitability, underplayed brilliantly by Bonnaire and Huppert. This is subversive shock treatment for the stouthearted. ¥¥¥

•

A topflight cast gives a big boost to **Blood and Wine** (Fox Searchlight), which would otherwise be a standard B movie. But with Jack Nicholson and Judy Davis as a dysfunctional married pair, Stephen Dorff as Nicholson's alienated stepson and Michael Caine as his unstable partner in crime, director Bob Rafelson's drama about murder, robbery and pursuit is darkly comic. Nicholson plays a dealer in expensive wines, plotting to pay off some debts by stealing a jeweled necklace from a rich client. He also plans to fly away with his sexy mistress (Jennifer Lopez), who works for the client. Things get complicated when his wife begins to suspect and his stepson gets a look at the mistress, while his terminally ill cohort (Caine) fumes at the amateurism of the heist. The actors play a middling tale for much more than it's worth, upgrading *Blood and Wine* with good vintage flavor. ¥¥½

MOVIE SCORE CARD

capsule close-ups of current films
by bruce williamson

Albino Alligator (Reviewed 1/97) Kevin Spacey's directorial debut is a hellish tale of hostages in harm's way. ¥¥½

Blood and Wine (See review) Nicholson and class-A cast beef up a *vin ordinaire* B-movie plot. ¥¥½

Breaking the Waves (12/96) Paralyzed man's wife cheers him up with her sexploits. ¥¥¥

La Cérémonie (See review) Chilling Chabrol tale of mass murder in a French château. ¥¥¥

Citizen Ruth (1/97) Laura Dern is exhibit A in a satirical battle about abortion. ¥¥¥

The Crucible (1/97) The witches of Salem revisited, with Daniel Day-Lewis and Joan Allen in Arthur Miller's classic. ¥¥¥¥

The English Patient (See review) Rich romantic saga stars Ralph Fiennes and Kristin Scott Thomas, and there's been nothing like it lately. ¥¥¥¥

Everyone Says I Love You (1/97) Woody goes musical in a minor key. ¥¥¥

Hamlet (See review) A spectacular version by Branagh. ¥¥¥¥

I'm Not Rappaport (12/96) Geriatric drollery, but better as a stage play. ¥¥

Margaret's Museum (Listed only) Ugh! You won't believe what's on display. ¥

Mother (1/96) Albert Brooks directs himself and Debbie Reynolds in a dry, funny fable about a man running home to his mom. ¥¥¥

The People vs. Larry Flynt (See review) The First Amendment defended in Miloš Forman's brilliant, timely black comedy. ¥¥¥¥

The Portrait of a Lady (See review) Nicole Kidman, oddly framed by Jane Campion. ¥¥

Ridicule (1/97) Wicked, courtly mind games at Versailles during Louis XVI's reign. ¥¥¥

Shine (1/97) Enthralling, mostly true Australian drama about a mad piano virtuoso's meteoric career. ¥¥¥¥

Sling Blade (1/97) Poignant portrait of a well-meaning murderer whose homecoming seems headed for a repeat performance. ¥¥¥

Some Mother's Son (11/96) In jail, wild Irish rebels stage a hunger strike. ¥¥¥

The Substance of Fire (1/97) Family feud about book publishing. ¥¥¥

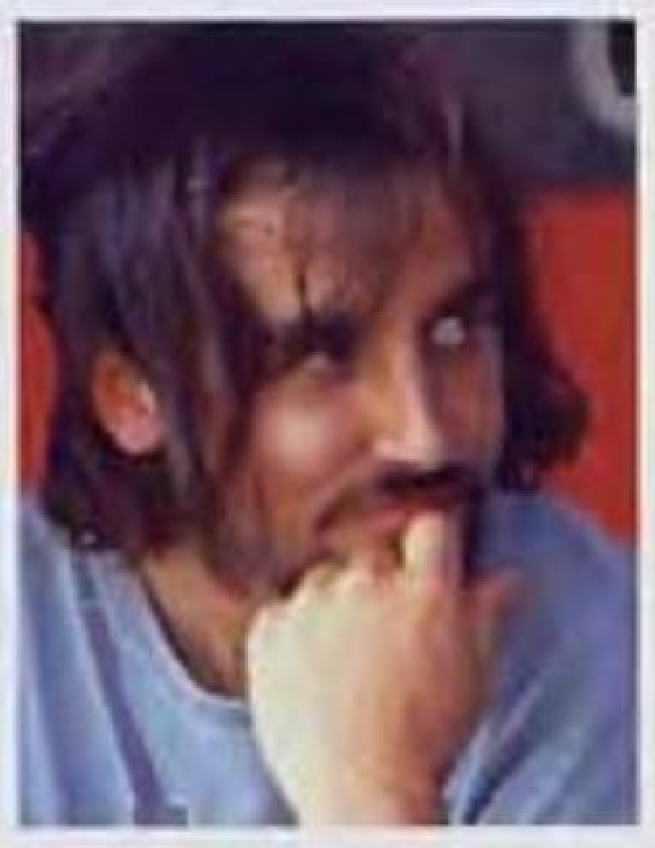
The Whole Wide World (See review) A pulp author and the woman who got away. ¥¥½

To Gillian on Her 37th Birthday (12/96) Michelle Pfeiffer is Peter Gallagher's late wife, gone but definitely not forgotten. ¥¥½

¥¥¥¥ Don't miss	¥¥ Worth a look
¥¥¥ Good show	¥ Forget it

VIDEO

GUEST SHOT



"Video is the only practical way to watch movies over and over," says **Richard Linklater,** director of *Slacker* and *Dazed and Confused* and artistic director of the Austin Film Society. So what frequents the Gen-X expert's replay menu? "Melodramatic films from the Fifties with obsessive characters like Arturo de Cordova in *El*. He's a paranoid who first falls for his love's foot." Also on Linklater's list of must-see performances: Robert Mitchum's religious fanatic in *Night of the Hunter*, James Mason's drug-terrorized teacher in *Bigger Than Life* and Rock Hudson's dipsomaniacal degenerate turned eye surgeon in *Magnificent Obsession*. With such a highly charged lineup of favorites, is there anything he can't stomach? "Nothing, really. I even liked *Showgirls*." —JAMIE DEGENNARO

VIDBITS

A&E Home Video does not live by its *Biography* series alone. Now from kid-sister subsidiary the History Channel comes **China Rising** ($49.95), a three-tape crash course on the sleeping giant—from the glamour of Twenties Shanghai to Mao's cultural revolution to the country's rise as an economic colossus. Call 800-708-1776. . . . Paramount Home Video would like to remind you that before Tom Cruise came along, **Mission: Impossible** was doing just fine. Now available, a six-volume sampling ($9.95 each) from the spy show's 1966–1973 run. Cast includes the usual gang—Martin Landau, Barbara Bain, Peter Graves, Greg Morris and Peter Lupus—and a surprising batch of then-unknown supporting players, among them Ed Asner, Martin Sheen and *Star Trek*'s George Takei.

VIDEO VENGEANCE

Don't get mad, get a movie. Here are some films in which revenge is sweet:

Unforgiven (1992): Gunslinger Clint Eastwood comes out of retirement to stand up for Wild West hookers done wrong. Oscars all around—including one for director Eastwood.

Walking Tall (1973): Southern sheriff Buford Pusser (Joe Don Baker) takes a whack at political corruption—with a Louisville Slugger—in this gritty true tale turned box-office sleeper.

Death Wish (1974): A New York architect (Charles Bronson) turns vigilante to avenge daughter's rape and wife's rape-murder. Look for Jeff Goldblum in his film debut—as a mugger.

Billy Jack (1971): Half-breed pacifist (yeah, right) Tom Laughlin protects small town from smaller-minded bigots. Best bit: Billy delivers a "can't we all get along" speech while busting heads.

Rocky III (1982): In this go-round as the Italian Stallion, Stallone pummels Mr. T for scaring manager Burgess Meredith to death. Sure, the plot's a little hokey—but so is Mr. T.

Southern Comfort (1981): Arrogant National Guardsmen get their comeuppance from angry Cajun woodsmen in the Bayou. Didn't they see *Deliverance*?

White (1993): Sexy hairdresser Julie Delpy dumps her limp-willy husband; he fakes his death, gives her the boink of her life, then frames her for his murder. From Kieslowski's *Three Colors* trilogy.

She-Devil (1989): Roseanne does the first-wives-club thing, methodically wrecking the lives of her ex and his romance novelist lover, Meryl Streep. Classic performances by both women.

Straw Dogs (1971): Wimpy mathematician Dustin Hoffman and British wife Susan George settle the score with village thugs the Sam Peckinpah way—with lots of gore.

Tombstone (1993): Nary a Clanton nor innocent bystander is left standing when Wyatt Earp (Kurt Russell) and Doc Holliday (Val Kilmer) finish their orgy of reprisal. Old tale refreshingly retold.

Revenge of the Nerds (1984): Brainy college geeks strike back. Their best revenge? Two sequels. —BUZZ MCCLAIN

X-RATED VIDEO OF THE MONTH:

In Justin Sterling's *Head Trip*, an ordinary Joe is visited by his lusty childhood-fantasy dream girl (Shayla La Veaux), who proceeds to mess with his sex life. Lots of fiery action, kicked off by T.T. Boy's landmark opening-scene fuckathon. Oh, yeah, have a hot Valentine's Day.

LASER FARE

After years of promises, Voyager's Criterion Collection edition of Terry Gilliam's technology-hell parable, **Brazil** (1985), has finally arrived in stores. Among the bells and whistles on the five-platter set: commentary by Gilliam, additional footage, letterboxing and a fine, 100-minute documentary on the movie's peculiar history, narrated by *Newsday*'s Jack Mathews. . . . Image Entertainment has released its Russ Meyer Signature Collection (with Meyer autographs on the first 2500 boxes). Package includes the big-bust-cinema pioneer's trio of vixen films—**Vixen, Supervixens** and **Beneath the Valley of the Ultravixens**—along with a "treasure chest" of supplementary materials, including Meyer's characteristically colorful ruminations on the audio track. Wide-screen editions? As wide as they need to be. —GREGORY P. FAGAN

VIDEO MOOD METER

MOOD	MOVIE
DRAMA	***A Time to Kill*** (lawyer McConaughey defends S.L. Jackson for killing daughter's rapists; taut, well-acted Grisham), ***Courage Under Fire*** (Denzel tries to prove Gulf war casualty Meg Ryan merits a medal; intense but predictable).
BRITISH	***Emma*** (the Austen tale that spawned *Clueless*; Paltrow is a delight—and decidedly more grown-up than Silverstone), ***Trainspotting*** (young Scottish heroin addicts on the loose; disturbingly graphic; not your father's drug flick).
SLEEPER	***The Frighteners*** (ghostbuster M.J. Fox gets in cahoots with spooks, then faces a murderous spirit; decent FX), ***Phenomenon*** (weird heavenly light turns regular guy into freaky genius; Travolta's charm softens the preachiness).
ACTION	***Chain Reaction*** (Keanu's sci-guy pals invent ballistic H_2O—then evil feds hunt him down; *Fugitive* lite but worth a look), ***Escape From L.A.*** (Russell and Carpenter remake the Manhattan getaway with extra cheese; just goofy enough).
FOREIGN	***Montenegro*** (bored housewife Susan Anspach goes on an erotic retreat; remastered director's cut of 1981 Swedish romp), ***Swept Away*** (Wertmüller's masterful 1975 desert island love story—restored, with original Italian dialogue).

STYLE

IT'S IN THE BAG

Label-conscious duffers who stocked their closets with designer golf threads last spring can now pick up status bags to match. For $1600, Salvatore Ferragamo offers a navy blue cotton golf bag with a leather strap and trim, gold-tone hardware and a golf club print (below at right). Italian designer Luciano Barbera, known for luxurious tailored sportswear, offers a water-repellent beluga caviar–grain calfskin bag in natural (center) or black, with wood covers and leather straps (about $2200). There's also a Giorgio Armani bag in black nylon canvas with brown leather accents ($1085) and a special-order Louis Vuitton bag ($3000). At Burberrys, nylon-and-polyester models come in standard ($365) and tournament size ($485), in the signature camel plaid (pictured far left) or navy plaid. For those who carry their clubs, Ralph Lauren's navy nylon bag is lightweight, stands up by itself and has a mesh water-bottle pocket ($145). And at Barneys, you can get a variety of patterned bags in leather or canvas ($295 to $695). The store's most expensive—and attractive—model is black calfskin trimmed in brown saddle leather with matching head covers.

SOUTH FOR THE WINTER

When vacationing in the tropics, you need versatile separates that travel well and don't wrinkle. Try Tommy Hilfiger's zip-front, silver-lined windbreaker in red, yellow, black or blue ($110). Equally colorful are Gene Meyer's silk shirts, which come in icy blue and silver with bubble or teardrop prints ($135). Meyer also offers cotton-and-Lycra knits in apple green, sky blue, mango or navy ($140). For dining outdoors, pair an ivory cotton terry sports jacket from Perry Ellis ($155) with DKNY's slim-fitting, stretch-cotton chinos in black, khaki, sand or navy ($115). Nicole Farhi's long-sleeved pullover in navy and white nautical stripes ($97) is another terry wearable that won't wrinkle. On cool nights, try a long-sleeved V-neck pullover from CK Calvin Klein in dusty blue, yellow, orange sherbet, black or white ($115).

HOT SHOPPING: HONOLULU

Kapahulu Avenue in Honolulu is a laid-back area on the edge of Waikiki that's brimming with shops, restaurants and coffeehouses. Bailey's Antiques and Aloha Shirts (517 Kapahulu Ave.): The world's largest collection of Hawaiian shirts, plus vintage Nikes, records and marbles. • Go Bananas Kayaking (799 Kapahulu Ave.): Kayaks and canoes, paddling shorts, sun hats and other outdoorsy items. • Soccer Locker (611 Kapahulu Ave.): Soccer equipment from around the world, including brightly colored game jerseys—a hot street style. • Sumo Connection (525 Kapahulu Ave.): Caps, T-shirts, towels, golf balls and tees, all with a sumo wrestler logo. • Island Golf (404 Kapahulu Ave.): Look for shoes, clubs and clothes at this pro shop at the Alawai golf course, one of the most popular links in America.

CLOTHES LINE

Bill Maher, host of ABC's *Politically Incorrect*, has a style that's as eclectic as his guest list. On the air, he wears Armani three-button suits because "they have a nice cut." Off camera, he takes his fashion cues from TV sitcoms. "I get my pants at American Rag in Los Angeles," he says. "Kind of a Laura Petrie look." His favorite baseball cap is from the 100th taping of *Martin*. "Can you imagine a less historic event to commemorate?" Maher also owns two tuxes—from Armani and Hugo Boss—but they don't measure up to his furry leopard-pattern pants with a red devil on the back pocket (also from American Rag), worn with, he deadpans, "a smoking jacket."

MARTIN HOFFMAN

SCREEN/PLAY

Whether this year's spring break takes you to the slopes or the beaches, the sun is sure to greet you. To ward off damaging UV rays, make sure you pack a double-duty moisturizer with sunscreen. Some of our favorites: Chanel Technique Pour Homme AHA+ High Performance Moisture Formula with SPF 8 and alpha-hydroxy acid to help slough off dead skin. Bijan's Face Saver has AHAs and SPF 6, plus soothing extracts of citrus, apple and green tea. Kenzo's Outdoor Moisturizing Cream has the designer's sandalwood scent and a light sunscreen. For stronger protection, try Neutrogena's fragrance-free and vitamin-rich Healthy Skin With SPF 15 or Face Stockholm's unscented SPF Moisture Cream with aloe vera and shea butter.

STYLE METER

TIES	IN	OUT
FABRICS	Dressy looks such as tone-on-tone jacquards; iridescent taffeta; shiny silk satin	"Casual Friday" knits; nubby linen or wool; flimsy cotton twill
PATTERNS AND COLORS	Solids; cigar motifs; color-blocked and neat patterns in bright citrus colors	Paisleys; floral patterns; animal motifs; subdued shades such as forest green and maroon
HOW TO WEAR THEM	With a Windsor knot on a spread collar; *Casino*-style with a matching shirt and tie	Bow ties during the day; advertising your favorite sports or cartoon character

Where & How to Buy on page 169.

THE 1950 MERCURY CUSTOM

Shown slightly larger than actual size (Scale 1:24; 8½" in length).

A meticulously engineered die-cast metal model—hand-assembled from over 180 precision parts.

Start with a '50 Mercury, one of the most beautiful cars ever to come out of Detroit. Shave the nose and rear deck until they're as smooth as a cue ball. Chop the top to get that low and mean look. "French" the tail lights by recessing them in the body work, and then add a pair of chrome-tipped "lakes pipes" and a "maneater grille" for the proper bad-attitude. The *1950 Mercury Custom* has all the swagger and style of the original that inspired this dazzling model.

Amazingly detailed!

The model is crafted from over 180 precision parts in the large 1:24 scale. All major components are die-cast metal. Much as if it were a full-scale custom vehicle, over 120 separate steps are required to create the refined look of this model — including electroplating and careful masking—before it is individually hand-waxed to a show-ready finish.

The 1950 Mercury Custom is available from the Danbury Mint at just $104, payable in four monthly installments of $26*. To order, send no money now. Return your Reservation Application today!

*Plus any applicable sales tax and $1.25 shipping and handling per installment.

Hood is mirror-lined to show off the customized engine.

Remove the convertible top to reveal the custom upholstery.

Custom interior is complete with "fuzzy dice."

© MBI
The Mercury trademarks are used under license from Ford Motor Company.

The Danbury Mint
47 Richards Avenue
Norwalk, CT 06857

RESERVATION APPLICATION

Send no money now.

THE 1950 MERCURY CUSTOM

Yes! Reserve my *1950 Mercury Custom* model as described in this announcement. My satisfaction is guaranteed. If not delighted, I may return my model within 30 days for replacement or refund.

Signature____________________
(Orders subject to acceptance.)

Name____________________
(Please print clearly.)

Address____________________

City____________________

State__________ Zip__________

Allow 2 to 4 weeks after initial payment for shipment.

2381FPY1

BOOKS

By DIGBY DIEHL

IN ***Abbreviating Ernie*** (Villard), by Peter Lefcourt, Audrey Haas' husband Ernie is a cross-dressing urologist from Schenectady who shackles her to the stove, then inconveniently dies of a heart attack while performing his marital duties. In handcuffs, impaled on her dead husband's still-erect penis and pinned against the antique O'Keefe & Merritt, Audrey has no choice but to amputate his member in order to save her own life.

The cops find these circumstances suspicious. After Audrey is accused of murder and dismemberment, her court case turns her into a celebrity and sets off a frenzy of TV and newspaper coverage. Lefcourt uses Audrey's prosecution as a platform for a hilarious send-up of tabloid justice and trial by media.

The Unlikely Spy (Villard), by Daniel Silva: A first novel of remarkable ingenuity and daring that reignites our enthusiasm for World War Two skulduggery.

Alfred Vicary, professor of history at University College London, is recruited by his friend Winston Churchill to serve in MI5 as director of a secret project to convince the Nazi high command that the Allied invasion of France will land at Calais, not Normandy. His counterpart in Germany is a man named Kurt Vogel, who is assigned to discover the truth about the invasion from the Nazi spy network in London. If Vicary succeeds, the Allies win the war; if he fails, the Nazis will repel the invasion forces.

Beneath the traditional duel of spy vs. counterspy are layers of conflict and uncertainty familiar to readers of le Carré. Vicary becomes suspicious that his direct superior is withholding or tainting information. The ruthless German spy known as Catherine Blake—Vogel's finest student—begins to fall in love with her target, an American engineer designing an artificial harbor for the invasion. This is a book that will stick in your imagination long after you have figured out where all the pieces fit.

Buckley: The Right Word (Random House), by William F. Buckley Jr., edited by Samuel S. Vaughan: Few writers wield the English language as skillfully as Buckley. Vaughan, Buckley's longtime editor, has selected examples from Buckley's essays, interviews, ripostes, letters and longer works of fiction and nonfiction that demonstrate the rich possibilities of our language.

Conflicting Accounts: The Creation and Crash of the Saatchi & Saatchi Advertising Empire (Simon & Schuster), by Kevin Goldman: In the Eighties, Maurice and Charles Saatchi assembled one of the world's premiere advertising agencies. By 1995 Maurice was terminated from his position as chairman of Saatchi & Saatchi PLC. Months later, it was payback time: A vengeful Maurice started a rival firm and began stealing clients from his brother. *Wall Street Journal* writer Goldman tells the tale and holds up an extremely unflattering mirror to Madison Avenue.

MARK MATCHO

Lefcourt's *Abbreviating Ernie*.

Cutting Ernie short, Buckley's highfalutin words and Mosley's prequel to the Easy Rawlins series.

Trunk Music (Little, Brown), by Michael Connelly: The title is copspeak for a Mafia hit, and this one is a classic. A Hollywood producer has been found in the trunk of his Rolls-Royce with two bullet holes in his cranium, the victim of a professional execution. Well-seasoned LAPD homicide detective Harry Bosch begins making headway on the case, but after he follows a money trail to Las Vegas, he is mysteriously reassigned. Undeterred, he continues to investigate despite indicators that he's headed into danger.

The Last Banner (Simon & Schuster), by Peter May: The 1985–1986 Boston Celtics stand as one of the greatest teams in NBA history—even Bulls and Lakers fans grudgingly acknowledge the finesse and polish of the team that went 40–1 in the old Boston Garden. May, an unabashed Celtics fan, tells the story of a great team that reinvented itself after a heartbreaking loss to the 1984–1985 Lakers to capture the NBA title and pass into basketball legend.

High-Heel Blue (Simon & Schuster), by Diane K. Shah: Brenden Harlow is a female Metro detective pulling decoy duty in an effort to catch a serial killer who has been terrorizing women at ATMs across southern California. With her marriage in tatters and her drinking getting out of hand, Brenden starts to receive threatening phone calls on her answering machine from someone who seems to know her every move.

Gone Fishin' (Black Classic Press), by Walter Mosley: Mystery novelist Mosley shares the prequel to his Easy Rawlins series with us, ending the speculation about how Easy and Mouse started out together. As they take the car trip from hell, you'll want to be riding shotgun.

BOOKMARKS

Dennis Rodman, fashion model, movie star and sometime Chicago Bulls player, scored a slam dunk with his autobiography, *Bad As I Wanna Be*. The best-selling author is planning two more books for Delacorte Press this year. The first, *Rodman Rules*, will be a guide to living unconventionally that is due in May, and for the holidays is an annotated portfolio of intimate photographs—presumably featuring hairdos of many colors. . . . **Michael Crichton** and **Tom Clancy** have had their hits, but no novelist has been consistently hotter at the box office than **John Grisham.** Coming soon from Paramount is *The Rainmaker*, and after that, *The Runaway Jury*, which was bought by Warner Bros. for $8 million. . . . The success of the **Stephen King** serialization of *The Green Mile* has inspired fellow literary terrorist **John Saul** to try the same stunt this month with *The Blackstone Chronicles*. The story focuses on Saul's favorite ill-fated fictional town, where leading citizens receive mysterious, dangerous gifts. Each of the six 96-page installments from Ballantine will cost $2.99. . . . The Independent Reader (http://www.independentreader.com) is a new Internet site created by 13 large independent bookstores to provide readers with an alternative to best-seller lists. Each store will recommend five titles a month, with reviews, author biographies and related information. . . . A steamy tell-all has been optioned for a four-hour ABC-TV Hallmark miniseries. *The Memoirs of Cleopatra*, a 1700-page novel by **Margaret George,** will be published by St. Martin's this summer. . . . We've always liked **Jonathan Kellerman's** detective novels featuring child psychologist Alex Delaware. Rumor has it that Random House has just paid $4 million per book for a five-book deal to lure the author away from his longtime publisher, Bantam. But Kellerman is so prolific that Random House will have to wait until Bantam finishes bringing out his 11th and 12th novels this year and next.

CAUTION: DRINKING RED LABEL CAN CAUSE SERIOUS CONVERSATIONS AND SOMETIMES EVEN DANCING.

JOHNNIE WALKER ™ RED LABEL

Enjoy Red Label Responsibly

*©1996 Schieffelin & Somerset Co., New York, N.Y.
Johnnie Walker® Red Label®, Blended Scotch Whisky,
40% Alc./Vol., (80°)*

HEALTH & FITNESS

HORMONE HYPE

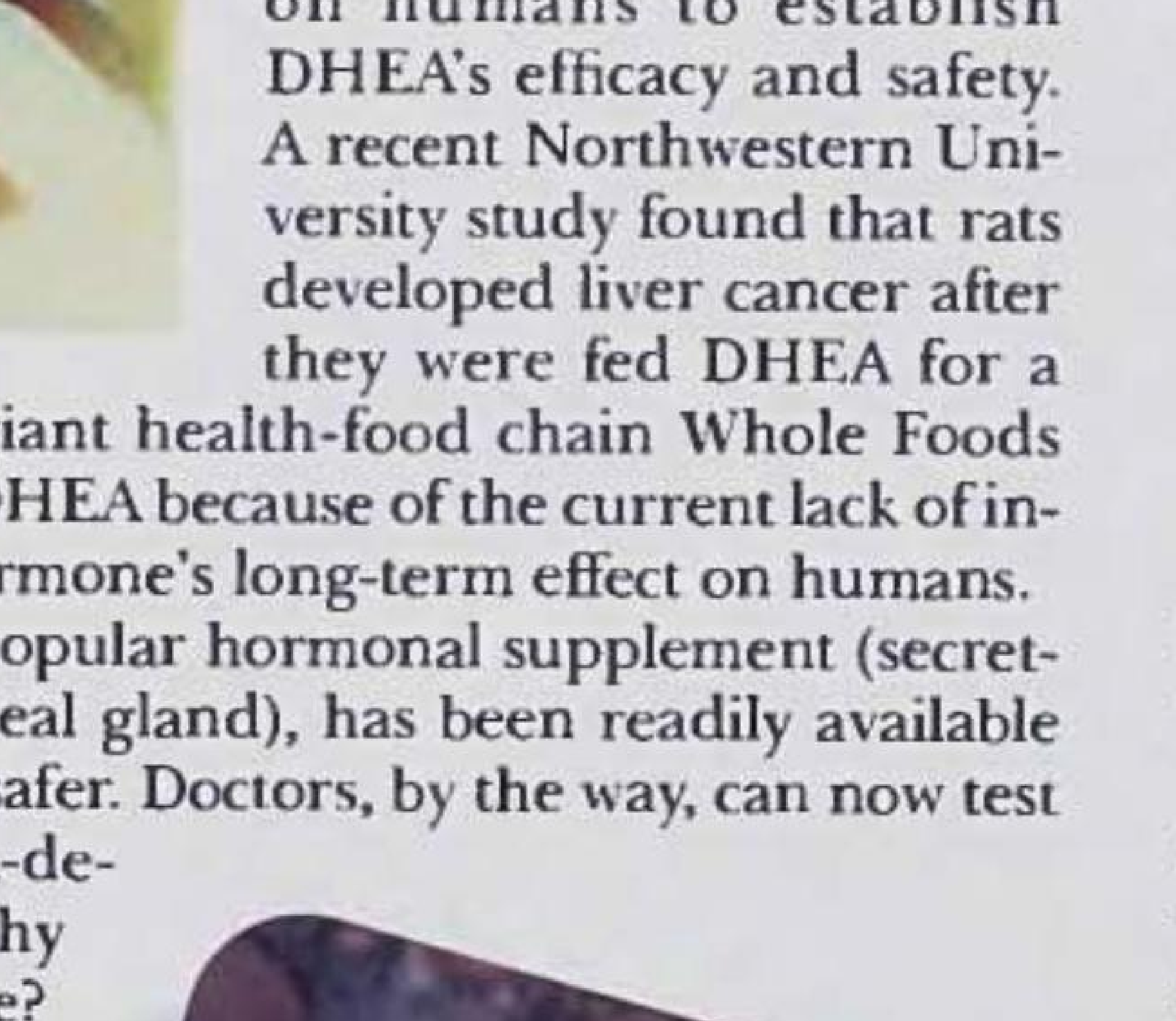
Unless you've just returned from a Jupiter probe you've probably encountered DHEA, the hyped Miracle-Gro for humans. It's been touted to improve mood, increase sex drive, cut cancer risk and promote longevity. And it's legal.

JERRY MCDONALD

It also may not be totally safe. DHEA is a steroid hormone produced by the adrenal glands, which sit just above the kidneys. As with any sex-hormone therapy, risks from taking DHEA supplements include facial hair on women and enlarged breasts for men. More important, there have been no long-term studies on humans to establish DHEA's efficacy and safety. A recent Northwestern University study found that rats developed liver cancer after they were fed DHEA for a year and a half. The giant health-food chain Whole Foods Market does not stock DHEA because of the current lack of information about the hormone's long-term effect on humans.

Melatonin, another popular hormonal supplement (secreted naturally by the pineal gland), has been readily available longer and is probably safer. Doctors, by the way, can now test whether you're DHEA-deficient. If you're not, why mess with mother nature?

SWEAT LIKE THE STARS

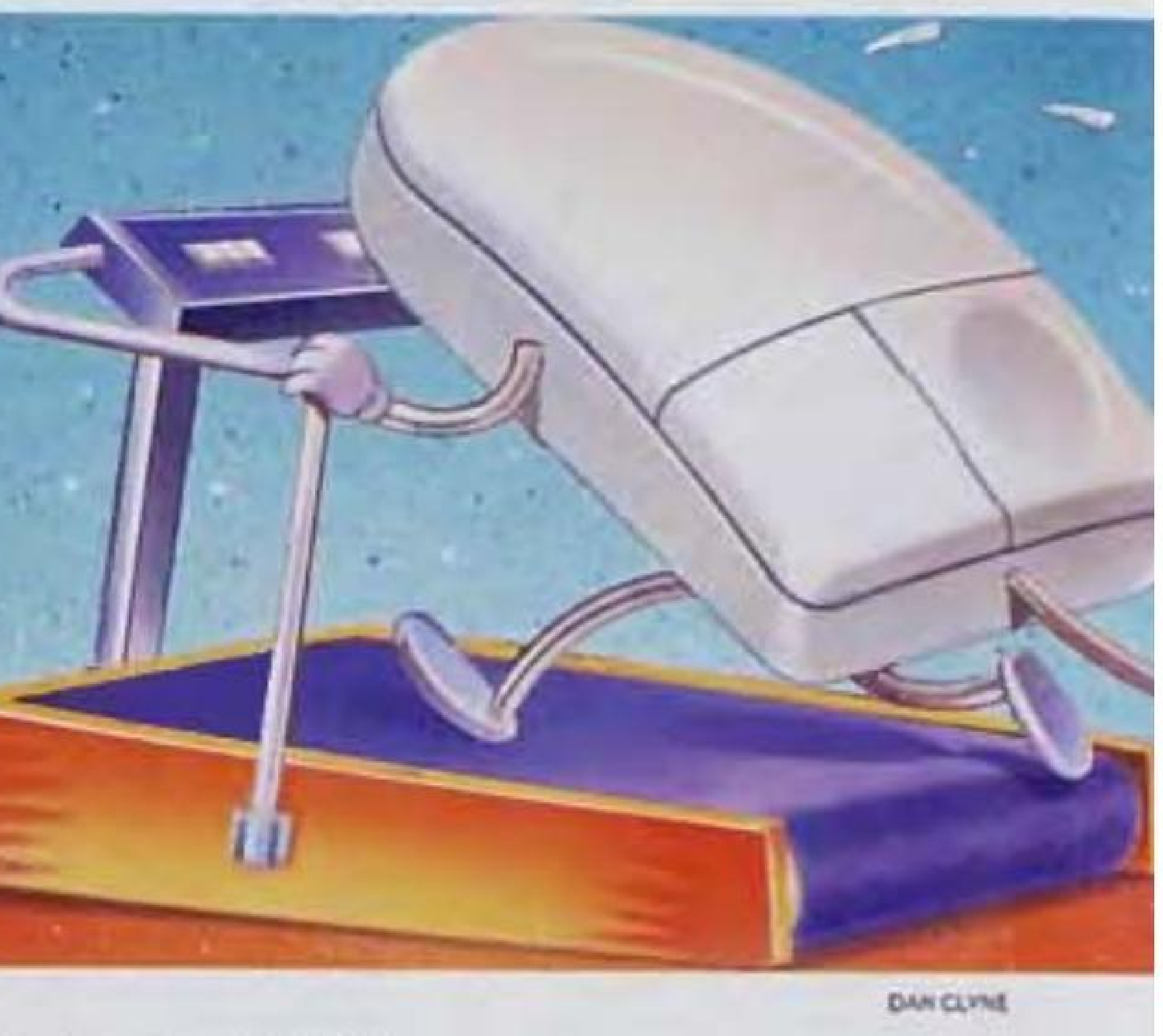


Cruise: Far and away buff.

The Versaclimber is all the rage in Hollywood. Bruce and Demi owe their buff bods to regular workouts on it. Tom Hanks and Warren Beatty are loyal users; so are Michelle Pfeiffer and Madonna. And several actors, including Tom Cruise and Sylvester Stallone, are so addicted they demand the contraption on movie sets. What's the appeal? A Versaclimber workout is kind of like climbing a ladder—to the moon. The machine stands more than seven feet tall with grips and pedals for the hands and feet. Once you get going you can burn 1000 calories an hour. It's challenging—and more fun than it sounds. Try it at top health clubs or, if your ceiling permits, pick up the home version. Prices range from about $1400 for an entry-level home model to $3650 for the deluxe club machine with a heart-rate monitor.

BEST NET BETS

Sitting immobilized in front of your computer may not seem the best strategy to get fit, but there's a mother lode of health information online. Our nod goes to Fitness Link (www.fitnesslink.com), a comprehensive guide to wellness on the Web featuring workout and nutrition info, articles, product reviews and links to hundreds of other health- and exercise-related sites.



DAN CLYNE

Wondering if you packed on a few extra pounds over the holidays? Plug in your height, weight and activity level to the nutritional profile at Cyberdiet (www.cyberdiet.com) and this interactive dietitian will calculate your ideal weight and offer a specific plan that will help you achieve it.

For brain fitness, follow the fascinating work on the human gene map, the international effort to identify the tens of thousands of genes in the human genome—all the genetic material inside a human cell. The project's scope has been compared to putting a man on the moon. It's an unprecedented chance to monitor research on disease—and receive late-breaking data. Find it at www.ncbi.nlm.nih.gov/science96.

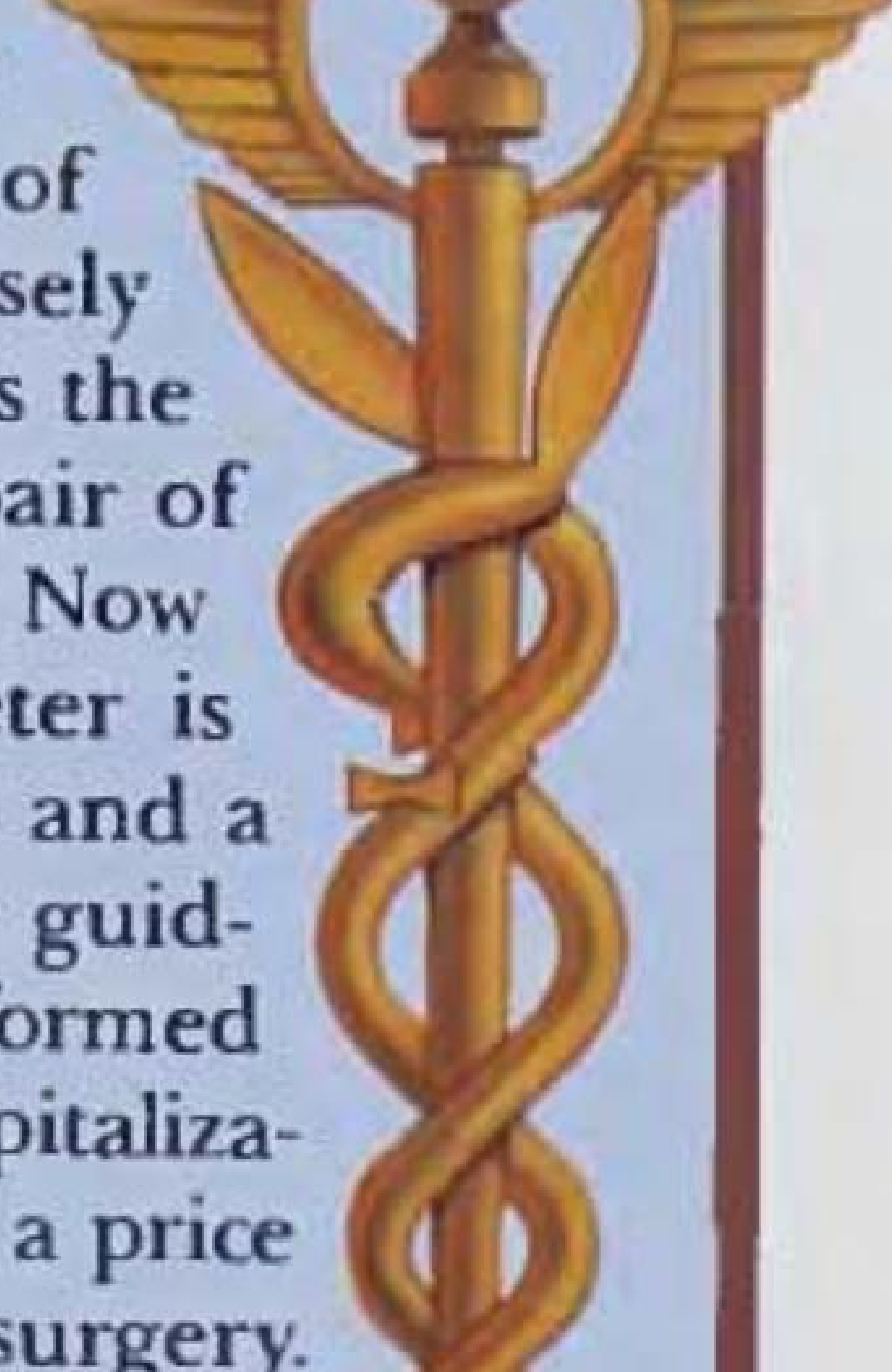
VITAMIN WORKOUT

Congratulations if you're one of the 20 million Americans headed to a health club this year. You should also know that physical activity can increase your need for certain nutrients.

Three grams of vitamin C taken daily by 25 test subjects reduced muscle soreness after exertion by up to 44 percent. It was particularly helpful to the calf muscles. German scientists found vitamin E reduces DNA damage when given 14 days prior to exercise. Vitamin E is also handy for skiers who want to maximize their performances at high altitudes. Meanwhile, a Dutch study reports that men who don't get enough B vitamins suffer lower aerobic power and lower oxygen consumption. The message is clear: Stop by the vitamin counter.

DR. PLAYBOY

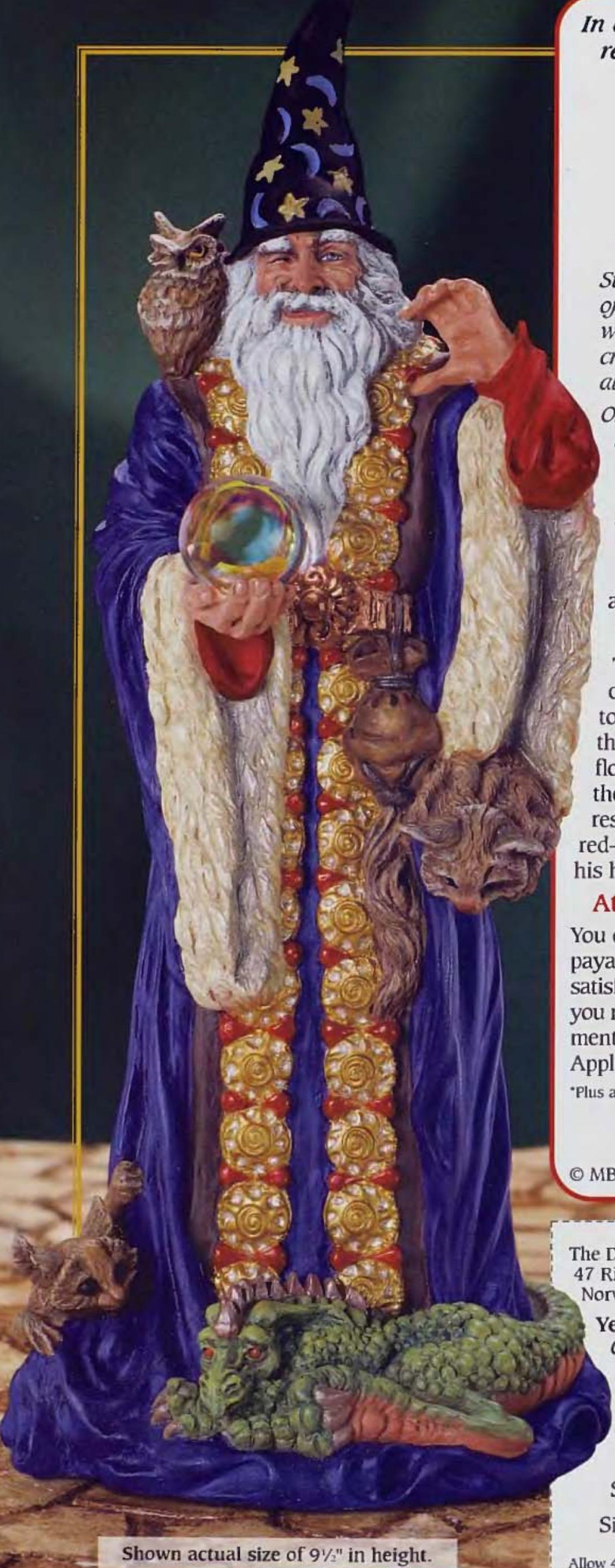
Q: My wife has had trouble getting pregnant. Now my doctor tells me I have a varicocele and need surgery. What's the deal?



A: The good news is, you have a readily fixable problem. The better news is that it's become even easier to fix.

Varicoceles, which are enlarged veins in the scrotum, are a leading cause of male infertility. No one knows precisely why—presumably the condition affects the quality of sperm. In the past, the repair of these vessels required elaborate surgery. Now there's a technique in which a catheter is threaded through a vein to the groin and a clotting agent is injected under X-ray guidance. The new procedure, usually performed by a radiologist, means less pain, no hospitalization, little or no recuperation time and a price that may be less than half the cost of surgery. You may want to practice pronouncing the name before you debrief your doctor. It's called percutaneous varicocele occlusion.

WHERE & HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 169.



Shown actual size of 9½" in height.

In a world of darkness, the Wizard alone can renew the life-giving light of the Crystal...

Guardian of the Crystal

An expertly crafted figurine sculpted with fascinating, hand-painted details!

Since time began, the Crystal has held the powers of hope and light. But now its radiance has been weakened by a wicked sorceress who plots to create a realm of ever-lasting darkness that she alone will rule.

Only the Wizard knows the secrets that will restore the Crystal's power. But he is centuries old and his memory of the ancient incantations is dim. Can he call on his powers one last time...to save the light of the world?

Discover the answer when you acquire the *Guardian of the Crystal,* a spectacular figurine available *exclusively* from the Danbury Mint!

Rich in detail; adorned with a pure crystal.

The *Guardian of the Crystal* is expertly crafted of cold-cast porcelain, a material prized for its ability to hold intricate detail. Notice the wrinkles of time on the Wizard's lifelike face and the rich texture of his flowing beard. Skillful hand-painting brings to life the Owl of Wisdom on his shoulder, the cunning and resourceful Squox (half-squirrel, half fox), and the red-eyed Dragon of Courage at his feet. The sphere in his hands is genuine, high-quality crystal.

Attractively priced; satisfaction guaranteed.

You can own the *Guardian of the Crystal* for just $49.90, payable in two convenient installments of $24.95*. Your satisfaction is guaranteed. If not completely satisfied, you may return the sculpture within 30 days for a replacement or refund. To order, return your Reservation Application today!

*Plus any applicable sales tax and $2.25 shipping and handling per installment.

The Danbury Mint

© MBI 47 Richards Avenue • Norwalk, CT 06857

RESERVATION APPLICATION

The Danbury Mint
47 Richards Avenue
Norwalk, CT 06857

Guardian of the Crystal

Send no money now.

Yes! Please accept my reservation for *Guardian of the Crystal* as described in this announcement.

Name ______________________
Please print clearly.
Address ______________________
City ______________________
State/Zip ______________________
Signature ______________________
Orders subject to acceptance.

Allow 4 to 8 weeks after initial payment for shipment. 7992FPY1

MEN

By ASA BABER

SANDRA HENDLER

THE RULES FOR MEN

Ellen Fein and Sherrie Schneider, authors of a best-selling book called *The Rules: Time-Tested Secrets for Capturing the Heart of Mr. Right*, were on *Imus in the Morning* last October. Rarely have I seen Don Imus intimidated by anybody, but this day he was. Fein and Schneider were talking his headphones off. "These two women are absolutely out of control," Imus finally griped.

I began shouting at my TV. "Take back the morning, I-Man," I yelled. "These chicks are breaking one of their own rules right now, so call them on it." I was referring to rule three in *The Rules* ("Don't Stare at Men or Talk Too Much"), which explains to women how to exploit the typical male: "If you're smart, you'll stay cool and just listen to what he says. He'll think you're interesting and mysterious."

"What are *The Rules*?" the authors ask. "The purpose of *The Rules* is to make Mr. Right obsessed with having you as his by making yourself seem unattainable. In plain language, we're talking about playing hard to get!"

Playing hard to get, feigning disinterest, fooling men—these are the fundamental lessons of *The Rules*. In other words, the Nineties may be almost over, but the 21st century is nowhere in sight. "It's an old-fashioned formula, but it really works," say Fein and Schneider.

The Rules contains 35 rules for female behavior. Here are a few of my favorites:

Rule One: Be a Creature Unlike Any Other. A woman should adopt "an attitude, a sense of confidence and radiance." All her movements should be "fluid and sexy," and she should remain "demure" and "mysterious" (there's that word again).

Rule Two: Don't Talk to a Man First (and Don't Ask Him to Dance). Why not? Because you will interfere with "the natural order of things—namely, that man pursues woman."

Rule Five: Don't Call Him and Rarely Return His Calls. "To call men is to pursue them, and they will immediately know that you like them and possibly lose interest!"

Rule Fourteen: No More Than Casual Kissing on the First Date. "Keeping it to a kiss will force him not to think of you as just a physical object."

Rule Fifteen: Don't Rush Into Sex and Other Rules for Intimacy. "Making him wait will only increase his desire and will create more passion when you finally have sex."

The beat goes on: Don't live with a man, don't go dutch on a date, always end a date first, stop dating him if he doesn't buy you a romantic gift for your birthday or Valentine's Day (that's rule 12!), don't see him more than twice a week, don't accept a Saturday night date after Wednesday, always be honest but mysterious and don't discuss *The Rules* with your therapist ("Some therapists will think *The Rules* are dishonest and manipulative").

That would be some smart therapist. Isn't it time to create a set of rules for men? Here we are, shy and misunderstood human beings, eager for marriage and commitment, never focused on sex or sensuality, delicate and modest at heart, and yet somehow our image has become tarnished. We are profoundly misunderstood, and many of us are continually rejected by women. What follows, then, are the Rules for Men. Memorize them, live by them and eventually you will win the affections of Ms. Right:

(1) Never Answer Your Phone and Never Return Her Calls. This rule will drive her nuts, but follow it to the letter and she'll try to break down your door and jump your bones within the month.

(2) Always Wear a Veil. This may sound like a radical suggestion to some men, but it is not. When a man covers half his face with a veil, he hides many of his true feelings from the world. He becomes an object of mystery instead of just another horny dickhead on the highway of life. Ms. Right will be tantalized by your veil, I promise. But watch out if you chew tobacco (not a good habit for veil wearers).

(3) Always Carry a Handkerchief to Drop in Front of the Woman of Your Dreams. This flirtatious gesture, which must be graceful in its execution, requires no conversation, yet it will show you if she cares for you. If she doesn't pick up your hankie and return it, she is not interested in you (or perhaps she is repulsed by all those big green boogers that you were saving in it from last winter).

(4) Never Date Ms. Right More Than Twice a Year. Women need to be teased. They love foreplay. So you turn foreplay into a semiannual event. Imagine her level of lust if you haven't seen each other for six months. Besides, if you are there all the time for her, she'll get bored with you.

(5) Demand That She Pay for Everything. This is the age of the independent woman. Don't take your wallet on a date. Don't have any food in your house. If she invites you to her place for dinner, bring your own shopping bags so you can stock up.

(6) While on a Date With Her, Don't Talk—Not a Word. Women love to talk and rarely listen to us anyway, so this one is a no-brainer. Silence is golden and makes you appear to be a creature unlike any other.

(7) Don't Look at Her. Pretend She Doesn't Exist. It may be seventh on my list, but this rule has gotten more men laid—and even married—than any other. Women love being ignored.

(8) Don't Have Sex With Her Until You're 95 Years Old. This is the ultimate in safe-sex advice. By avoiding physical contact, you will prove that you love her for her mind, not her body. In this situation, it's OK to have a little beaver on the side, of course—but don't tell Ms. Right. Because then you might appear to be an open-minded man who appreciates straight and honest signals between men and women. And that would be a lie, wouldn't it?

SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Smoking Causes Lung Cancer, Heart Disease, Emphysema, And May Complicate Pregnancy.

LIGHTS: 8 mg. "tar", 0.6 mg. nicotine, FULL FLAVOR, FULL FLAVOR MENTHOL: 14 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette by FTC method.

"OVER 500 THANK YOU'S IN ONE NIGHT!"

SMOKER APPRECIATION PARTIES.
ANOTHER WAY WE LISTEN TO YOU.

Evan

20 CLASS A CIGARETTES
DORAL
D
DORAL
PREMIUM TASTE

DISCOVER THE DORAL DIFFERENCE

Evan Rickle talks about life in Tobaccoville, NC with Frank Malloy, who was one of over 500 guests at our Party in Tampa, FL.

©1997 R.J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO.

JUST ADD
BACARDI
SNEAK PREVIEW TONIGHT
BIJOU
Bacardi
LIGHT-DRY
CARTA BLANCA
Ron
BACARDI
Superior
ESTABLISHED
1862
PUERTO RICAN RUM
40% Alc. by Vol. (80 PROOF)

Visit Club Bacardi at www.bacardi.com

Bacardi - rum. Made in Puerto Rico. BACARDI AND THE BAT DEVICE ARE REGISTERED TRADEMARKS OF BACARDI & COMPANY LIMITED. [illegible] BACARDI-MARTINI U.S.A., INC., [illegible] ALC. BY VOL.

THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

My boyfriend and I had a layover of several hours at a major airport during a trip with a bunch of other college freshmen. While we were browsing the stores, we saw some of those private office cubicles called Ziosks. My boyfriend whipped out a credit card his dad had loaned him and rented one for three hours (he's planning to tell his dad it's an ice-cream parlor). Inside were a table, chairs and a love seat. I closed the blinds on the door and we stripped off our clothes. He got on the floor and I lowered myself on top of him. It was wild! We began telling each other about all the people and things going on around us: the meeting in the Ziosk next door, the people in the bar watching CNN, travelers getting on and off planes, the elderly couple we had been talking to while we had a bite at the snack bar. It was a real turn-on knowing that we were screwing our brains out in the middle of a crowd. Since then we've tried things such as skinny-dipping in a farmer's pond in the middle of the day and fucking in the basement of his parents' home while his mom was throwing a wedding shower upstairs. Maybe we're weird, but we like these risky situations. Are there any books that might suggest other things we could try—*A Couple's Guide to Stupid Sex Tricks* or something like that? Thanks for your help.—L.R., Los Angeles, California

You crazy kids. It sounds like you could write your own book—send us a copy when you do. In the meantime, you'll find more ideas for adventure in the Advisor's "365 Ways to Improve Your Sex Life" or Dr. Glenn Wilson's "Creative Loveplay" (800-423-9494), which includes photos and descriptions of dozens of steamy sexual fantasies. An ice-cream parlor? Good luck with that one.

Is there any sort of database of Advisor columns? I often recall a question and answer I'd like to share, but have to search through a few years' worth of issues to find it.—C.A., Des Moines, Iowa

Good news: The Playboy Advisor now has a World Wide Web home page that includes an archive of the column dating back to 1991. It is organized by subject and searchable by keyword, and also includes a new sex trick each day, a list of readers' most frequently asked questions and instructions on how to reach the Advisor online. You can access the page through the Playboy Cyber Club at cyber.playboy.com.

If I'm incredibly horny and my wife doesn't want to have sex, I often masturbate. Most of the time, three to five minutes after I ejaculate, my wife attacks me, highly aroused. I am positive she isn't aware of what I'm doing. Do I give off some kind of scent or signal that she picks up subconsciously?—J.P., Atlanta, Georgia

Perhaps. There is evidence that people secrete sexual scents called pheromones that may be tipping off your wife. Women generally have a more acute sense of smell than men do, but it doesn't take a bloodhound to realize that you're up to something if you disappear for ten minutes every time she says no. She may even have seen or heard you once and it turned her on no end. Or maybe she just needs more time to mull over your proposition. Next time, keep your pants on and let her consider what you could be doing together. If she's willing to listen, describe in detail what you have in mind.

Last week I took a test in my abnormal psychology course, and one of the questions was this: "A man looks forward to his wife leaving so that he can dress up in her underwear and masturbate. This is an example of which type of behavior? (A) Personal Distress, (B) Unexpectedness, (C) Dysfunction, (D) None of the Above—this behavior is not abnormal." According to my professor, the answer is D. I argued for B. What does the Advisor think?—A.T., College Station, Texas

Are we being graded? The best answer is D. The man is a transvestite, which may not be the norm but is far from abnormal. Assuming he finds his wife's panties more arousing than his wife, you could argue that C applies to their relationship.

This letter is in response to N.C. in San Francisco. She wrote in September to ask whether she should arrange to have sex with another man while her husband watched because it was a fantasy they shared. I have a similar fantasy about my wife. I told her that if the opportunity came up to have sex with another man, she should take advantage of it. It wasn't even necessary for me to be there; just the idea turned me on. We were getting ready for bed one evening and with a coy look she said, "Guess what?" She proceeded to tell me every detail of her encounter, and we had great sex. She went out one more time with this man and then ended it. My advice to N.C. is to go ahead with your plan and then use the memory of the encounter to enhance sex with your husband. Just don't let the situation get out of hand.—D.K., Omaha, Nebraska

That's sometimes easier said than done, which was part of N.C.'s concern. The group dynamic plays out differently for every couple. For some, it improves their sex life tremendously; for others, it can cause trouble in the relationship. It sounds like you were honest with your wife about what you wanted out of the fantasy, and she kept nothing from you. That's the first step. But each partner must be willing to back off if the other finds that three is more of a crowd than expected.

In the age of women's liberation, are men still expected to open doors for women in social situations, such as on a date?—G.L., Logan, Utah

Yes. It's polite, not patriarchal.

My wife can have an orgasm just by me fondling her breasts, teasing her nipples or sliding my finger into her vagina. What has always surprised both of us is that when she parts her labia to expose her clitoris and I massage it with my tongue, she absolutely goes into a shaking fit. She says it feels great, but her reaction mystifies us. It takes about 15 minutes for her to calm down. Is this a dangerous form of sex?—J.L., Lafayette, Indiana

Only if she's near the edge of the bed. But let's see if we have this straight: You'd like to know why a woman so easily aroused she can climax when you fondle her breasts goes into a fit of pleasure when you lick her clit? Some people have all the luck.

In October a reader asked about the origin of the word beaver in reference to a woman's genitals. I believe the reference can be traced to the fur trappers of the 18th century. To relieve the sexual frustrations of being a pioneer, the men often masturbated with a beaver pelt. Perhaps when the men got together to drink and party they traded stories of the furs that got away.—G.W., Reno, Nevada

We'll never think of Grizzly Adams in the same way. According to linguists, however,

ILLUSTRATION BY ISTVAN BANYAI

this particular bit of slang didn't originate until well into this century. It's likely a derivation of "beard," which has been used to refer to women's pubic hair (as well as men's facial hair) for several hundred years. Beaver might also be short for beaver hat, with hat being the centuries-old term for female genitals. According to "A Classical Dictionary of the Vulgar Tongue," published in 1796, the association was made because a hat is "frequently felt."

What is the proper way to wear three-button sports coats? I always thought just the middle button was buttoned, but I've seen people who button the top two or all three.—T.R., Chicago, Illinois

Button both the top and middle buttons but not the bottom. It's strictly decorative.

The Advisor gave a five-word brush-off in October to a reader's concerns about bare-ass sexual spanking. You can do better than that, especially when the *College Sex Survey* in the same issue shows that 33 percent of women and 43 percent of men have experienced *la vice anglaise*. If what the British tabloids (and my boyfriend) call hanky-spanky is now a regular item on the American sexual menu, I'm sure many readers would like a serious answer to what was a sincere question.—M.V., Manchester, England

You're right. We've been naughty and deserve everything we get. Please start with light slaps and increase the strength gradually. Alternate with soft kisses and feathery touches. Let's decide on a safe word so you'll know when to stop. And don't forget to say, "This pleases me as much as it pleases you."

My best friend is cheating on his wife and wants to use my apartment in the city. Should I let him?—D.H., Stamford, Connecticut

Tough call. We assume you feel uncomfortable with the situation or you wouldn't be writing. We'd pass.

What do you think of making travel reservations online? I'd love to be able to see what the travel agent sees, but should I trust my trip to a computer?—C.C., Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

We're not sure we'd book our vacation without an agent just yet, but more travelers are drifting to the Internet to make reservations. A handful of sites allow you to view flight schedules and fares, make your selections and pay with a credit card. That doesn't help you decide where to go in the first place or iron out unexpected kinks, which is why travel agents are still good people to know. Companies see online reservations as a way to cut down on phone time, one reason partnerships such as Microsoft and American Express are developing do-it-yourself systems for executives. Such technology also could save large companies millions when airlines discount what would have been agent commissions. Although hotels and car rental companies are behind the pack, you can schedule airline flights at such spots as the Internet Travel Network (www.itn.net) or PCTravel (www.pctravel.com).

I was disappointed with your uncaring response to the reader whose girlfriend wanted him to cancel his subscription to PLAYBOY. You said he was a dweeb and that the real issue was her control over the relationship. What a self-serving piece of advice! I am a 33-year-old mother of two who believed the same thing about my husband's subscription when we were married 12 years ago. I felt I didn't compare to the Playmates and that I wasn't fulfilling his needs. It was only through bodybuilding, changing my appearance and building my self-esteem that I accepted the magazine back into the house. My husband was instrumental in the process by not looking at PLAYBOY until I said that it no longer bothered me. Now that I look better than most of your models, I renew his subscription every year! So to H.D. in Akron, I say, trust your own judgment.—A.B., San Antonio, Texas

You made changes that had nothing to do with PLAYBOY, *Playmates or your husband. To that we say, "Good show." We love confident, motivated women (send photos). But don't be naive. Our guess is that your husband subscribed at the office. The next letter offers another perspective.*

I sympathize with the woman who wanted her boyfriend to cancel his subscription to PLAYBOY. Rather than canceling, I suggest the reader put his copies out in the open where his girlfriend can find them. If my experience is any indication, she will become curious and read them when he's not around. Now my boyfriend and I fight over who gets PLAYBOY first whenever a new issue arrives in the mail. I still feel a slight pang when I see him looking at the Playmate, but he always puts the magazine down immediately when I offer him a real-life alternative. It's also great to find so many cool women in PLAYBOY, including the fabulous Marilyn Monroe. What a babe!—T.R., Dundee, Ohio

Ditto for you.

A reader wrote in October to say that her boyfriend passes out after sex. While this may be a form of narcolepsy, could it not also be a case of orgasmic syncope?—J.D., St. Louis, Missouri

Yes, indeed. People with this condition unconsciously hold their breath while climaxing, which causes them to faint. Breathing returns to normal and the victim revives.

Help! I have been seeing this pretty 23-year-old. We have a great time together and love to have sex. I really want to have deeper feelings for her, but there is something stopping me—her three-year-old daughter. I'm still in college and am not ready to be a father. Can you help?—F.T., Phoenix, Arizona

The kid comes with the package, so be cautious. Like her mom, this little girl deserves better than a guy who stays around only until things get bumpy. As painful as it will be, let your girlfriend know how you feel. She may see you as a fling, anyway, or she may end the relationship before it gets too serious for both of you. That's a parent's duty: She makes difficult decisions based on what's best for her child.

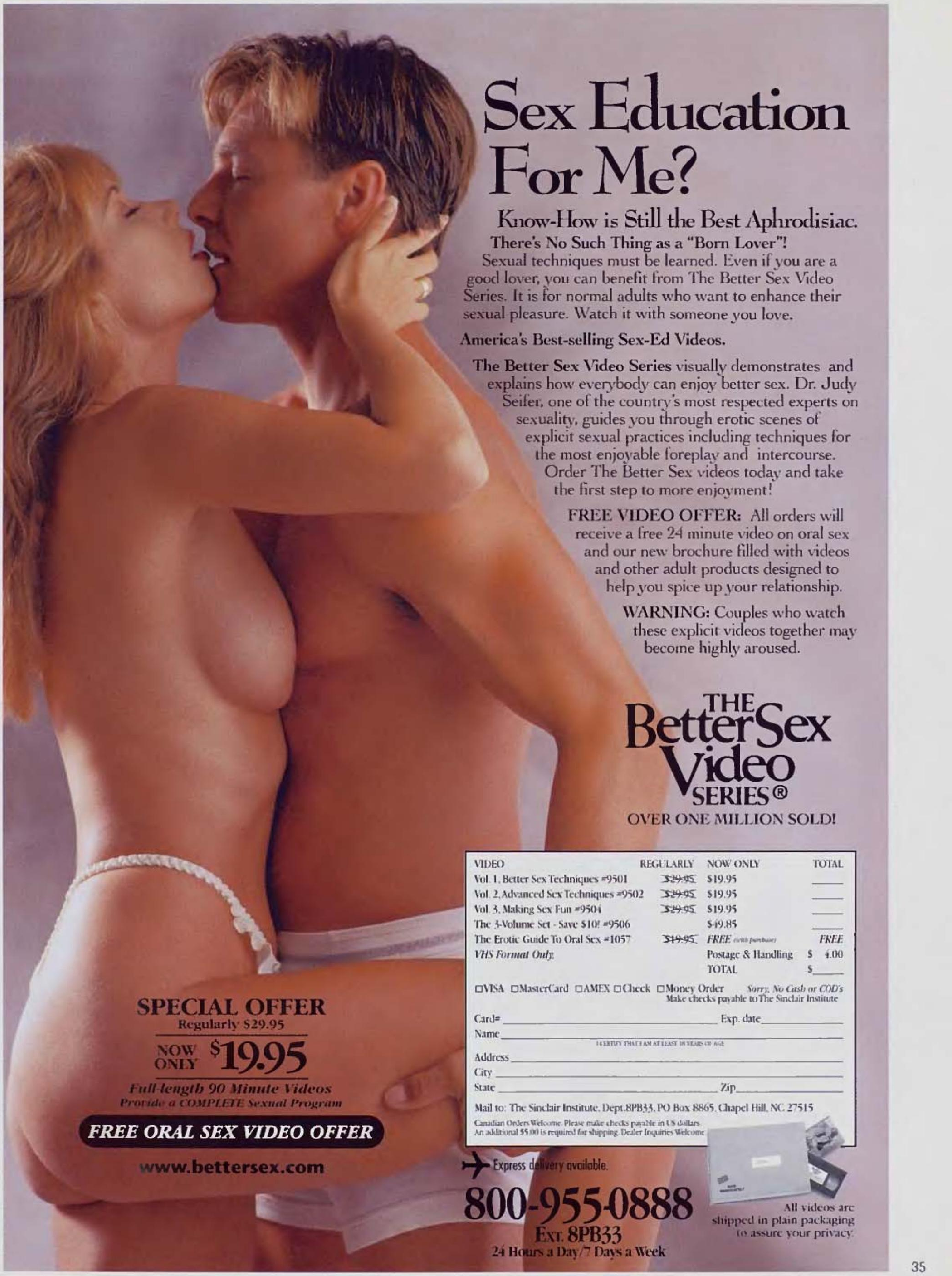
During the past few weeks, my erections have started to curve to the left. Is this something to be concerned about?—S.R., Wheeling, West Virginia

Maybe it's the girl next door. You're likely suffering from Peyronie's disease, named after the French physician who first diagnosed it in 1743. In many cases it appears after an injury to the penis causes scarring or fibrosis. A common analogy is to imagine a long balloon being inflated with a piece of tape on its side. Some erections have a slight natural curve; Peyronie's is distinguished by sudden, unexpected bending down, up or to either side (depending on where the scar tissue forms; you may feel it as a ridge or knot). Most of the time the condition runs its course without treatment, but it can take months or years and may be painful initially. Urologists have battled Peyronie's with vitamin E, Potaba steroid therapy, corticosteroids, radiation, ultrasound and surgery, among other treatments. Our advice: Visit a urologist, but give the condition time to correct itself before agreeing to anything as drastic as surgery.

For many years it's been my fantasy to make love in a bathtub filled with gelatin. As PLAYBOY was the first place I saw a girl in a gelatin bath, I thought perhaps you'd have the recipe.—C.A., Toronto, Ontario

For the gelatin, or for getting the girl into the gelatin? Buy a lot of Tupperware, make a lot of gelatin (we figure you'll need about 132 six-ounce boxes and 528 cups of water), then cut it into chunks to fill the bath. As for the girl, get her favorite flavor and promise to make her wiggle.

All reasonable questions—from fashion, food and drink, stereo and sports cars to dating dilemmas, taste and etiquette—will be personally answered if the writer includes a self-addressed, stamped envelope. The most provocative, pertinent questions will be presented in these pages each month. Send all letters to The Playboy Advisor, PLAYBOY, *680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611. Look for responses to our most frequently asked questions on the World Wide Web at www.playboy.com/faq, or check out the Advisor's book, "365 Ways to Improve Your Sex Life" (Plume), available in bookstores or by phoning 800-423-9494.*



Sex Education For Me?

Know-How is Still the Best Aphrodisiac.

There's No Such Thing as a "Born Lover"! Sexual techniques must be learned. Even if you are a good lover, you can benefit from The Better Sex Video Series. It is for normal adults who want to enhance their sexual pleasure. Watch it with someone you love.

America's Best-selling Sex-Ed Videos.

The Better Sex Video Series visually demonstrates and explains how everybody can enjoy better sex. Dr. Judy Seifer, one of the country's most respected experts on sexuality, guides you through erotic scenes of explicit sexual practices including techniques for the most enjoyable foreplay and intercourse. Order The Better Sex videos today and take the first step to more enjoyment!

FREE VIDEO OFFER: All orders will receive a free 24 minute video on oral sex and our new brochure filled with videos and other adult products designed to help you spice up your relationship.

WARNING: Couples who watch these explicit videos together may become highly aroused.

THE BetterSex Video SERIES®

OVER ONE MILLION SOLD!

VIDEO	REGULARLY	NOW ONLY	TOTAL
Vol. 1, Better Sex Techniques #9501	~~$29.95~~	$19.95	____
Vol. 2, Advanced Sex Techniques #9502	~~$29.95~~	$19.95	____
Vol. 3, Making Sex Fun #9504	~~$29.95~~	$19.95	____
The 3-Volume Set - Save $10! #9506		$49.85	____
The Erotic Guide To Oral Sex #1057	~~$19.95~~	*FREE* (with purchase)	*FREE*
VHS Format Only.		Postage & Handling	$ 4.00
		TOTAL	$____

☐VISA ☐MasterCard ☐AMEX ☐Check ☐Money Order *Sorry, No Cash or COD's*
Make checks payable to The Sinclair Institute

Card# ______________________ Exp. date __________

Name ______________________________________

I CERTIFY THAT I AM AT LEAST 18 YEARS OF AGE

Address ____________________________________

City _______________________________________

State ______________________ Zip ___________

Mail to: The Sinclair Institute, Dept.8PB33, PO Box 8865, Chapel Hill, NC 27515

Canadian Orders Welcome. Please make checks payable in US dollars.
An additional $5.00 is required for shipping. Dealer Inquiries Welcome

SPECIAL OFFER
Regularly $29.95
NOW ONLY $19.95
Full-length 90 Minute Videos Provide a COMPLETE Sexual Program

FREE ORAL SEX VIDEO OFFER

www.bettersex.com

Express delivery available.

800-955-0888
Ext. 8PB33
24 Hours a Day/7 Days a Week

All videos are shipped in plain packaging to assure your privacy.

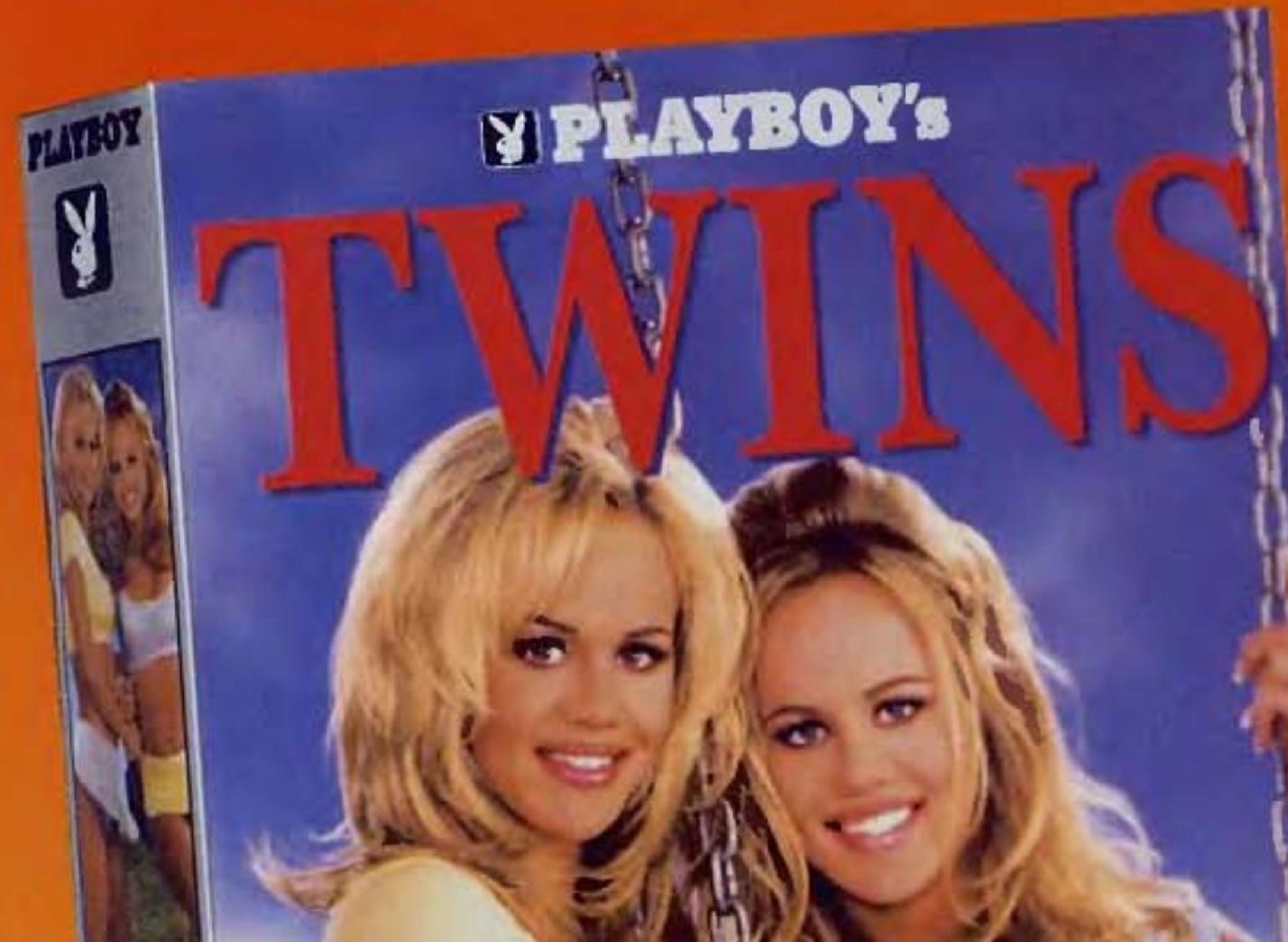
PLAYBOY's

TWINS & SISTERS TOO

VIDEO

$19.98

Video #LJ1823V



Double your pleasure with this intimate look at several tantalizing sets of twins. Discover why two are always better than one as these gorgeous young women show off their equally sexy bodies and share their sisterly secrets. Seeing double was never so much fun! Full nudity. 55 min.

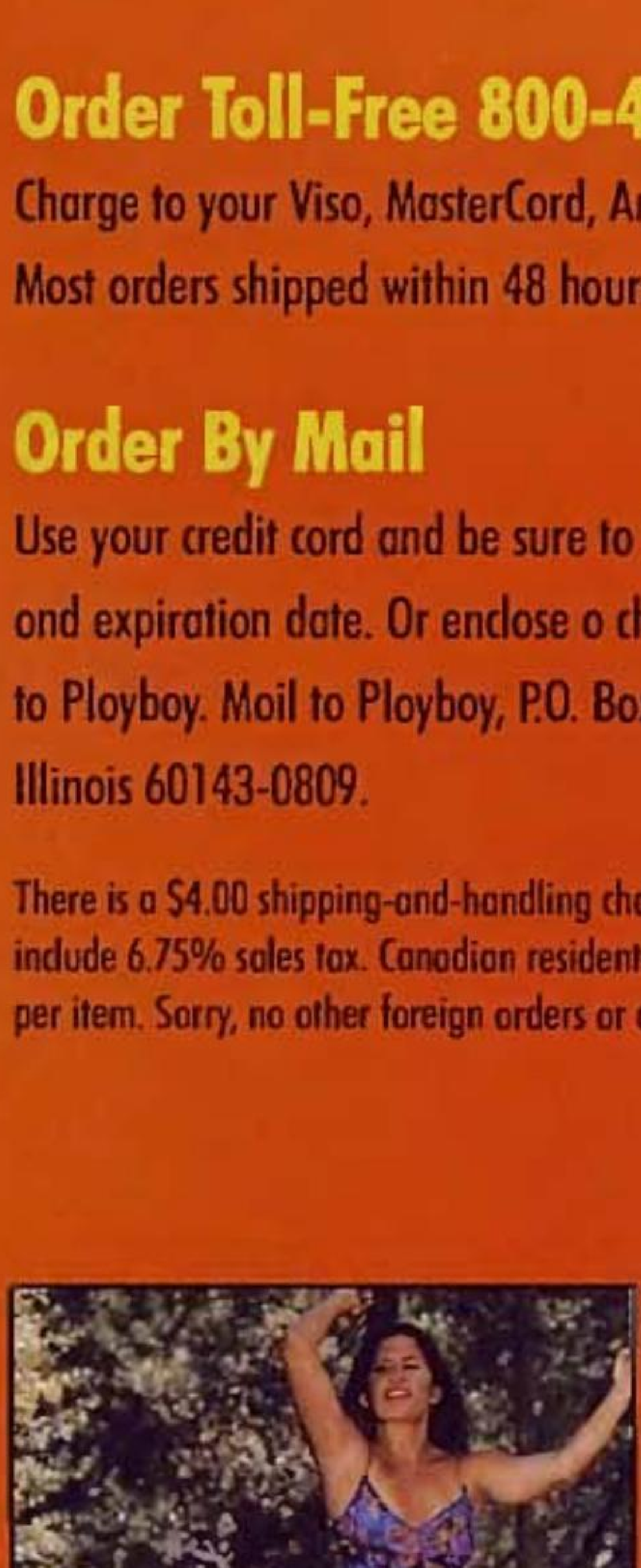
Order Toll-Free 800-423-9494

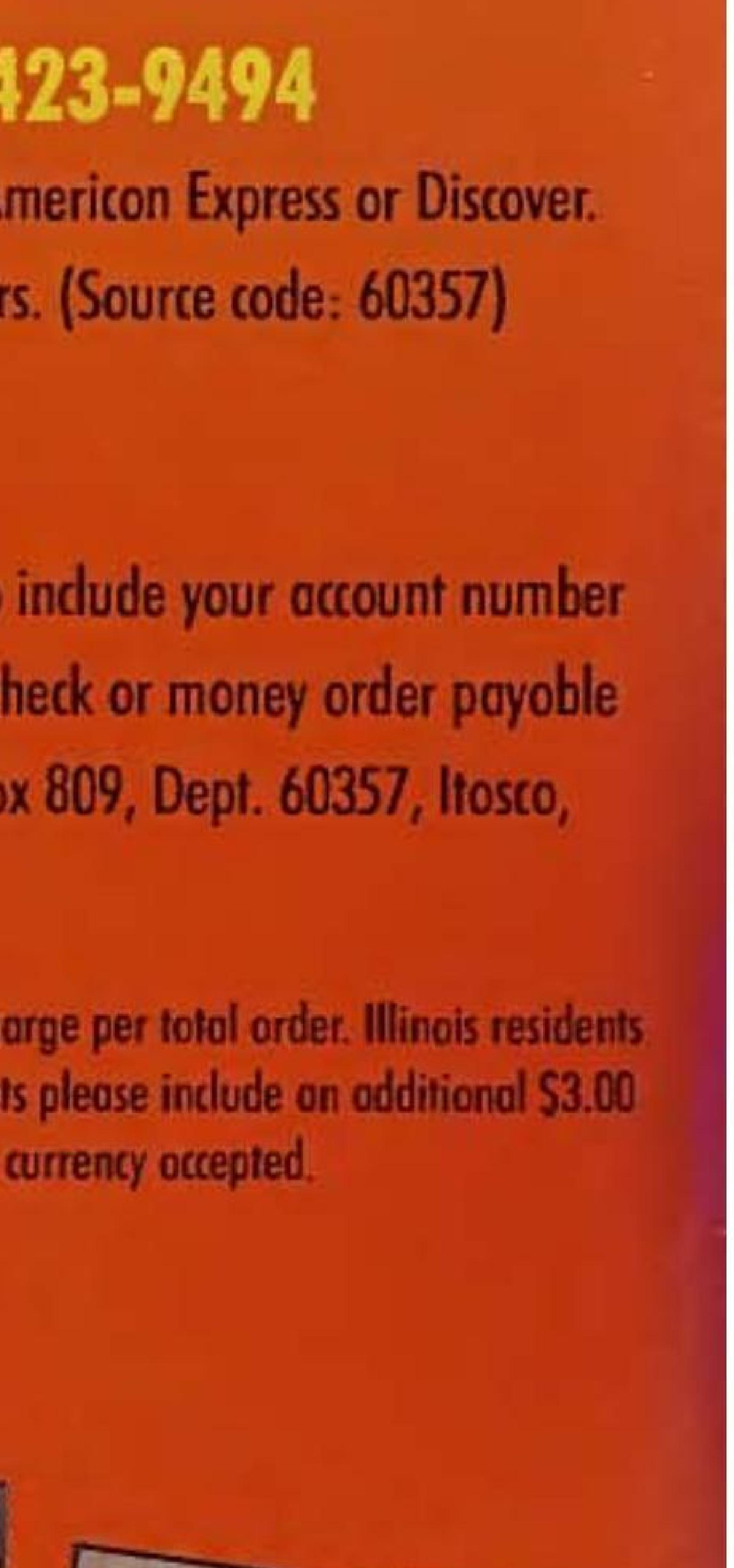
Charge to your Visa, MasterCard, American Express or Discover. Most orders shipped within 48 hours. (Source code: 60357)

Order By Mail

Use your credit card and be sure to include your account number and expiration date. Or enclose a check or money order payable to Playboy. Mail to Playboy, P.O. Box 809, Dept. 60357, Itasca, Illinois 60143-0809.

There is a $4.00 shipping-and-handling charge per total order. Illinois residents include 6.75% sales tax. Canadian residents please include an additional $3.00 per item. Sorry, no other foreign orders or currency accepted.





Available at these and other video and music stores

Strawberries
MUSIC AND VIDEO STORES

waxie maxie's
MUSIC AND VIDEO STORES

©1997 Playboy

THE WAR ON OUR CHILDREN

destroying the rights of America's youth to save them from drugs

By ARNOLD TREBACH and SCOTT EHLERS

Once again, politicians have decided to blame children for many of society's problems. President Clinton wants municipalities to adopt curfews, threatening to place millions of law-abiding youth under virtual house arrest. Representative Bill McCollum (R.-Fla.) and Senator Orrin Hatch (R.-Utah) introduced legislation in the last session of Congress that would largely end the requirement of separating juvenile offenders from adult offenders. States across the country are making it easier to prosecute and punish juveniles as adults.

In the midst of all this fear about the harm caused by America's children, one does not easily picture Jennifer Budak as an enemy of society.

The 15-year-old freshman at River Valley High School in Three Oaks, Michigan does not smoke cigarettes, drink alcohol or use illegal drugs. She has never been a discipline problem and has been on the honor roll since the fourth grade.

In addition to being a model student, Budak has a hobby of collecting "weird pens." In December 1995, she was in Chicago and bought a pen for her collection—a pen that had the words REAL POT SEEDS and then the word STERILE written on its side. Encased within were unusable and therefore—under Michigan law—legal seeds. When she took the pen to school in January and loaned it to a friend, she never imagined that she might be making one of the biggest mistakes of her life. Her friend was caught with the pen in gym class, and Budak was told she could face a 45-day suspension.

River Valley High School has a "zero-tolerance" drug policy. The school handbook notes that the use, possession, sale or distribution of drugs, including alcohol and look-alike drugs, on school property will result in: (1) a 45-school-day suspension without makeup privileges, (2) required assessment for drug dependency at a certified clinic; and (3) required attendance at a minimum of four sessions with a drug abuse counselor.

How does this punishment compare with those meted out for other crimes? Physically assaulting someone or attempting to burn down the school will result in a suspension of up to ten days. Theft or fighting will earn a one- to three-day suspension. Extortion, vandalism and forgery are also minor offenses compared with drug or alcohol possession.

KEVIN BAPP

In Jennifer Budak's case, drug use was not an issue. Principal David Zech had to decide whether Budak possessed a drug or a look-alike drug, terms that were not defined in the school handbook. In Zech's mind, if Jennifer's pen contained marijuana seeds—even sterile ones—then she possessed a drug and would have to be disciplined.

Jennifer was forced to serve the 45-day suspension. She received zeros for every day of school missed and is not allowed to make up the work. Her grade point average, her morale and possibly her college career have suffered irreparable harm.

Unfortunately, Budak's story is not an isolated one. The war on drugs has resulted in increasingly punitive sanctions for youth. Police tactics are being employed in schools, tactics that include the use of students and undercover police officers as informants, mass searches without suspicion, random urine testing and harsh criticism of students and faculty who speak out against these activities.

In May, *The Atlanta Constitution* featured a story on Operation Free Zone, developed by the sheriff's department in Fayette County, Georgia. The program paid students a $20 reward to turn in fellow students suspected of using or dealing drugs. While many students happily agreed to become paid informants—the police received 224 tips—others in the community didn't think it was such a good idea. Teresa Nelson, director of the American Civil Liberties Union of Georgia, sarcastically noted, "I think it's great to teach our children to be snitches. That's what they did in Nazi Germany."

Police pay students to inform on one another, while undercover narcotics officers prowl America's schools. In Milwaukee's suburban West Allis Hale High School, a police officer posed as a student in a two-month undercover drug probe that resulted in the arrests of 16 students and nine nonstudents. The tiny amount of drugs involved (in one case, one twelfth of an ounce of marijuana) suggests overkill—students were parceling out a stash, not actively recruiting new users. Lance Wallace, facing a fine of $500 to $25,000 and up to three years in prison, claims entrapment. "Not one of the people busted was a dealer," he says.

According to Wallace, the officer targeted suspected users and turned them into dealers by encouraging them to sell him small quantities of marijuana. The undercover agent, known as Clint Carson, also drank with underage students and once drove a car while intoxicated. At one of the high school parties, it was alleged, "Clint" was begging people for weed. Chad Radtke, a student at Hale and one of Wallace's friends, was approached by Clint. "He came up to me," Radtke says, "sat next to me and asked, 'Where can you get some bud around here?'"

While West Allis prefers stealth attacks, the police in Savannah, Georgia are more overt. At Windsor Forest High School and other Chatham County schools, the authorities conduct lockdown searches. Students must stay in their classrooms for two to four hours while teams of armed county officers, school officials and dogs search common areas and classrooms. Authorities herd the students into the halls, where they are scanned with metal detectors, while dogs sniff their book bags and purses in the classrooms.

One person was willing to speak up for the students—Chatham County's 1994 Teacher of the Year, Sherry Hearn. She has openly opposed the searches since they were instituted in 1993, describing them as "degrading, demeaning and humiliating." She added, "They produced a lot of anger in the students, and they did not help create an atmosphere conducive to learning respect for authority. Sometimes, the officers were disrespectful and rude; the students were treated like criminals, with no evidence that they'd done anything wrong." The school administration and campus police did not take her objections lightly.

During a February 1996 lockdown, police singled out Hearn's son—one of 1500 students—for an individual search. And on April 4, the police allegedly found a small piece of a marijuana joint in Hearn's car, which was in the school parking lot with its windows down and the doors unlocked. The search violated school board policy, but the fun was just beginning. The administration ordered Hearn to report for a urine test within two hours. She refused and spent the day trying to secure legal representation. Despite a negative test the next day, she was suspended. The school board then upheld Superintendent Patrick Russo's recommendation that Hearn be fired.

Sadly, the dragnet searches that Sherry Hearn opposed might have been ruled unconstitutional years ago were it not for a Supreme Court that has time and again rubber-stamped drug war tactics used to target the young. The court has consistently upheld the power of school authorities to curb students' freedoms in an effort to save them from drugs.

As far back as May 26, 1981, the Supreme Court refused to hear the case of Diane "Doe," a girl who attended an Indiana school where officials conducted a search. The previous spring, 16 teams of police, citizens and dogs had conducted a raid during which the dogs sniffed every one of the 2780 children involved. School officials ordered a few of the students, including Diane, to strip nude for a more intrusive search. The parents of Diane "Doe" were so outraged that they sued and received a cash settlement out of court. They persisted with the suit on appeal because they wanted the dragnet searches of innocent children declared unconstitutional.

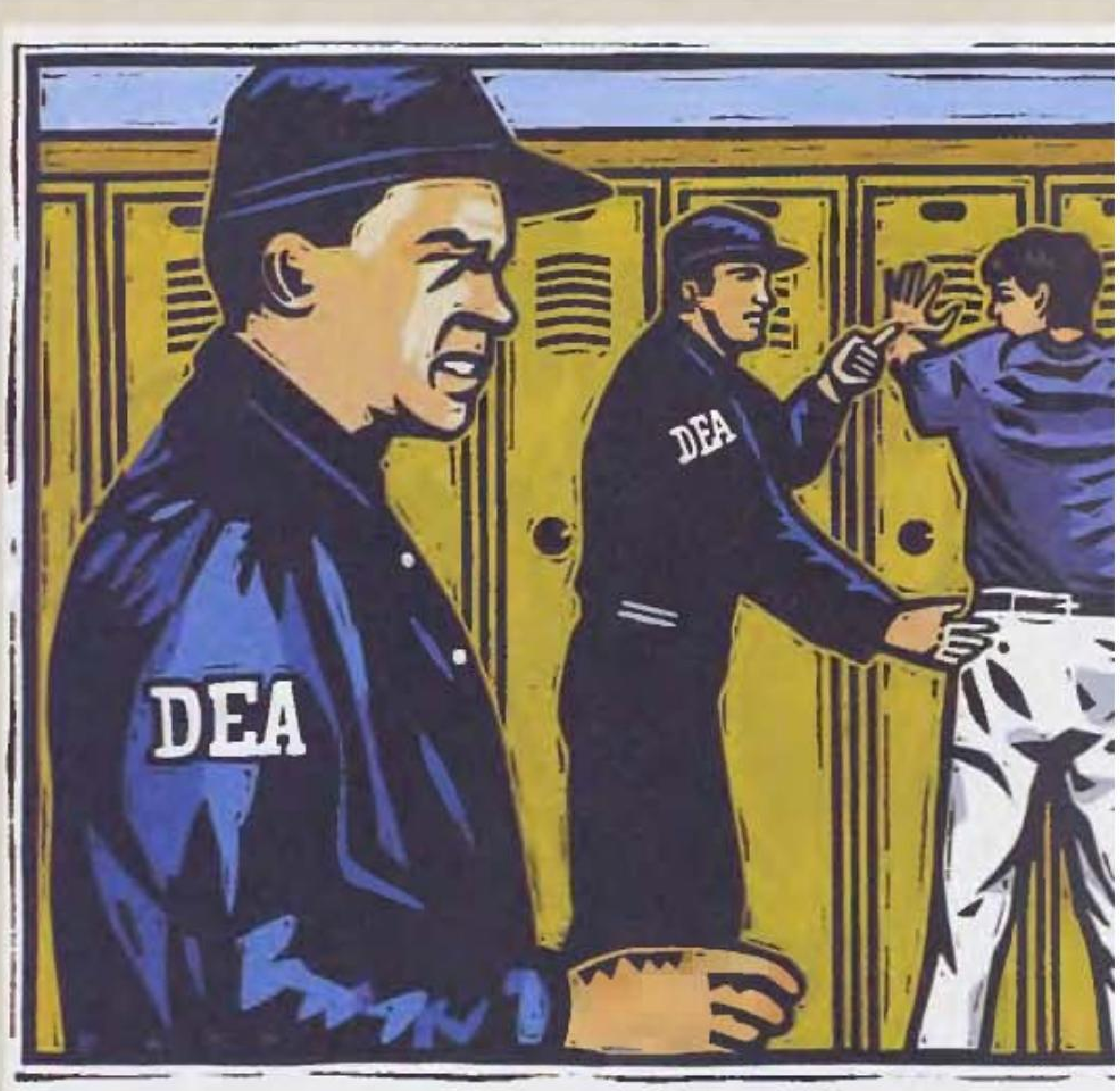
The Supreme Court refused to hear the appeal, seemingly on technical grounds. Justice William Brennan, dismayed at the inaction of his colleagues, wrote a sharp dissent from the brief order denying the appeal on May 26, 1981.

Justice Brennan's dissent in *Doe vs. Renfrow* declared: "We do not know what class [Diane] was attending when the police and dogs burst in, but the lesson the school authorities taught her that day will undoubtedly make a greater impression than the one her teacher hoped to convey." The justice wisely stated that he would have granted the appeal to teach Diane and other students a different lesson, that "before police and local officials are permitted to conduct dog-assisted dragnet inspections of public school students, they must obtain a warrant based upon sufficient particularized evidence to establish probable cause to believe a crime has been or is being committed. Schools cannot expect their students to learn the lessons of good citizenship when the school authorities themselves disregard the fundamental principles underpinning our constitutional freedoms."

Justice Brennan saw that everything happening in school becomes part of the educational process. The strip search of Diane, the lockdown searches at Windsor Forest High School and the expulsion of Jennifer Budak form a new course—Draconian Drug Education 101.

The Court furthered this alternative curriculum with its June 1995 decision that upheld mandatory random urinalyses of student athletes.

Several years earlier officials of the Vernonia, Oregon School District had become convinced that the cause of defiance and disruption among students was drug use. Officials claimed that large numbers of students, including athletes, were in a state of rebellion. The physical education department thought drug use posed a special threat because it increased the risk of sports injuries. In response, administrators demanded that all athletes consent to the random urinalysis policy.

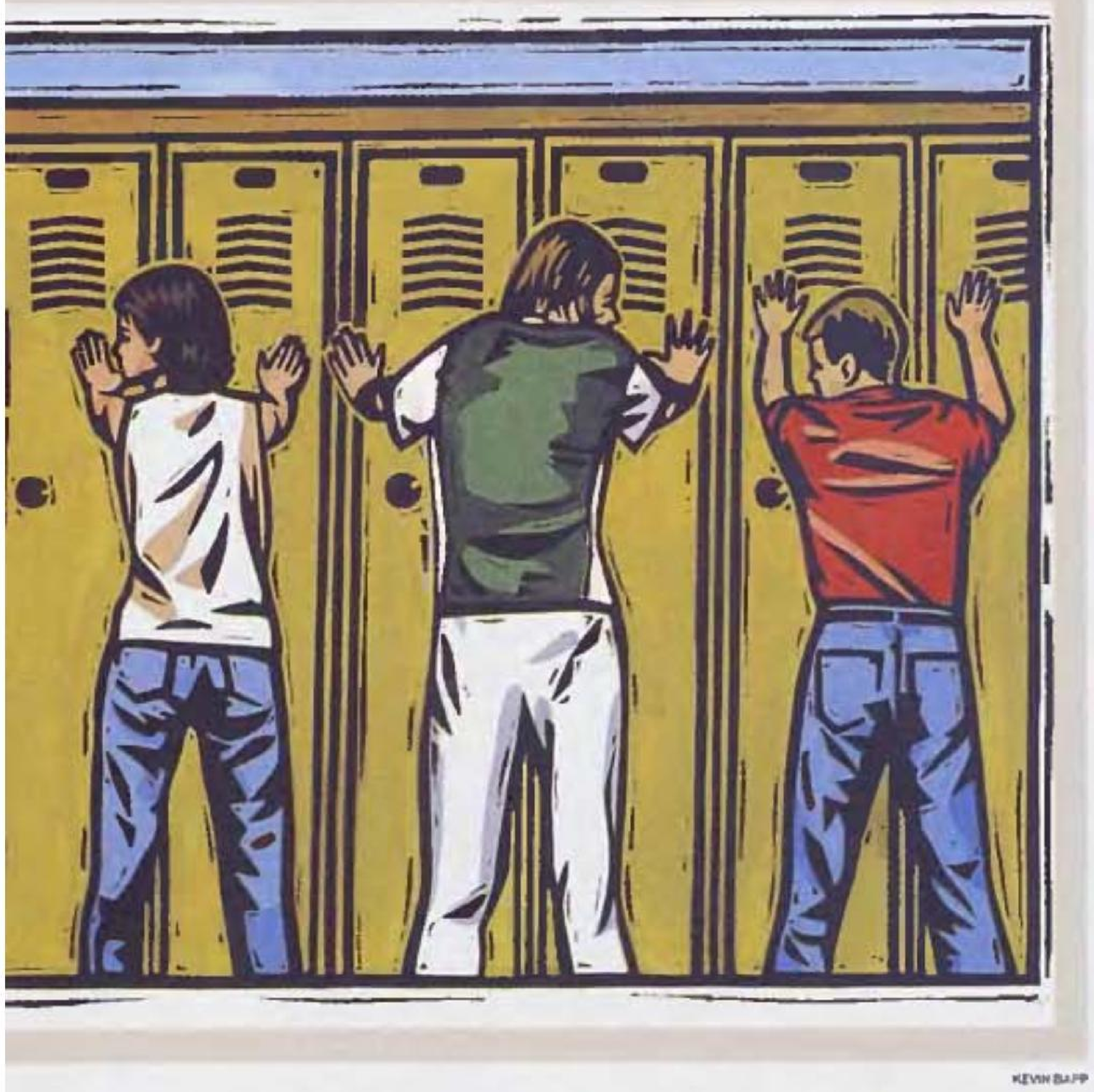


Seventh grader James Acton objected to the testing and was told he could not play football when he and his parents refused to sign the consent form. Acton, a top student never suspected of using drugs, based his objection on Fourth Amendment protection against unreasonable searches.

The Supreme Court, however, gave what amounted to its first constitutional blessing to the broad student search policy. The decision opened the door to the possibility that all 45 million American public school children may someday be required to undergo random urinalyses in the presence of government officials in order to receive other school privileges, such as scholarships or even an education.

An appellate court judge who had agreed with the Acton family's position stated that "children are compelled to attend school, but nothing suggests they lose their right to privacy in their excretory functions when they do so."

In her dissent, Justice Sandra Day O'Connor recognized the danger in the majority's opinion, which failed to acknowledge that "history and precedent establish that individualized suspicion is usually required under the Fourth Amendment." Responding to the argument that the Fourth Amendment is more lenient with respect to school searches, she wrote that "intrusive, blanket searches of schoolchildren, most of whom are innocent, for evidence of serious wrongdoing are not part of any traditional school function of which I am aware. Indeed, many schools, like many parents, prefer to trust their children unless given reason to do otherwise. As James Acton's father said on the witness stand, suspicionless testing 'sends a message to children who are trying to be responsible citizens . . . that they have to prove they're innocent. I think that sets a bad tone for citizenship.'"



Just two months after the Acton decision, school board members in Indiana were already discussing how they could take it one step further. On August 14, 1995 school board president Steve Musselman suggested that Hamilton Southeastern High School, in Fishers, Indiana, begin a forced drug testing program for students who wanted to use the school parking lot.

"If the rationale for randomly testing athletes is because of safety, the school has the ability to control who drives," said school attorney Brad Cook.

Although Hamilton Southeastern decided not to institute the novel drug testing policy, officials at nearby Noblesville High School implemented a friendlier, volunteer system of mass random urinalyses of its students. Officials there decided that they would give students an incentive to submit urine samples, and the results would be revealed only to the students' parents. Incentives included off-campus lunch privileges and a chance to win gift certificates, a limousine ride to Indianapolis or a trip to Florida. Of the 700 to 800 students tested in the 1995–1996 school year, about 30 tested positive.

It is exactly this type of incentive program that Rachel Ehrenfeld recommended in *Drug Intolerance Policy*, published by the Free Congress Foundation in early 1996:

"Adolescents should be encouraged to take a pledge to remain drug-free. They should agree to random drug testing in return for a card that could be used to obtain discounts on tuition, school supplies, clothing, electronic gear, entertainment, concerts, food, etc. These discounts should be provided by the school system, stores, theaters and restaurants. Random testing would follow the old strategic arms limitation treaty concept: Trust, but verify."

Ehrenfeld's program would encourage children to sell valuable rights for material trinkets. Again, we should ask what this teaches our children.

These developments should disturb anyone who thinks of America as a free society. Policies that treat students as enemies in the war on drugs are socially damaging for several reasons: (1) These children suffer indignities, invasions of privacy and restrictions of their constitutional rights. (2) We are indoctrinating several generations of children with the belief that venerable constitutional guarantees of privacy may be abrogated by the needs of drug control. (3) As these students, now inoculated with an intolerant attitude, take power, invasions of privacy will become more widely implemented because they will be seen as prime American values. (4) Legal decisions upholding invasions of students' rights eventually diminish the rights of everyone—and weaken the foundation of our democratic society.

We can approach the issue of youth drug use with tolerance and understanding or with intolerance and repression. This nation has chosen the latter, less noble path. Zero tolerance means total intolerance—and we must ask ourselves how that awful idea became part of our democratic lexicon. An essential task is to lay out the path to tolerance and understanding, which is closer to the more admirable traditions of American society.

We must create school drug policies that treat students with compassion and common sense, especially those who actually have drug problems. At the same time, we can't forget the traumatic impact these rigid policies often have on students far removed from the drug scene.

We must keep in mind that we have had these bouts of blame-the-youth hysteria many times before. It might help our thinking if we were to approach the issue of youth drug use with a different paradigm: respect for the opinions of adolescents and for their challenges to existing institutions.

We are in danger of producing generations of leaders who are either harshly intolerant of any deviations from the norm or viciously opposed to all institutions and values that preceded them. Drug education and school discipline should seek ultimately to produce well-balanced adults who can function with a sense of moderation and rationality. Such sensibly humane results cannot be expected from the system that imposed a 45-day suspension on Jennifer Budak for innocently bringing sterile pot seeds to school.

Arnold Trebach is a professor at American University and editor in chief of "The Drug Policy Letter," a quarterly publication of the Drug Policy Foundation in Washington, D.C. Scott Ehlers is associate editor.

FORUM

READER

SIN CITY

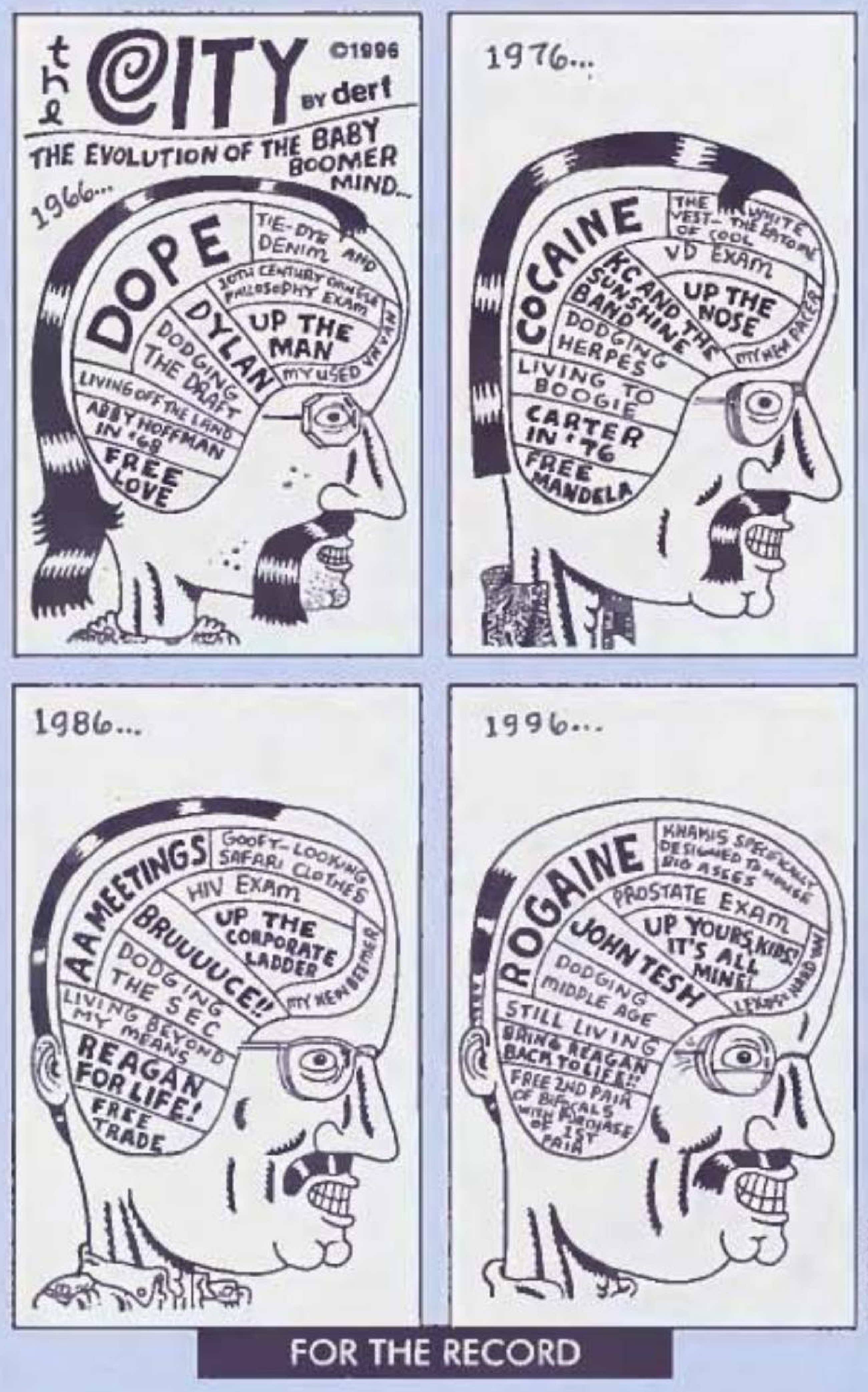
Rachel Hickerson needs to clarify a few facts in her story before she has the rest of the world thinking that the moral police have shut down all sex-related businesses in midtown Manhattan ("Keep the Sin in Sin City," *The Playboy Forum*, November). The demise of the adult movie theaters and sex businesses along 42nd Street is not a recent phenomenon brought about by the present political machine, as Hickerson suggests. Perhaps the biggest reason for their closing was the arrival of adult videos. Why pay ten bucks to sit in a rancid theater to watch a skin flick when you can pay the same ten bucks for the same thing on video and watch it over and over in the comfort of your castle?

Two phenomena brought about the end of Times Square: (1) an increase in tourism and (2) the adage "Money talks." It is true that Disney plans to build a huge hotel on Seventh Avenue almost adjacent to those dingy porno theaters, which, naturally, indicates a demographic change. The most recent visitors to Times Square are there to shop for clothes, gadgets and souvenirs.

Hickerson should take a short walk west to Eighth Avenue between 42nd and 48th Streets. That is where she can find numerous sex shops, adult video stores, hookers and strip joints—all within six blocks of reasonably lit streets. There are three subway stops along the way, and cabbies know how to get there. Cops patrol that area, too. Best of all, tourists can visit these shops, buy all the adult videos and sex toys they can fit in their suitcases, and enjoy them in private back in Des Moines.

I am not against sex-related businesses. On the contrary, as a native New Yorker, I have indulged in all of the experiences the author wrote about. I just want her to know that the adult entertainment business isn't coming under the grip of the self-righteous. Some things are just being rearranged.

Tom Reinhart
Tampa, Florida


the CITY
©1996
BY dert
THE EVOLUTION OF THE BABY BOOMER MIND...
1966...
DOPE
TIE-DYE DENIM AND
20TH CENTURY CHINESE PHILOSOPHY EXAM
DYLAN
UP THE MAN
MY USED VW VAN
DODGING THE DRAFT
LIVING OFF THE LAND
ABBY HOFFMAN IN '68
FREE LOVE
1976...
COCAINE
THE VEST—THE WHITE OF COOL
VD EXAM
KC AND THE SUNSHINE BAND
UP THE NOSE
MY NEW PACER
DODGING HERPES
LIVING TO BOOGIE
CARTER IN '76
FREE MANDELA
1986...
AA MEETINGS
GOOFY-LOOKING SAFARI CLOTHES
HIV EXAM
UP THE CORPORATE LADDER
BRUUUUCE!!
MY NEW BEEMER
DODGING THE SEC
LIVING BEYOND MY MEANS
REAGAN FOR LIFE!
FREE TRADE
1996...
ROGAINE
KHAKIS SPECIFICALLY DESIGNED TO HOUSE BIG ASSES
PROSTATE EXAM
UP YOURS, KIDS! IT'S ALL MINE!
JOHN TESH
DODGING MIDDLE AGE
STILL LIVING
BRING REAGAN BACK TO LIFE!!
FREE 2ND PAIR OF BIFOCALS WITH PURCHASE OF 1ST PAIR

FOR THE RECORD

PROPOSITION PLEASE

"'I concede that I once did not view marijuana as dangerous. It was only after my appetite for recreational drugs had abated, and I produced children whom I did not believe capable of handling marijuana as responsibly as I had, that I came to oppose decriminalization. I acknowledge that it was this fear, and not new medical evidence, that subsequently caused me to support mandatory sentencing for other people's children caught emulating the actions of my generation.'"

—OATH SUGGESTED BY *Doonesbury* COMIC STRIP CREATOR GARRY TRUDEAU FOR EVERY MIDDLE-AGED PUBLIC OFFICIAL IN FAVOR OF THE CURRENT MARIJUANA POLICY

I had no idea who Rachel Hickerson was before I read her article, but she has a new fan. Too often, women's rights are violated by ultraconservatives who assume women can't think for themselves. As a 53-year-old man, I've lived long enough to realize that, except for the ability to give birth, women and men are equal. Women deserve equal rights, equal pay for equal work, the right to speak and think freely and the right to go where they please without fear of reprisal. The last thing women need is people telling them they should all act, speak and think like robots. I hope Hickerson and Feminists for Free Expression kick Rudy Giuliani's ass.

Ronald Serafin
Houston, Texas

In a city racked by violence, infested with drugs and polluted by corporate greed, no one has ever died from an overdose of pornography.

William Margold
Free Speech Coalition
West Hollywood, California

AIDSWATCH

Thanks for your piece on the latest developments in the fight against AIDS and HIV ("Aidswatch: Good News at Last," *The Playboy Forum*, November). Can you imagine what hell it is for an infected person to be caught in the middle of this controversy? The establishment says HIV equals AIDS, which equals death. The dissidents say, HIV? Big deal! How screwed up this whole thing is.

Bobby Shannon
Lubbock, Texas

A new law passed unanimously by the Florida state legislature requires that every defendant placed on probation or community control attend a two-hour HIV-AIDS awareness class. In Florida alone, that will amount to more than 500,000 people a year who will be taught how to prevent the contraction and transmission of this disease. They will also be educated about the advantages of testing and early treatment, if it is required. This law will cost taxpayers nothing because the $20 fee (which is used to purchase

FORUM

RESPONSE

classroom materials) must be paid by the offender. Such innovative approaches are what is needed to help stem the worst medical nightmare of the 20th century.

Michael Fitzgerald
Melbourne Beach, Florida

Let's get this straight: Convicted criminals get safe-sex education, but law-abiding citizens don't. You call that progress?

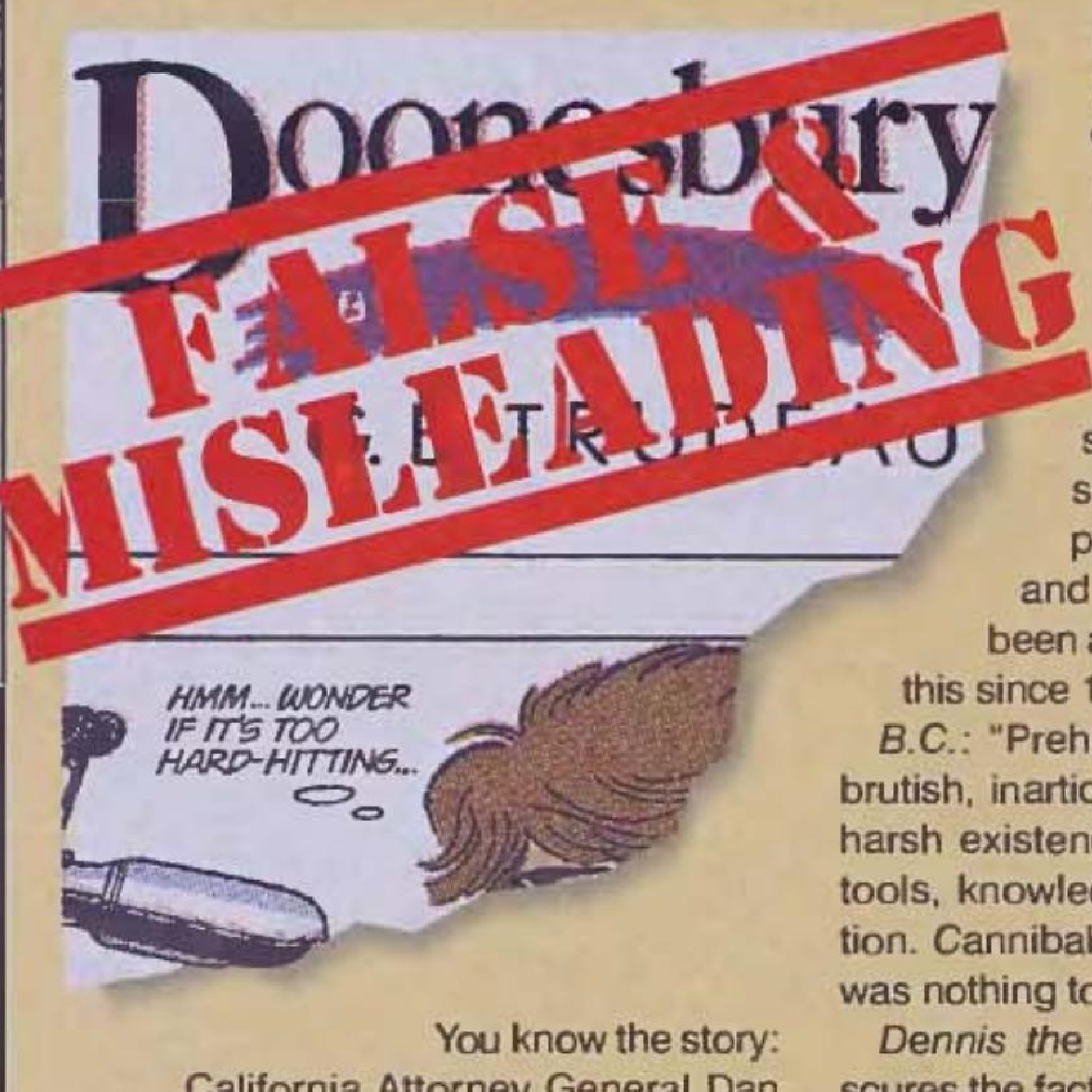
Hickerson will either revel in the company of misery or be even more distressed to know that her beloved Times Square hangouts aren't the only ones in imminent danger of extinction at the hands of big business as usual. For the past three years New York City has arrested artists for selling their wares on the street without a license. The city claims the arrests protect the public's health, safety and welfare by preventing congestion. Yet, in a Catch-22, administration officials admit that artists can't apply for a vending license because none exists. In fact, for many years the Department of Consumer Affairs told artists they were protected by the First Amendment and didn't need a license to sell their own art. Other city factions interpreted the law differently, and a full-scale attack led by city council member Kathryn Freed resulted in more than 200 arrests.

Five street artists filed suit—citing violation of their First Amendment rights—and ultimately won. But entities such as the Soho Alliance, council member Freed, the Fifth Avenue Association and other real estate interests plan to appeal, claiming that street artists are not exempt from licensing regulations. The proposed solution is to ghettoize these artists—as were Hickerson's X-rated vendors—by confining their activities to a vacant lot. Hickerson speaks the truth: Large corporations and their government interests won't hesitate to destroy First Amendment freedoms if it is necessary to accomplish their goals.

Rhonda Griffin
New York, New York

We would like to hear your point of view. Send questions, opinions and quirky stuff to: The Playboy Forum Reader Response, PLAYBOY, *680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611. Please include a daytime phone number. Fax number: 312-951-2939. E-mail: forum@playboy.com (please include your city and state).*

NOT-SO-FUNNY PAPERS


Doonesbury
FALSE & MISLEADING
HMM... WONDER IF IT'S TOO HARD-HITTING...

You know the story: California Attorney General Dan Lungren, opponent of medicinal marijuana use, raided the San Francisco Cannabis Buyers' Club. Cartoonist Garry Trudeau spent a week ridiculing the bust in *Doonesbury* and sympathizing with medicinal pot smokers. Lungren asked *Doonesbury*'s syndicator, and California newspapers, to pull the offending strips or run them with a disclaimer stating the facts of the matter.

The disclaimer was necessary, he declared, because *Doonesbury*'s representation of the issue was "false and misleading." This notion is so delicious that it bears repeating and savoring: *He accused a comic strip of being false and misleading.*

Memo to Lungren: Comic strips are meant to entertain, not to hew to fact and reality. If every strip failing to do so were obliged to run a disclaimer, the funny pages would be awash with fine print. Consider:

Hagar the Horrible: "Vikings were not suburban family men with horned helmets but savage marauders who spent their lives enduring bitter cold and recovering from battle wounds. Their mortality rate was appalling. There is no actual record of an amusing Scandinavian prior to Victor Borge."

Beetle Bailey: "This strip falsely presents military service as carefree indolence and depicts as routine many activities that would result in court-martial proceedings. And sooner or later, somebody gets shot."

The Family Circus: "The characters in this strip are impossibly wholesome, pleasant, even-tempered, devout, optimistic and content. There haven't been any actual families such as this since 1962."

B.C.: "Prehistoric man was illiterate, brutish, inarticulate and violent, living a harsh existence with only rudimentary tools, knowledge and social organization. Cannibalism was practiced. There was nothing to laugh about."

Dennis the Menace: "This strip obscures the fact that childhood misbehavior results in family estrangement: The real-life Dennis is now a middle-aged adult who isn't on speaking terms with his father, the strip's creator. Moreover, a real Mr. Wilson would have called the cops years ago."

Mister Boffo: "Hell is by definition a place of eternal damnation and torment, and there are no holidays, mah-jongg tournaments or beverage concessions."

The Lockhorns: "If the characters in this strip were an actual married couple, one of them would have abandoned, divorced or killed the other by now."

Cathy: "In the real world, not everyone is white."

Garfield, Mutts, Over the Edge, the Fusco Brothers: "Real animals do not talk, read, philosophize, wear clothing, build things, run companies or feel human emotions. Real animals leave foul messes, scratch, bite, throw up, generate vet bills, become pregnant and get run over by cars. If you hit them with a sledgehammer, they die."

Alley Oop, Prince Valiant, Blondie, Mary Worth: "These characters do not age in a normal or realistic manner. If these were actual people, they would have died of natural causes or lapsed into advanced stages of senility by now. The strip's implication that life goes on forever is a cruel deceit." —BOB WIEDER

FORUM

NEWSFRONT

what's happening in the sexual and social arenas

MOBY TRICK

OULU, FINLAND—*Faced with a whale of a problem, police in this city are testing a novel way to stop drunk drivers and speeders—they use a harpoon. The steel device is mounted to the front of a police vehicle and is released after the officer rams into the rear of the culprit's car. As the officer slows down, his prey is brought to a stop. The harpoon also allows officers to spray tear gas, and a radio transmitter in the device tracks the vehicle if the driver manages to break the line.*

PROTECT THE CHILDREN

WASHINGTON, D.C.—*A federal appeals court ruled that television stations must broadcast controversial campaign ads during prime time if a candidate requests it. In 1992 an Atlanta station told a Republican congressional hopeful that his spot featuring images of aborted fetuses could air only after midnight. The FCC supported the station's decision, saying broadcasters had the right to protect children who might be "psychologically damaged" by graphic ads. In ruling against the FCC, the appeals court said that broadcasters should not have the power to censor candidates by sending troublesome ads to "broadcast Siberia."*

CUSTOMER DISSERVICE

SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS—*A born-again Christian sued a telemarketing firm after he was fired for refusing to take orders for, of all things,* PLAYBOY. *West Telemarketing says that with as many as 200,000 calls daily for a variety of products, having another of its 1400 employees handle orders that personally offended Jerrel Johnson would not have been practical. Johnson's suit, which he filed five months after being fired, claims he is a victim of religious discrimination and that federal civil rights laws require West to accommodate his beliefs.*

TIRED JUSTICE

WAUKESHA, WISCONSIN—*As the public official who supplied the names of potential jurors to the Waukesha County clerk, 74-year-old Earl Rentmeester took it upon himself to strike any adult under the age of 25 from the lists. Not mature enough, he reasoned. A man convicted in Waukesha of armed robbery argued that the exclusions violated his Sixth Amendment right to a jury representing a fair cross section of the community. A federal court disagreed, ruling that juries without young adults can still be fair and impartial.*

THE AIDS FRONT

BALTIMORE—*Researchers at Johns Hopkins University have reported encouraging news: An aggressive condom campaign has dramatically cut the rate of HIV infection among young men in northern Thailand. (HIV infection has spread faster in Thailand than anywhere else in the world.) The researchers tested 4311 Thai army draftees over a five-year period and found the percentage of new HIV infections dropped from 12.5 percent to less than five percent. The percentage of men with a history of sexually transmitted disease also fell, from 42 percent to 15 percent. And the percentage of men who said they used condoms with prostitutes increased from 61 percent to 92.5 percent.*

BALANCING ACT

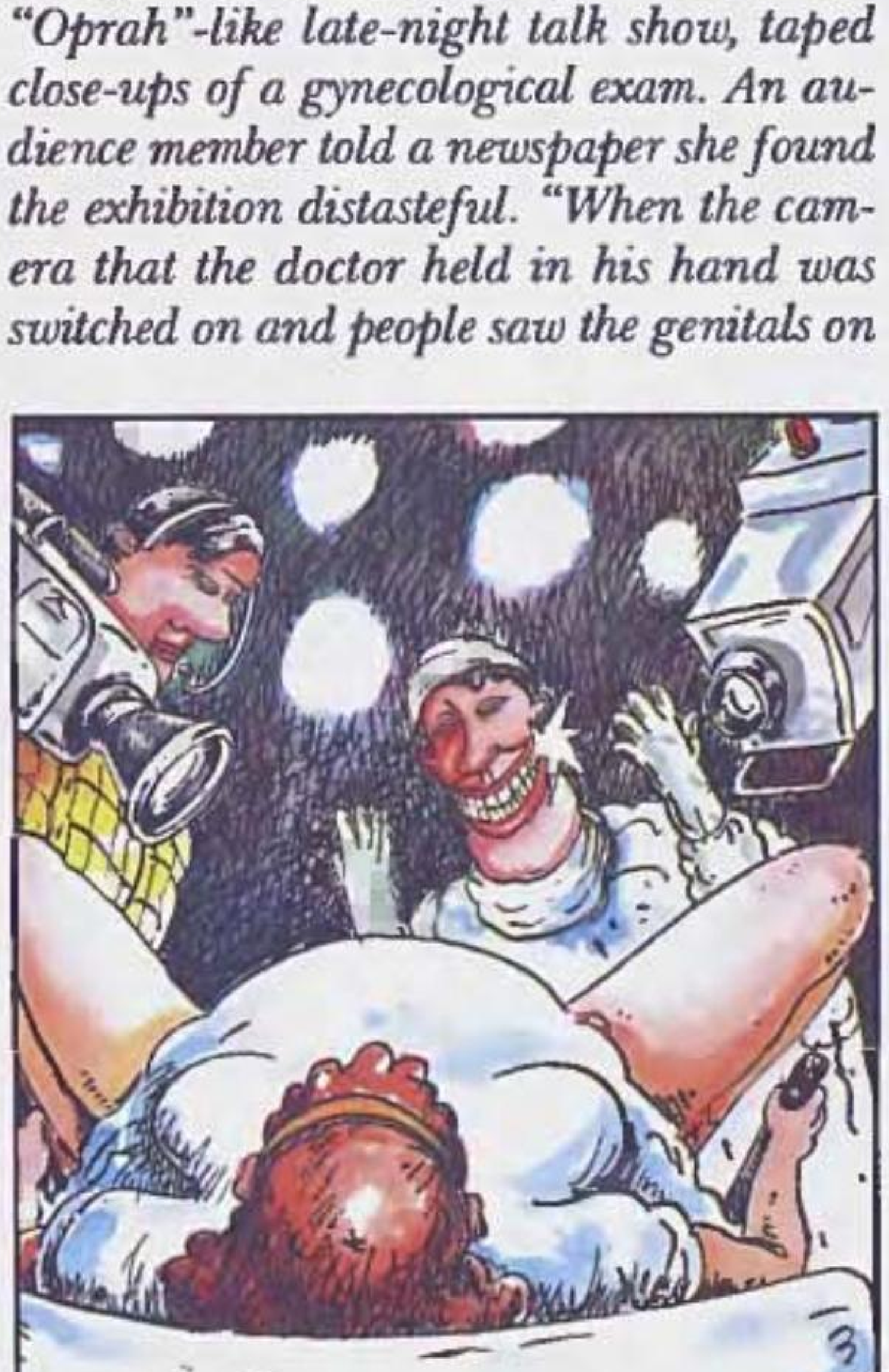
WASHINGTON, D.C.—*Almost every state in the country has adopted some form of Megan's Law, the New Jersey statute that requires sex offenders to register with police. Now the feds are coordinating a national effort. Under a new law, anyone convicted of crimes such as rape or pedophilia must provide his address and fingerprints to local police or the FBI, which is spearheading efforts to create a national database. Local officials are also cracking down by arresting offenders who fail to register.*

SEARCH AND DESTROY

WASHINGTON, D.C.—*Vandals unleashed "cancelbot" programs that wiped out 27,000 messages posted to various Internet discussion groups. The programs, nicknamed "fagcancel" and "kikecancel" by their creators, replaced the messages with notices such as "These cancels are issued as a service to Internet providers not wishing to carry articles from sexual perverts and deviants." In another incident, Swedish hackers altered the CIA's World Wide Web site to read "Welcome to the Central Stupidity Agency" and upgraded the contents to include a link to* PLAYBOY.

EXTREME CLOSE-UP

STOCKHOLM—*Is this the future of television? The producers of "Lotta," an "Oprah"-like late-night talk show, taped close-ups of a gynecological exam. An audience member told a newspaper she found the exhibition distasteful. "When the camera that the doctor held in his hand was switched on and people saw the genitals on two big screens, there was absolute silence," she said. "How far are TV channels prepared to go in the hunt for viewers?" The programming director was unfazed by the criticism, saying the episode "was maybe a little boring. It was very medical."*



ILLUSTRATIONS BY KEVIN POPE

PROFILES OF REPRESSION

the government has found the enemy—and it is us

By JAMES R. PETERSEN

On September 6, 1970 Palestinian terrorists hijacked three planes and held the passengers hostage on a remote airstrip in Jordan. The story was covered by every major newspaper and TV network in the U.S. Our government responded to the call for greater security by creating—almost overnight—an army of air marshals.

The government promised security through the use of hastily constructed, highly classified profiles. The air marshals would be trained to pick out potential terrorists according to certain cues known only to them. Our right to travel freely and without fear would thus be restored.

JOHN LABBE

I was one of their first targets.

I was boarding a flight from New York to Chicago to interview for a job with PLAYBOY. A flight attendant asked me to step into a room, where a federal air marshal searched my belongings and questioned me about my travel plans. Apparently, I fit the profile of an airplane hijacker.

For years I've joked that whatever that profile was, it also seemed to qualify me for the PLAYBOY job. It was also my first experience with the abuse of power based on stereotypes and prejudice. I was young. I wore wire-rimmed glasses. I carried a guitar case. The air marshal had a thing about hippies and counterculture types.

This version of "Uncle Sam Wants You!" raised images of jackbooted soldiers boarding trains and demanding to see passengers' papers. And the profiles didn't work: So many unhappy Cuban exiles hijacked planes that certain flights were called the Havana Shuttle. In 1973 the air marshals and their shoot-from-the-hip profiles gave way to X-ray machines and metal detectors. Enough civil libertarians objected to the abuse of the profiles that the government changed strategy: Search everyone's bags. Agreeing to such searches became a condition of travel.

The hijacker profile disappeared in the federal bureaucracy. One heard of profiles of serial killers—usually after a killer committed some blunder and got arrested in the old-fashioned way. The DEA developed drug-courier profiles that seemed to apply only to blacks, Hispanics, women traveling alone and fans of the Grateful Dead.

Then came TWA flight 800.

Once again, Americans were asked to sacrifice freedom for security. President Clinton said, "Terrorists have so little respect for our values—so little regard for human life or the principles of justice that are the foundations of our society—that they would destroy innocent children and devoted mothers and fathers at random. We cannot and will not tolerate this, nor allow it to intimidate us. We must act."

And the Federal Aviation Administration acted—instituting random checks on innocent children and devoted mothers and fathers. At curbside, baggage handlers asked for photo identification. (What next, I thought, South African–style passbooks?) At the X-ray machine I watched as my daughter was picked out of line, her backpack rummaged through by strangers. I weighed the response to an imagined threat in the air—your chances of being the victim of an airplane bombing are roughly one in 8 million—against the fear and confusion I saw on solid ground.

On September 9, 1996 the White House Commission on Aviation Safety and Security called for a return of the profile. The government wanted the power to pick people out of line and subject them to search, not for due cause or actual behavior but on the basis of a hunch: "To improve and promote passenger profiling, the commission recommends these steps. First, the FBI, CIA and BATF should evaluate and expand the research into known terrorists, hijackers and bombers needed to develop the best possible profiling system. Second, the FBI and CIA should develop a system that would allow important intelligence information on known or suspected terrorists to be used in passenger profiling without compromising the integrity of the intelligence or its sources."

The FBI, CIA and BATF have had glorious success with profiles. The one that said Richard Jewell wasn't a hero. The one that said the Unabomber was no older than 40. The one that said Randy Weaver's wife and kids should be considered dangerous threats to the marshals who watched their Ruby Ridge cabin for 18 months. The one that said David Koresh was building an evil empire in Waco. The one that indicated the Oklahoma bombing was the result of Arab terrorists, resulting in a wave of violence against Islamic families in Oklahoma City. The experts popped up waving all sorts of profiles. Editorials accompanying the release of the report noted that fundamentalists

stepped-up airport security in the

to weapons outside of

[redacted]

report noted that fundamentalists might resort to terrorism on the eve of the millennium. If you recall, Hitler used a profile that was based on religion.

Editors of *The New York Times* wondered briefly about civil rights and profiles, noting that in the past, most government profiles centered on one trait—race. But they shrugged off the threat to frequent fliers, business travelers, people like us. So long as it happens to the other guy, we can tolerate loss of liberty.

But as one of the founding fathers said, "He who trades liberty for safety deserves neither."

Someday the other guy will be you.

DOES SECURITY WORK?

Security experts point to Israel as a country with a successful get-tough security policy. Israeli citizens have given up a few "conveniences." They arrive hours before their flight to have their bags searched and documents checked. And, we are told, it works. Of course, you can't board a bus in Israel without peril.

Airline security does work, exactly the way the Maginot line worked. Terrorists have moved from hijacking planes to blowing them up. Rather than pass through metal detectors, they destroy airport terminals. Seeking triple-digit body counts and the resultant headlines, they blow up commuter trains, buses and government office buildings.

Some people say this is a measure of the success of X-ray machines and metal detectors.

Ten years ago the FAA sent teams through security checks at 28 airports. Mock hijackers were detected an average of 80 percent of the time. The airport in Anchorage had the highest success rate, at 99 percent. Phoenix Sky Harbor International Airport was a virtual sieve, stopping only 34 percent of the teams; the airport in Las Vegas wasn't much better at 45 percent. Government officials tried to hush up news of these failures "for security reasons."

In the first wave (1973 to 1986) of stepped-up airport security in the U.S., an army of 16,000 employees, 800 X-ray machines and 1400 metal detectors screened more than 6 billion people and nearly 8 billion pieces of carry-on luggage. The project, at a cost of more than $300 million, detected "more than 33,000 firearms, [which] resulted in 14,000 related arrests."

The technology of airport security is fairly crude. It will pick out a handgun if the attendant is lucky; one joker used to walk through with the lead outline of a handgun taped to his briefcase and got through an amazing number of checkpoints. Do X-ray machines discourage people from carrying weapons? Not really. In 1995 airport security equipment detected 2230 handguns, 160 long rifles, 631 explosive or incendiary devices (ammunition or firecrackers) and 4414 other dangerous articles (knives, Mace, tear gas, pepper sprays, martial arts equipment, bludgeons, etc.).

JOHN LABBE

Only 1194 of these armed travelers were arrested—which suggests that most people carrying guns or fireworks simply were ignorant of the law. Another 68 were arrested for making jokes about bombs.

The experiment shows that the people who used to carry handguns still carry handguns; the people who hijack planes have switched to gasoline bombs, fake or real grenades, plastic handguns, knives or simple threats—things that don't show up on metal detectors. In one incident, a person hijacked a plane with a screwdriver. Meanwhile, terrorists switched to weapons outside of the plane—missiles and guns.

Proponents of airport security point out that there has not been a U.S. hijacking since 1991 and that worldwide there were only nine hijackings in 1995. Still, from 1986 to 1995 there have been 179 hijackings and 23 commandeerings. Airport security did not protect us against those, nor against the 108 airport attacks, the 173 attacks on off-airport facilities, the 41 shootings at aircraft, or the 21 bombings, attempted bombings or onboard shoot-outs.

No one at the FAA will give a figure on efficiency, a batting average against the bad guys. A spokesman told us, "How would you count all the people who pull up to the curb, think twice and go home?"

Doug Farbrother, an aide to Vice President Gore, was a bit more forthcoming: "The good news is we discovered that very few people want to put a bomb on a plane. The bad news is that the few people who want to do it probably can."

So what do we get from airport security? An expensive pacifier. The White House was right when it said terrorists exploit our fear of flying: "Terrorism isn't merely a matter of statistics. We fear a plane crash far more than we fear something such as a car accident, because we don't have a chance in a plane at 30,000 feet. This is why terrorists see planes as attractive targets."

Politicians exploit that fear to change life at ground level. Robert Ellis Smith, publisher of *Privacy Journal*, attacked the new security procedures:

- There is no connection between identifying a passenger and ensuring that luggage is free of weaponry or bombs.
- It violates the constitutional prohibition against asking for identification from law-abiding citizens who raise no suspicion through their conduct.
- It restricts the constitutional right to travel.
- It conditions Americans to present ID on demand to any person in authority.
- It focuses on the innocent sector of the population and not on likely terrorists.
- It is administered inconsistently, incompetently and nonsensically.

Don't worry. You'll get used to it.

THERE'S A *PLAYBOY* AT THE PALACE

For those special moments when we find ourselves pampered by elegance, and feeling like a *PLAYBOY*, there's a cigar by Don Diego to heighten the enjoyment.

The *PLAYBOY* cigar, meticulously hand-crafted with rich flavor and aroma, enhances any setting, wherever you might smoke it.

Light one up! Let it bring out the *PLAYBOY* in you.

The *PLAYBOY* cigar by Don Diego
in five styles

HAND MADE
SIGNATURE
SIGNATURE
PLAYBOY by DON DIEGO
DON DIEGO

For a list of select retailers
in the United States, please write to:
Playboy by Don Diego Cigars, P.O. Box 407166,
Ft. Lauderdale, Fl 33340-7166

Label and Band © Playboy 1997. PLAYBOY, RABBIT HEAD DESIGN, HMH and HUGH M. HEFNER are trademarks of Playboy Enterprises, Inc. and used with permission

12
SCOTLAND'S PRINCE OF WHISKIES
CHIVAS REGAL
FOUNDED 1801 CHIVAS BROS
PREMIUM SCOTCH WHISKY
PRODUCE OF SCOTLAND
BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY
BLENDED AND BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND BY
CHIVAS BROTHERS LTD
DISTILLERS KEITH, AB55 5BS, SCOTLAND
You either have it
or you don't

Visit the Chivas Regal web site at
http://www.careertoolbox.com

Those who appreciate quality
enjoy it responsibly

©1996 Chivas Regal 12 Year Old Worldwide Blended Scotch Whisky
40% Alcohol by Volume (80 proof) Chivas Bros. Import Co. New York, NY

PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: LAWRENCE SCHILLER

a candid conversation with the journalist-entrepreneur on his inside view of o.j.'s camp plus his fateful liaisons with jack ruby, gary gilmore and marilyn monroe

It was only days after O.J. Simpson's ill-fated Bronco run. Robert Kardashian, Simpson's close friend and confidant, was worried and confused—and positive that his house was being bugged. So he met at midnight with an old acquaintance in the noisiest place possible, a parking lot next to one of L.A.'s busiest freeways. Lawrence Schiller's discussing this most infamous murder case in the dark of night would surprise only those who don't know him. Like some real-life Zelig or Forrest Gump, Schiller has a talent for popping up, inexplicably, in the middle of historic events. A photographer, filmmaker, author, interviewer and entrepreneur, Schiller has phenomenal instincts and even better luck. He was in Utah when killer Gary Gilmore was executed—but before Gilmore died, Schiller had been astute enough to tie up Gilmore's movie and book rights. He was in Texas when Jack Ruby shot Lee Harvey Oswald, and within hours he owned the rights to the photo of the murder. Schiller has worked his odd magic with Charles Manson, Marilyn Monroe, Richard Nixon and the family of Lenny Bruce.

What irks people about Schiller, besides his success, are his methods. He finagles and manipulates his way into major stories while those in the establishment media sit helplessly on the sidelines, immobilized by the weight of ethical considerations. Schiller's unerring nose for news leads him to a story and he lets nothing stand in his way. As a result he has been involved in some of the most compelling and unusual works of journalism, film and photography of the past three decades.

"The only real surprise about Schiller was that he took several months to surface in the Simpson affair," wrote "New Yorker" reporter Jeffrey Toobin in his Simpson book, "The Run of His Life." Even Toobin didn't realize how quickly Schiller had managed to ingratiate himself into Simpson's camp. Immediately after the murders, Schiller, who knew both Simpson and millionaire lawyer Kardashian casually, "had a hunch" that Simpson was hiding out with a mutual friend—Kardashian.

Soon Schiller had succeeded in meeting with Kardashian and Simpson's lawyers. It was no easy chore to win over the lawyers, but Schiller did. His first task was designed to help Simpson's image and get Simpson some cash. At a time when every reporter in the country was trying to gain access to Simpson in jail, Schiller visited him on 11 occasions. He arrived at the jail in different cars, always along different routes, so no one could discover what he was up to. Inside, he sat on one side of a glass wall, Simpson on the other, a tape recorder running, recording conversations that Schiller turned into "I Want to Tell You," a book that sold well but was vilified by many critics. "I Want to Tell You" earned Simpson—who was in desperate need of cash to pay his legal expenses—$1.4 million (Schiller pocketed $170,000).

By then Schiller had become an unofficial member of the defense, helping to direct a PR campaign to aid Simpson both inside and outside of the courtroom. Schiller leaked stories to the press that were calculated to improve Simpson's image. He volunteered to edit the taped interviews of Detective Mark Fuhrman that were eventually played in the courtroom and so effectively undermined the prosecution's case. Schiller became so important to the defense that when one day he didn't get his usual seat in Judge Lance Ito's courtroom, he complained to Simpson lawyer Johnnie Cochran, who took it up with the judge. Schiller was immediately returned to his spot.

Schiller's tie to Simpson continued after the not-guilty verdict was delivered in October 1995. He was the only photographer to document (with his fiancée, Kathy Amerman) Simpson's acquittal party (after making a deal with Simpson and "The Star," for which he earned about 20 percent of Simpson's $640,000 fee).

Schiller, meanwhile, was working on a project that was out of their control. Using his access to Simpson's lawyers and friends, he conducted hundreds of interviews about the

"I was in the basement when Lee Harvey Oswald was being moved. He came out and somebody stepped in front of me. There was a flash. I saw somebody shooting somebody, but I never got the fucking picture."

"O.J. was incensed. He kept screaming at me. For the first time in my relationship with him, I felt the heat of his anger. Not the anger, the heat of his anger. That may have said more to me than some of the evidence."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY KATHY AMERMAN

"I took the picture to Marilyn Monroe. She loved it and started talking. I didn't know if she wanted to be fucked or what. I wasn't as fat then, but I was still a little heavy. I was a chickenshit. I didn't make a move."

case for his own book, "American Tragedy: The Uncensored Story." When the book came out this past October, it shocked the Simpson camp and the country. Schiller had done the unbelievable for a Simpson insider—he had switched sides and written, with James Willwerth, a headline-making book that pointed the finger of guilt at his friend and onetime partner. The book contains revelations: that Simpson had tried to kill himself, that the defense lawyers were constantly at one another's throats, that Simpson failed a lie detector test soon after the killings and that the lawyers redecorated Simpson's home in preparation for a visit there by the jury, replacing a nude picture of Paula Barbieri with a photograph of Simpson and his mother as well as hanging up a Norman Rockwell print of a black girl walking to school accompanied by federal marshals.

Even more impressive, Schiller persuaded Kardashian to give his perspective: Kardashian served as the main source for Schiller's book (and was compensated for his effort). "American Tragedy," for which Schiller received a $1.25 million advance, was an instant best-seller and was launched at a celebrity party hosted by Norman Mailer and Dominick Dunne. Attacked by Robert Shapiro, Cochran, Alan Dershowitz and others, it earned rave reviews in "The New York Times" and the "Los Angeles Times," which called it the best-written and best-researched book on the Simpson case yet.

Schiller, 60, is a man with a confounding reputation. His demeanor and tactics make him seem like the perfect reporter for the "National Enquirer." But his work has often been masterful. He earned accolades for the picture book "Minamata" that he produced with photographer W. Eugene Smith on the crippling effects of mercury pollution in Japan. He worked on a highly respected television miniseries, "Peter the Great," and the Academy Award–winning "Man Who Skied Down Everest." He collaborated on a series of books written by Norman Mailer. Yet he is loathed by some former sources, by colleagues and by many journalists. Toobin described Schiller as a "perfectly amoral profiteer." Producer David Susskind—against whom Schiller competed for the rights to one sensational story—once said, "Schiller swoops down on tragic events vulturelike and ghoulishly, salivating all the time."

Little in Schiller's life hasn't been controversial. Born in New York, he was the son of a discount merchant. When he was seven, the family moved to San Diego, where his father opened a camera, appliance and sporting goods store. As a child Schiller permanently damaged one eye in an accident. But by the age of 12, he was a passionate photographer. The hobby led to a college scholarship at Pepperdine and to an early career shooting historic photos for "Life," "Look" and "Paris Match." He photographed Richard and Pat Nixon, Vietnamese dragon lady Madame Nhu, Ann-Margret, Barbra Streisand and two popes. He also conducted interviews with some of his subjects for audio albums and books, such as the one that documented LSD culture in the Sixties. A photographer on the set of many movies, he took nude photographs of Marilyn Monroe after she achieved stardom. One famous shot from Schiller's session appeared in PLAYBOY *in 1964. He shot numerous pictorials for* PLAYBOY, *including the first shots of pubic hair to appear in the magazine, in 1969. Moments after hearing the news about the assassination of President John F. Kennedy, Schiller headed for Dallas. He was present when Jack Ruby shot Lee Harvey Oswald and later conducted the last interview with Ruby before he died. Schiller also ingratiated himself with the Manson family and interviewed member Susan Atkins, collaborating with her on a book. He managed to get hundreds of hours of exclusive interview time with the widow of Lenny Bruce, which became the basis for the book "Ladies and Gentlemen, Lenny Bruce!"*

For "Marilyn," a book of photos of Monroe, he persuaded Norman Mailer to write the text and thereby began a tumultuous, though productive, relationship that led to a number of collaborations with the writer. The most significant of these was "The Executioner's Song." By spreading around his money and charming Gary Gilmore's friends and family, Schiller sewed up the rights to Gilmore's story, just as Gilmore was about to be executed in a Utah prison. In typical Schiller fashion, he became a central figure in events that surrounded the execution and brought the story to Mailer, who wrote "The Executioner's Song" with the help of Schiller's research. Schiller went on to direct the television movie of the story, based on Mailer's script.

Simpson has some deep-seated concerns about the way he is perceived. So I wonder: Could it have come out with Nicole?

Mailer's most recent book on Lee Harvey Oswald was also brought to him by and researched with Schiller. "Oswald's Tale," which relies on interviews with members and former members of the KGB, with Marina Oswald and with many other sources, came out of a relationship Schiller built in Russia when he made "Peter the Great."

Schiller has been divorced three times and is now engaged to Amerman, a photographer. He has five children from his first two marriages. Although he had made millions of dollars on various projects, he filed for bankruptcy in 1991 after spending $600,000 in an ill-fated attempt to make a movie about Chernobyl. He's back on his feet again, in part because of the Simpson case. He also may have a new career because of his current book. Mailer once wrote that Schiller was sometimes "ready to cry in his sleep that he was a writer without hands." But Jason Epstein, his editor at Random House, says Schiller learned to write during the course of this book. "The final draft is all Schiller's," Epstein says. We sent Contributing Editor **David Sheff** *to track down Schiller for the "Playboy Interview." Here is Sheff's report:*

"I met with Schiller at his suite in the Plaza Hotel in Manhattan soon after he was subpoenaed to appear at the civil trial against Simpson. He seemed delighted. 'They're going to ask me to reveal my sources,' he says. 'Of course, I won't. If I wind up in jail, it'll be great publicity for the book.'

"The suite was equipped for business with a fax machine and a laptop. We sat facing each other with my two tape recorders on the coffee table between us. Before I asked my first question, Schiller carefully examined the recorders. 'I conducted my first interview with a wire recorder,' he said, 'the same kind used decades ago by the KGB. When I got in to see Ruby before he died, I had a tape recorder hidden inside a Neiman Marcus briefcase. For one session with O.J., the one that I knew would be used to introduce the audio version of "I Want to Tell You," I used a DAT recorder. The guards were impressed.'

"During our long interview sessions, Schiller often apologized for being 'inarticulate.' In fact he is a gripping storyteller with a remarkable memory for detail. I was struck by his desire for respectability, something that has eluded him despite his triumphs. Clearly, Schiller craves more than anything to be a man of substance. 'He has worked hard to purify himself,' Norman Mailer told me in a telephone conversation. 'He has changed more than any person I know. He is now very much a man of substance.'"

PLAYBOY: Let's start with the obvious question: Did O.J. Simpson get away with murder?

SCHILLER: If he committed these crimes—and the blood evidence certainly said he did, though the time line says he didn't—I think he must have repressed them completely.

PLAYBOY: You were close to Simpson. Which side of the issue do you come down on?

SCHILLER: Since I didn't talk to him today, I come down on the side of guilty.

PLAYBOY: Meaning?

SCHILLER: If I had had a conversation with him today, I would probably say he is innocent. He is that persuasive.

PLAYBOY: Does he really believe he's innocent or could he be a convincing liar?

SCHILLER: I think he believes he's innocent. Bernard Yudowitz [a psychiatrist who evaluated Simpson in jail] said certain atypical killers are so repulsed by their actions that these actions become submerged. The actions cease to exist in their universe. They have to destroy any evidence that their crimes do exist. The episode I report in my book about the drainpipe [*Simpson frantically cleans a drainpipe in his home because he fears it could have his blood in it*] is very interesting. He is trying to wipe out evidence of the crime not because of a fear of prosecution, but because he wants to wipe out the crime itself.

PLAYBOY: You interviewed him in jail for 36 hours. In all that time, did you discover any holes in his story or any evidence that he was lying?

SCHILLER: No. But since then I've seen another side of him.

PLAYBOY: What have you seen?

SCHILLER: Simpson called me about ten days ago. He was very upset about one story in my book that was reported on TV. I wrote about the lawyers making over his house for the black jury, replacing the pictures of white women on the wall with pictures of Simpson's family and a Norman Rockwell print of a black girl. He was incensed. He was screaming. I kept saying to him, "Read the book, O.J. Stop it! Wait until you read it in the book. It's out of context." I said, "I didn't say you changed the pictures. I didn't say you knew about it or wanted it done." But he continued screaming. For the first time in my entire relationship with him, I felt the heat of his anger—not the anger, the *heat* of his anger. The words were on top of one another; they were out of control. I wanted to get off the phone, and I'm the type of person who never wants to get off the phone. It's not because I didn't want to discuss it—I'll fight for the book. But I wanted to get away from that terrifying heat. That may have said more to me than some of the evidence.

PLAYBOY: Why would this one revelation infuriate him? He's been accused of worse things than that.

SCHILLER: I think it is an affront to his view of himself—a powerful affront. He has some deep-seated concerns about the way he is perceived. So I wonder: Is that the sign of insanity? Could it have come out with Nicole? Could it be a doorway into his insanity to see that he cared so much about the perception that he was party to altering his home? I don't know. Throughout my career, I've interviewed a lot of criminally insane people. I interviewed Adam Berwid, who was in jail in Mineola, New York for killing his wife. There was a guard in the room the whole time. The day after I completed the interview, his lawyer went to see him, and Berwid stabbed him in the neck with a pencil or ballpoint. For a long time I wondered if I had left my pen or pencil there—nobody knows how he got it. There was never a doubt: Here was a person who was genuinely and clearly insane. Another time, I interviewed two guys who had been sentenced to death and had figured out that the only way they could escape their sentences was to prove they were insane. They met in prison and decided to cut off each other's toes and fingers and other limbs with a hacksaw. They didn't use anything to numb the pain. There are extremes you will go to that are themselves acts of insanity. So now I have to ask, "Is there insanity in the reaction I got from Simpson?" I'm not certain.

PLAYBOY: Had you been a juror, would you have found Simpson guilty or not guilty?

SCHILLER: Not guilty. The blood evidence is hard to ignore, but the time line offers reasonable doubt. The key is the young couple, on their first date, who walked down Bundy at 10:25 and didn't see the paw prints of the Akita. I re-created it and it's pretty convincing. It says that he couldn't have committed the murders. On the other hand, the blood evidence is difficult to explain.

PLAYBOY: You reported that Johnnie Cochran was always troubled by Simpson's inability to explain in a reasonable and consistent way the cuts on his hand. Do you agree those wounds indicate Simpson's guilt?

SCHILLER: Of course. There's no logical explanation for those cuts.

PLAYBOY: Yet you would still vote not guilty.

SCHILLER: Yes. But my view isn't the point. I wrote the book to put forth the story. I want readers to draw their own conclusions.

PLAYBOY: How exactly did you get involved with this case?

SCHILLER: Years ago, my first wife and I lived across the street from Simpson, though I never really knew him. Suzanne, my oldest child, babysat for Arnelle and Jason and became very close to O.J.'s wife's sister. I got divorced and we moved away from the neighborhood and that was the end of O.J. Simpson, the celebrity who lived up the street. Later, with my second wife, I met and became friends with Robert Kardashian. Years later, the murders happen. I knew that Robert and O.J. were very close. I just figured out that he must be with Robert. I called and left a message on Robert's machine. He called back five days later.

PLAYBOY: Next you and Kardashian had the clandestine meeting by the freeway. What happened?

SCHILLER: He was so scared. He was sure his house was bugged. That's why I suggested the freeway. If he was being bugged with parabolic microphones, the freeway noise would muffle our conversation. I told him that this case was going to become bigger than he imagined. We met again—by then he was no longer worried about being bugged—and I told him to keep a meticulous record of everything that happened.

PLAYBOY: Did you call because you already wanted to get involved in this story?

SCHILLER: At that point, I didn't know what I wanted to do. Right after the murders, I heard from my daughter Suzanne, who lives in Philadelphia. "Dad, I hope you're not going near this," she said. My son Marc said to me, "He's guilty. He did it. Don't get involved with another killer"—something like that.

PLAYBOY: Was there a chance you would take their advice and stay away?

SCHILLER: I guess not.

PLAYBOY: Why? What attracts you? Murder? The media frenzy?

SCHILLER: The challenge. Everyone wanted to get to O.J., and I thought I would be the one. I also thought I would attempt to do something respectable. I know it sounds self-serving, but I felt I could. I wanted Suzanne to end up saying, "You did it the right way this time."

PLAYBOY: Were you waiting for a way in?

SCHILLER: That's right. And I found it when I learned about the mountains of mail coming in to O.J. I came up with the idea for the book that became *I Want to Tell You*. The defense needed money. Robert had tried but wasn't able to get a loan on O.J.'s house; nobody would give O.J. a loan. So I proposed this project and it was approved.

PLAYBOY: Did you indeed get 20 percent of O.J.'s take of $1.4 million?

SCHILLER: I got 20 percent of whatever it was, although I had to pay the expenses out of my share. But the money was unimportant. It was the challenge. How do you think I felt the first day I walked in to see Simpson in jail? On subsequent visits I drove to the jail in various cars with different license plates. Do you realize the challenge? Talk about an adrenaline rush.

PLAYBOY: You were allowed in to see Simpson not as a journalist but as a material witness for the defense. Was this a ruse?

SCHILLER: At the time I denied it, but of course it was. Kardashian got Shawn Chapman [an attorney in Johnnie Cochran's office] to put me on the list to get in.

PLAYBOY: Describe the Simpson you met in jail.

SCHILLER: I was worried that I would have to sell him on the idea and on me, to persuade him to talk. But he just started talking. I saw him in every mood: depressed, angry, crying. He was a caged person who was nonetheless trying to live like a king. He didn't know what he was saying half the time. He was struggling just to keep his persona, very much like the Gatsby character. He was different in different interviews. I did 11 interviews with him. It was many moods. It was multilayered. But what came out was consistent. There was never an inconsistency in his story or in his view of himself as innocent.

PLAYBOY: In what ways was he trying to live like a king?

SCHILLER: They brought in people to make him happy, from his golfing buddies to neighbors. He was chained to the floor in the room where he met people, but it was open. There was glass between him and his visitors, but they could breathe the same air. With Judge Lance Ito's consent, he was given a material-witness list that was designed to let anyone he wanted to see come visit with him. Once, Paula Barbieri showed up with seminude pictures of herself that had been taken for a fashion magazine or something. I'm in there, she's there showing him the pictures through the glass. These were sensual, sexy pictures. She asked if he wanted some prints for his cell. He said no. "I don't want them. Some guard may steal them and leak them to a tabloid: 'This is what O.J. has in jail.'" She was holding up all these pictures and they were the type of pictures that would make a guy horny. How can I put this: In a joking way, he pretended that he was enjoying himself.

PLAYBOY: That he was masturbating?

SCHILLER: In a joking way. She is showing him picture after picture after picture. Is that not taking care of the king? Another time she was there for four hours addressing Christmas cards with him. But Ito had to respond when *I Want to Tell You* came out. It was such an obvious breach of the material-witness list that Ito put his foot down because the sheriff was embarrassed. They basically took O.J.'s material-witness list away—it went down to 12 or 18 persons and there had to be an affidavit that stated why each person was a material witness. Before that, all his friends were on the list.

PLAYBOY: Before meeting with Simpson, did you think he was guilty?

SCHILLER: I didn't know.

PLAYBOY: If you had become convinced that he was guilty, would you have continued with the book?

SCHILLER: I would not have. Truly.

PLAYBOY: So you believed that he was innocent?

SCHILLER: I don't think anybody in the world in November or December 1994 could have sat opposite him for more than an hour and believed he was guilty. He was that persuasive. When I walked away from Gary Gilmore, I knew. He was a cold-blooded killer. I understood how you could be looking him straight in the eye, carrying on a conversation, and he would be sliding a shiv into your heart. In the process of conducting the interviews with Gilmore, we asked him if there was a crime worse than killing. His answer impressed me: "Yes," he said, "there is. It is worse to irrevocably alter someone's life—to take a hammer and hit someone in the head so he or she lives the rest of his or her life like a vegetable." It showed how clearly Gilmore knew what he was doing. He was a murderer. But with O.J., there was no way of knowing.

PLAYBOY: More than half the country thought they knew.

SCHILLER: But nobody had interviewed him since the murders. Maybe I didn't have the intellectual capacity to draw the correct conclusions, but I didn't see him as guilty. I don't think I'm exaggerating the power he had to convince people.

PLAYBOY: Did you have any qualms about helping Simpson at that time?

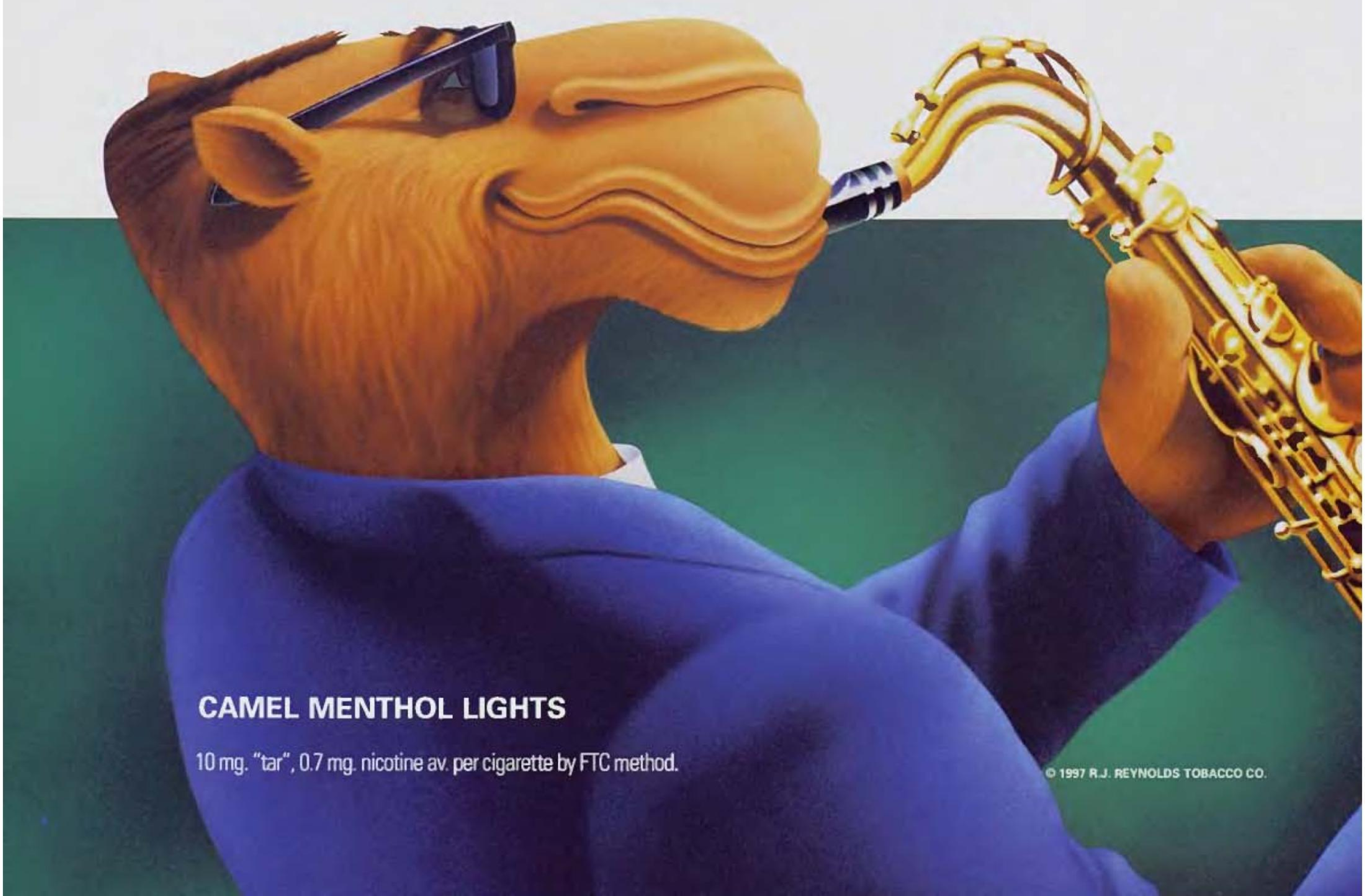
SCHILLER: Why would I have qualms? Dominick Dunne was asked on a talk show if he would have visited Simpson in jail if he had gotten a call. He said, "I would have been there before the sentence was completed." Anyone would have.

PLAYBOY: But *I Want to Tell You* was pure propaganda designed to elicit sympathy for Simpson.

SCHILLER: That was the point. We wanted to present an image before the jury was impaneled. At the time, Robert Shapiro [Simpson's original lead attorney] was asking television stations to play *Twelve Angry Men* for the same reason.

PLAYBOY: But you said you didn't know if Simpson was guilty or not.

SCHILLER: I guess I have to say that the ego of being the guy to pull it off is what ruled here. The best part was that we were able to keep it a secret for so long. Everybody who worked on the book lived in the house. The publisher's copy editors, everybody. We changed the


CAMEL MENTHOL LIGHTS
10 mg. "tar", 0.7 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.
© 1997 R.J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO.

phones. We put on digital scanners. We shredded the garbage. The dining room became a writing room. The bedroom became the layout room.

PLAYBOY: Do you understand why many people loathe that book?

SCHILLER: Sure, and a journalist may not have done it. It would taint his reputation. But to Schiller, this was an opportunity that might pay off. It was a way of ingratiating himself to Simpson and the defense team. I admit it! Not proudly, but I admit it factually. At the same time, I knew that the shadow of this book would stay with me for the rest of my life.

PLAYBOY: Are you proud of *I Want to Tell You*?

SCHILLER: Not of the book, but I am proud that I was able to pull it off. And you must remember that I spent 11 days interviewing Simpson before we had a deal. I could have made millions of dollars with those tapes. I could have become a millionaire overnight. But here is an example of Larry Schiller keeping his eye on the prize. This was just a step. I had ingratiated myself into his camp. Milking it for the last dollar was unimportant.

PLAYBOY: You also volunteered to edit the tapes of Mark Fuhrman that were eventually played for the jury. Why?

SCHILLER: It was another way to ingratiate myself with the defense.

PLAYBOY: Did you realize how important they would turn out to be?

SCHILLER: As soon as I listened to them, I knew what would happen. I listened to them all and edited 41 sections. Nobody knew how much the judge would allow. I know every word by heart.

PLAYBOY: At what point did you decide to write your own book on the case? Was that the reason you spent so much time with the defense?

SCHILLER: I didn't know exactly what I wanted to do, but I knew I had a unique perspective. Though I wasn't able to get law students and professors inside the defense, I was inside. My first idea was to ask Jeffrey Toobin [who covered the case for *The New Yorker* and eventually wrote his own book] to collaborate with me. He would write the prosecution's story and I would write the defense's story in alternate chapters. He wasn't interested.

PLAYBOY: In fact he was critical, even contemptuous, of you in his book.

SCHILLER: I knew it was coming. It doesn't bother me.

PLAYBOY: When you decided to write this book, were you afraid that your involvement in *I Want to Tell You* had destroyed any credibility that you might have?

SCHILLER: Yes. I was particularly disturbed when I realized how good a book I could write. But I also knew I had credibility because of my material. My interviews and research gave me all the credibility.

PLAYBOY: Your primary source was Kardashian. Why did he cooperate so fully with you?

SCHILLER: I think because he trusted that I would represent him accurately.

PLAYBOY: You also paid him.

SCHILLER: Robert was paid on an hourly basis for his time like the other lawyers.

PLAYBOY: Does he have a stake in the success of the book?

SCHILLER: No.

PLAYBOY: What if the book is a runaway best-seller and you make millions of dollars?

SCHILLER: If I make millions of dollars I will be very happy to share it with the people who contributed. Robert will not be singled out.

PLAYBOY: How much money was Kardashian paid?

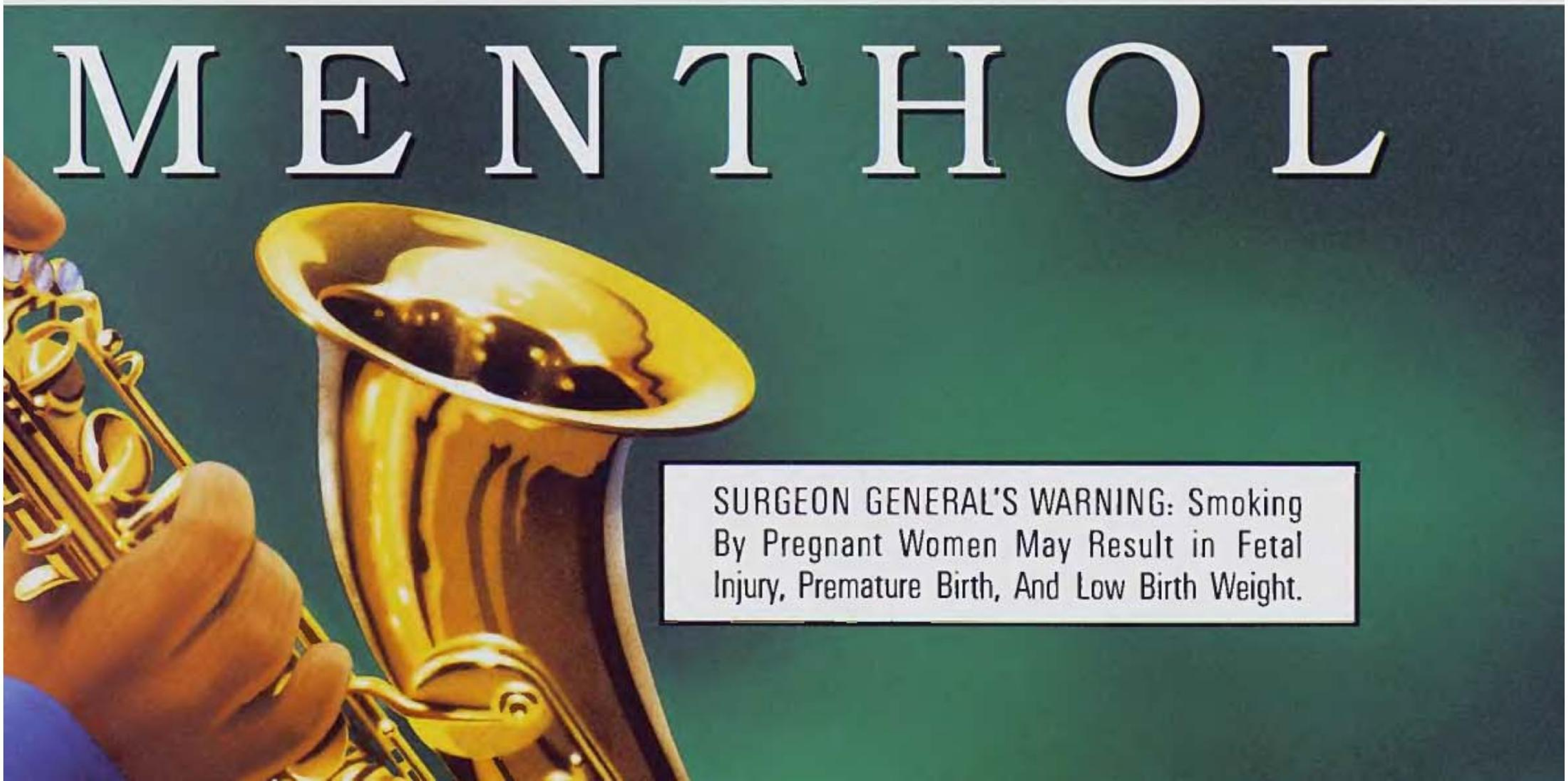
SCHILLER: With all due respect, Connie Chung doesn't tell me how much she pays for interviews.

PLAYBOY: The point is that you paid your chief source.

SCHILLER: I'll tell you that the highest-paid lawyer, based on hourly rates, was not Kardashian. He just gave me more hours, so he wound up getting a little more money. But he was not the highest paid.

PLAYBOY: The fact is, no reputable journalist pays his sources, and you know it.

SCHILLER: I wouldn't think of not



SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Smoking By Pregnant Women May Result in Fetal Injury, Premature Birth, And Low Birth Weight.

compensating people for their time. Johnnie Cochran was paid more than $4 million for his time. Shapiro was paid $1.5 million.

PLAYBOY: They were paid for writing their books. It's not the same as paying sources.

SCHILLER: Do you really think Carl Douglas would have given me more than 20 hours of time for nothing? Come on! There's nothing wrong with paying him his normal hourly rate.

PLAYBOY: One thing that's wrong is that paid sources are unreliable. They have a financial incentive to embellish their stories.

SCHILLER: I don't rely solely on any one source. My book is multisourced. I checked everything and cross-checked it.

PLAYBOY: Kardashian is being attacked by members of the defense team and other lawyers for revealing secrets that are protected by his professional relationship with Simpson. Do you agree that he has crossed the line?

SCHILLER: No. Maybe he made a breach when he told Barbara Walters [during a *20/20* interview] that Simpson miserably failed the lie detector test he took right after the murders. But I didn't rely on Robert for that story. He was not the first nor the only source for it.

PLAYBOY: But did Kardashian know about the polygraph because he was Simpson's lawyer?

SCHILLER: Robert didn't have a bar license. He had studied law. He had passed the bar, but he never pursued it as a profession. I don't think he's worried about being sanctioned by the bar.

PLAYBOY: Does Kardashian have a responsibility to Simpson as a friend? Did he betray Simpson?

SCHILLER: Kardashian said to me on many occasions, "Simpson never asked me to withhold anything. He never told me to lie. He never said I shouldn't talk, and only he will know whether I have betrayed our friendship." Kardashian doesn't believe he has. He believes that if Simpson reads the book, he will end up admiring Robert for what he's done.

PLAYBOY: That's self-serving. It's unlikely that Simpson would agree with that.

SCHILLER: Robert did this because he needed to rid himself of it so he could have some peace in his life. This guy is going through hell. Every place he goes people spit on him and cuss at him. They write "murderer" on his car. Whether he is seen as supporting O.J. or being against him, he is attacked. So he wanted to purge himself.

PLAYBOY: How about you? Do you acknowledge that you betrayed Simpson and his lawyers in order to cash in?

SCHILLER: There was no betrayal. There is no question that I exploited the situation, but it was not to make money.

PLAYBOY: After your bankruptcy because of *Chernobyl*, didn't you need money?

SCHILLER: I have five children. Three are grown, one is in college and another is a junior in high school. I want to earn money, but this is motivated by something else. If I were to stand in the bathroom with no clothes on and look at myself in the mirror and ask, "What was your real motive, Larry?" it's that I wanted to be the person to do it. Maybe the means were not perfect at times, and I am not saying that the end justifies the means, but I don't think anything would have stopped me from trying to reach my goal.

PLAYBOY: What is it? Notoriety?

SCHILLER: I've already had notoriety. It's the sense of accomplishment, the sense of leaving something to my family that they might be proud of, something that juxtaposes the criticism and the controversies of my life. I am as proud of my book about the case as I am of anything I've done.

PLAYBOY: But we'll ask it again: By writing it, did you betray Simpson?

SCHILLER: No. I followed through with every agreement that I made with O.J. I made him lots of money. I helped influence public opinion. I edited the Fuhrman tapes, which were key to his trial. In my agreement with him, I always had the option of doing my own book. Because of my agreement with O.J., I didn't rely on any material that I had. Listen, there are, in my goddamn closet at home, a stack of O.J.'s diaries, the notes he kept throughout the trial. I never even read them because I didn't want to be tempted to use the material. Because of our contract, I couldn't use any of the material from my interviews with Simpson. But I was free to do my own work.

PLAYBOY: You said the means may not have been perfect. What was wrong with the means?

SCHILLER: There were things I did. At one point, at the end, after the acquittal, there was a time when I hugged him. I did feel very guilty. When he got out of the van and he was walking into the house, holding the Bible up, he passed me. I gave him a hug and said, "You did it, you did it!" I felt guilty for that.

PLAYBOY: Why?

SCHILLER: I don't know. In the emotion of the moment, I just gave him a hug. Everyone else was giving him hugs and I didn't want to be. . . . I don't think a certain type of journalist would have given him a hug.

PLAYBOY: So you felt guilty because you felt it was unprofessional?

SCHILLER: That's right. It was stepping over the line.

PLAYBOY: Perhaps you were acknowledging that your role in this case was confused. Had you become his friend and colleague or were you a journalist who would write a book that would be viewed as a betrayal?

SCHILLER: I never felt as if we were friends. I would call us acquaintances, not friends. When I hugged him, I was caught up in the moment. That's all. It was an emotional day. I saw what was yet to come. At the acquittal party, Kathy [Amerman, the photographer, Schiller's fiancée] and I were taking pictures. We'd divided up the house. People would come up to O.J. and I would ask them to stand closer together so I could take a picture. But no one would. They moved away from him. They said, "Oh, that's OK, we don't need a picture." They said, "No thanks. That's all right." Outside, in the cars, on our way there, first we heard cheering and that faded into the cries of "Murderer, murderer." Then we were inside among his friends and no one would stand close to him to be photographed. It was very illuminating of what was to come.

PLAYBOY: Does it surprise you that his lawyers feel you betrayed them?

SCHILLER: It depends who you're talking about. Some are embarrassed by things I've reported about them, sure.

PLAYBOY: Have you heard from Robert Shapiro?

SCHILLER: He's been out of the country since the book came out.

PLAYBOY: Johnnie Cochran has denied some of your charges. Specifically, he denies having made a comment after seeing Simpson the night before his closing argument to the jury. You reported that Simpson attempted to sculpt Cochran's closing remarks and that there was an argument. Afterward, Cochran said, "It's a good thing I don't have blond hair."

SCHILLER: Only four people were in the car when that was said. I can tell you that Cochran said it. I understand that his persona is important to him. Of course he won't admit to saying it.

PLAYBOY: Has F. Lee Bailey responded to the book? He comes off as exceedingly incompetent.

SCHILLER: He hasn't said that anything in the book is untruthful. He has said he believes that Kardashian has breached his responsibility as a lawyer, but not that I breached my agreement with him. His incompetence is obvious when you read the transcripts. But what's more humiliating to Bailey is what Carl Douglas told me: that they wouldn't allow him to have a copy of the Fuhrman tapes. Bailey was pleading with him: "Why can't I have them?" "Well, you can't be trusted." That's what is humiliating to him. But it's history. I'm not going to sacrifice the truth of history to remain a friend of F. Lee Bailey. At the same time, I hope he will respect me more because I haven't done something just to make a friend of him.

PLAYBOY: It's unlikely.

SCHILLER: I don't know. It depends on how big a man he is. I would say it's unlikely with Johnnie Cochran.

PLAYBOY: After watching these lawyers in action, who would you call if you needed

(continued on page 146)

WHAT SORT OF MAN READS PLAYBOY?

He's a man who knows that the best entertaining starts at home. His personal formula for romance: a bottle of 1982 Bordeaux and Luther Vandross. He's discerning, naturally, about the quality of sound. Last year PLAYBOY men bought 38 million records, tapes and discs. PLAYBOY men spent 40 percent more on audio equipment than the male readers of *Rolling Stone* and *Spin* combined. When it's taste that counts, PLAYBOY's in a class by itself. (Source: Spring 1996 MRI.)

Actor, lawyer, publisher, married man—camelot's prince tackles his destiny

By Jim Dwyer

IN THE beginning was the image.

"That weekend, I was assigned outside the Capitol, on a flatbed truck, and none of us knew where Jackie and the kids were," said Dan Farrell, a veteran *New York Daily News* photographer. "Someone said to me, 'Do you want to go over to the church?' It was a good run from there to the cathedral. I took a very long lens on an old box camera; it must have been 200 millimeters in modern terms.

"I got there before the family appeared. When they came out and were all standing there, I was looking for the picture. It seemed to me the ideal situation would be to get them with the casket.

"I was 300 feet or so away, but I was looking through the lens and saw Jackie bend down to speak to John. I could read her lips.

"She said, 'John, salute.' He didn't respond at first. I took a deep breath. She said, 'John, John—salute.' Caroline had a prayer book in her hand, and she was looking down at it. Teddy and Bobby were in the frame. Peter Lawford. There was no motor drive on the camera. You got only one shot at it. The Associated Press didn't get the picture, but the *Daily News* is a member of the AP, so my picture went to it, and that was the one it sent out to papers around the world.

"I can still see her face, see her lips moving: 'John, John—salute.'"

•

"When I see the picture of myself saluting at my father's funeral," Kennedy said not long ago, "I really don't remember it. But I've seen it so much I feel like I've lived it."

For John Kennedy—that, by the way, is the name on his business card, no middle initial F, no suffixed Jr.—it can be no small task to sort the authentic from the counterfeit, the moments actually lived from those fabricated by the machinery of family and national myth.

Return, now, to St. Matthew's Cathedral in Washington, as John Kennedy did six years ago.

It was the night before the wedding of his cousin Mary Kerry Kennedy, daughter of Robert F. Kennedy, to Andrew Cuomo, son of former New York governor Mario Cuomo. The bride and groom were rehearsing their ceremony. The big cathedral was empty except for a small crowd, the wedding party, clustered near the front.

There was giddiness in the air. That was not disrespect; it was just the human spirit dealing with the momentous, solemn promise of marriage. And at this wedding, it wasn't just the future that had to be brought into balance with the present.

PLAYBOY PROFILE

Near the main altar of the cathedral, a marble tablet set into the center aisle marks the spot where President Kennedy's coffin was placed during his funeral Mass three decades ago. Kerry Kennedy is a sensitive woman. Earlier that day, she arranged for a round Oriental rug to be laid over the plaque. The memorial was hidden before her cousin John arrived for the rehearsal. His official role was not cousin but usher for the groom. John and Andrew had been fast friends before Cuomo met Kerry.

His arrival in the cathedral that night was noticed.

"Hey, John," one cousin called out. "Come over here, we want to show you something."

John ambled up front. The cousin leaned over and dramatically yanked back the carpet, baring the plaque that memorializes JFK's funeral.

"Look at that, John," said the cousin. "How about that?"

John stood frozen while a few of the cousins giggled. Just like John, they joked, not to know where his own father's funeral was held. The moment was too painful for others in the wedding party.

"Hey, man, that's fucked up," barked another usher, James Hairston. "Put back the rug."

"John was aghast," said someone who was there. "It was stunning and stupid. He reeled back."

Later, Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis approached Hairston at the reception. "I want to thank you for helping John, back in the cathedral," she said.

Reeled back: It had been 27 years since his father's coffin rested on that spot, 27 years since young John Kennedy had been in that cathedral, 27 years since he stood outside, a little boy saluting into the lens of the world for the first time. All these years later, nothing gets left under the rug. Someone is always waiting to roll it back. It is rare to find him shocked. Now he is more often the one with the surprises.

•

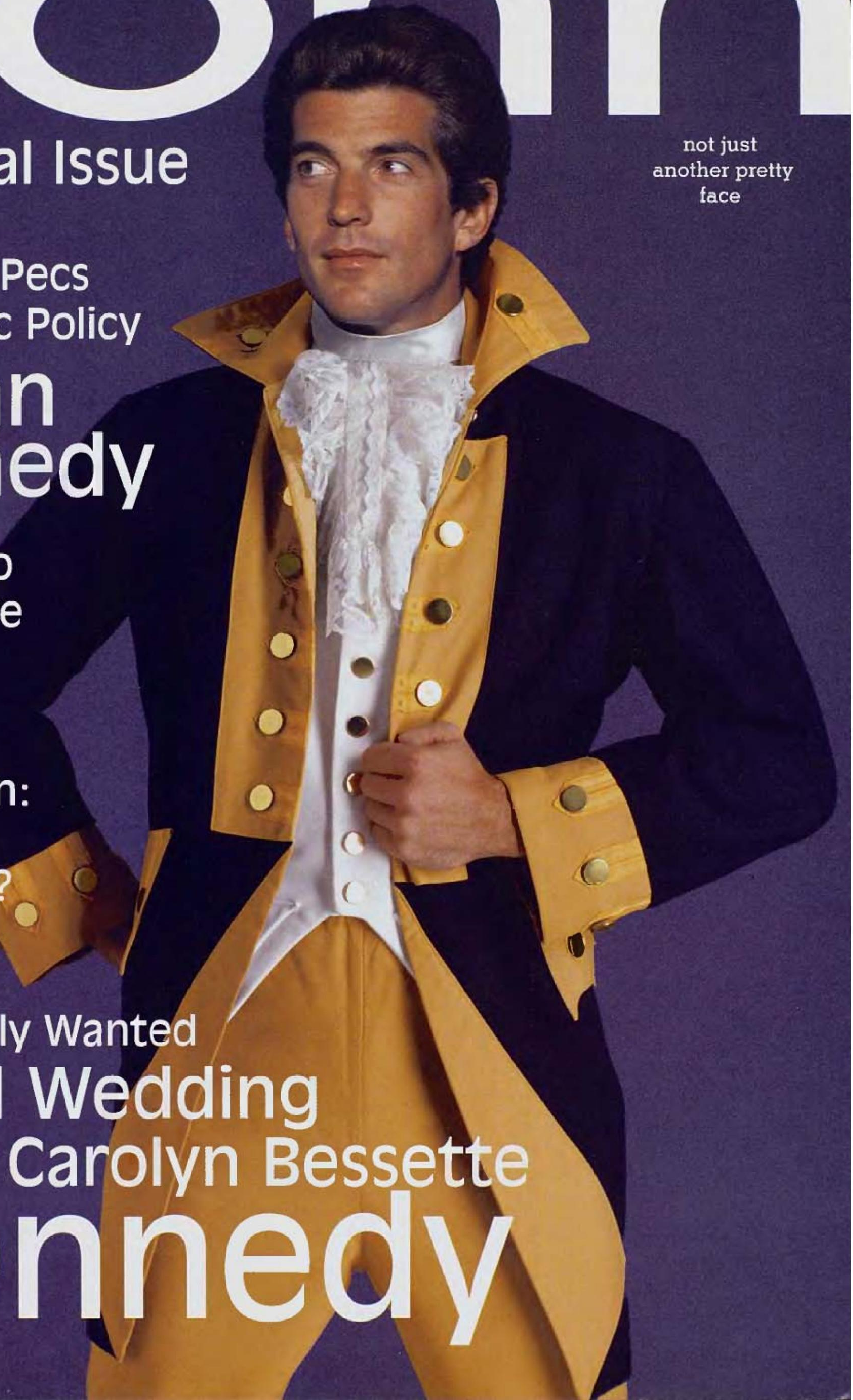
On an early autumn day in 1996 John Kennedy once again was photographed with a church backdrop. For his wedding, he fled cathedrals and crowds, choosing instead a ramshackle chapel on Cumberland Island in Georgia, with 30 or so guests. But the image of him lifting his bride's gloved right hand to his lips was instantly famous.

Today, John Fitzgerald Kennedy Jr., the only infant to live in the White House in

John

Special Issue

not just
another pretty
face



Powerful Pecs and Public Policy by John Kennedy

A Guide to Offshore Prenups

Dating a Cousin: Is It Good Politics?

I Actually Wanted a Real Wedding by Carolyn Bessette Kennedy

the 20th century, is editor-in-chief of *George*, the only political-lifestyle magazine in the country. His wife, Carolyn Bessette, is a striking woman of long legs and strong opinions. "I am the happiest man in the world," the groom said, toasting his bride at their wedding reception.

Most biographical sketches indicate that his birth on November 25, 1960 came less than three weeks after his father was elected president. But that is a mere fact from a calendar. John F. Kennedy Jr. was born just as televisions were becoming as common as toasters in America. He has lived his entire life amid the dreadful confusion of people circling him with various fun-house mirrors, reflecting back a face, an image, a being that cannot look much like his own.

"He has spent so much time protecting himself and gaining perspective on his existence that he has a far different take on what these public images mean," said a thoughtful family friend.

His romance with Bessette is over, the papers declare. In fact, they were booking the chapel on Cumberland Island. *She has taken up with a young man in Paris, where they have had long, earnest discussions in cafés.* The man in Paris was the designer of her wedding gown. *She is a devout Catholic.* Actually, a Unitarian. *It was a shotgun wedding that took place when she was nine weeks pregnant.* They had reserved the place three months earlier.

He jealously protects his privacy.

Heck, anyone would buy that story, though they might wonder if they saw him roller-skating around in Central Park, barechested in case, we must assume, someone would be distracted by a sweaty T-shirt. Woody Allen, another supposed New York recluse, goes out in public wearing the standard Woody Allen disguise—floppy hat and khaki slacks—then sits at his regular table at Elaine's. Bashful Kennedy takes off his shirt.

At least until his wedding, he still had a coterie of frat-boy friends, a few of whom seemed high on the boor meter. He still bicycles everywhere, going from his loft in Tribeca to the magazine office near Times Square. Or he'll ride the Broadway subway, face buried in a magazine. Last year one of his buddies, Brian Steel, ran in a Democratic primary against a brainy, well-established West Side congressman, Jerrold Nadler. The Steel campaign consisted largely of gossip items about his friendship with John Kennedy. Nadler won.

At the age of 36, John is living life on his own terms. But what are they? Until he got started with *George*, he had wandered from acting to lawyering to the gym. The résumé, in truth, was pretty light, if you leave aside three decades nonstop in the public eye. Showing off your chest is nothing compared with publishing a magazine in which you appear to bare, on a monthly basis, little bits of your soul.

After all these years, what does John Kennedy want us to see?

George debuted in the fall of 1995. It was the first time Kennedy was the boss, not just a grunt. And it was the first time every move he made was new. The district attorney's office could train him to make a bail application; the director at the Irish Arts Center could tell him how to enter from stage left. But there are no rules, precedents or career paths for being John Kennedy, product.

The key at the start was typing his name on the cover. John Kennedy talks with George Wallace, his father's segregation nemesis. John Kennedy talks with Iain Calder, former editor of the *National Enquirer*, biggest mirror in the fun house. John Kennedy talks with Warren Beatty, deposed champion in the "sexiest man alive" universe. It doesn't matter what they talked about, as long as that name was on the cover. Good clean fun. Some lite chatter with and about Newt Gingrich, Pat Schroeder, Julia Roberts. The toughest pieces have been profiles on reporters Bob Woodward and Ruth Shalit, his sternest Q&A with the man from the *National Enquirer*.

Kennedy brought in the ads and the stories and for most of the first year managed to avoid selling too much of himself.

Then came another image.

On the September day that his guests were being ferried to Cumberland Island, *George* was on newsstands with a picture of actress Drew Barrymore made up as Marilyn Monroe. HAPPY BIRTHDAY, MR. PRESIDENT, said the *George* cover line. The cover was meant to recall Monroe's notorious serenade at Madison Square Garden to President Kennedy on his 45th birthday. It evoked much more: The event became the indelible image to accompany rumors of the president's dalliance with Monroe. After a life of carefully managed privacy and determined public dignity, John Kennedy splashed on the cover of *George* one of the tawdriest tales about his father. It's reasonable to say that the Barrymore cover is the most astonishing photograph ever connected to John Kennedy, if only because he picked the image himself.

"Very, very bad taste," said John Davis, a cousin of Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis. "Marilyn Monroe's *Happy Birthday* salute in Madison Square Garden at a time when she was having sexual relations with the president certainly was very distressing to Jacqueline."

Davis, of course, has built a cottage industry around "biographies" of his cousins-in-law. But it doesn't take a dedicated Kennedy camp follower to be shocked by that cover. Just ask Barbra Streisand.

"I can't believe John Kennedy is trying to get me to dress up as Marilyn Monroe for the cover of his magazine," Streisand complained to a friend. "He is on the phone, twisting my arm!"

Editor Kennedy appeared genuinely bewildered when the press reported shock and dismay at his decision. "It's reprising [a song] sung to my father in 1962," Kennedy told *USA Today*. It "is part of the iconography of American politics . . . an enduring image. . . . I don't see what possible taste questions could be involved. If I don't find it tasteless, I don't know why anyone would."

"The whole magazine is a device for his coming to terms with the legacy of John F. Kennedy," says a close friend. "These people have suffered a lot for what they carry. You don't feel entitled to be your own person. How did you get in the fix of being John F. Kennedy Jr.? You thrash it out in *George*.

"And you do this postmodern joke about your father."

Read his magazine. Or talk with a dozen people who know John Kennedy, some fleetingly, some at a distance, some reasonably close up, and the worst that is said of him is that he's a little spacey. Not one person ever says that he is anything but a sweet and decent guy, funny and with a certain smarts. Which makes the Barrymore cover all the more revealing.

He mocks the very images that he traffics in, this genial survivor of the most famous homicide of the 20th century.

That cover is the first public display of bad manners from a young man who has lived, in public, a life of rectitude ever since the moment Jacqueline Kennedy whispered, "John, John—salute."

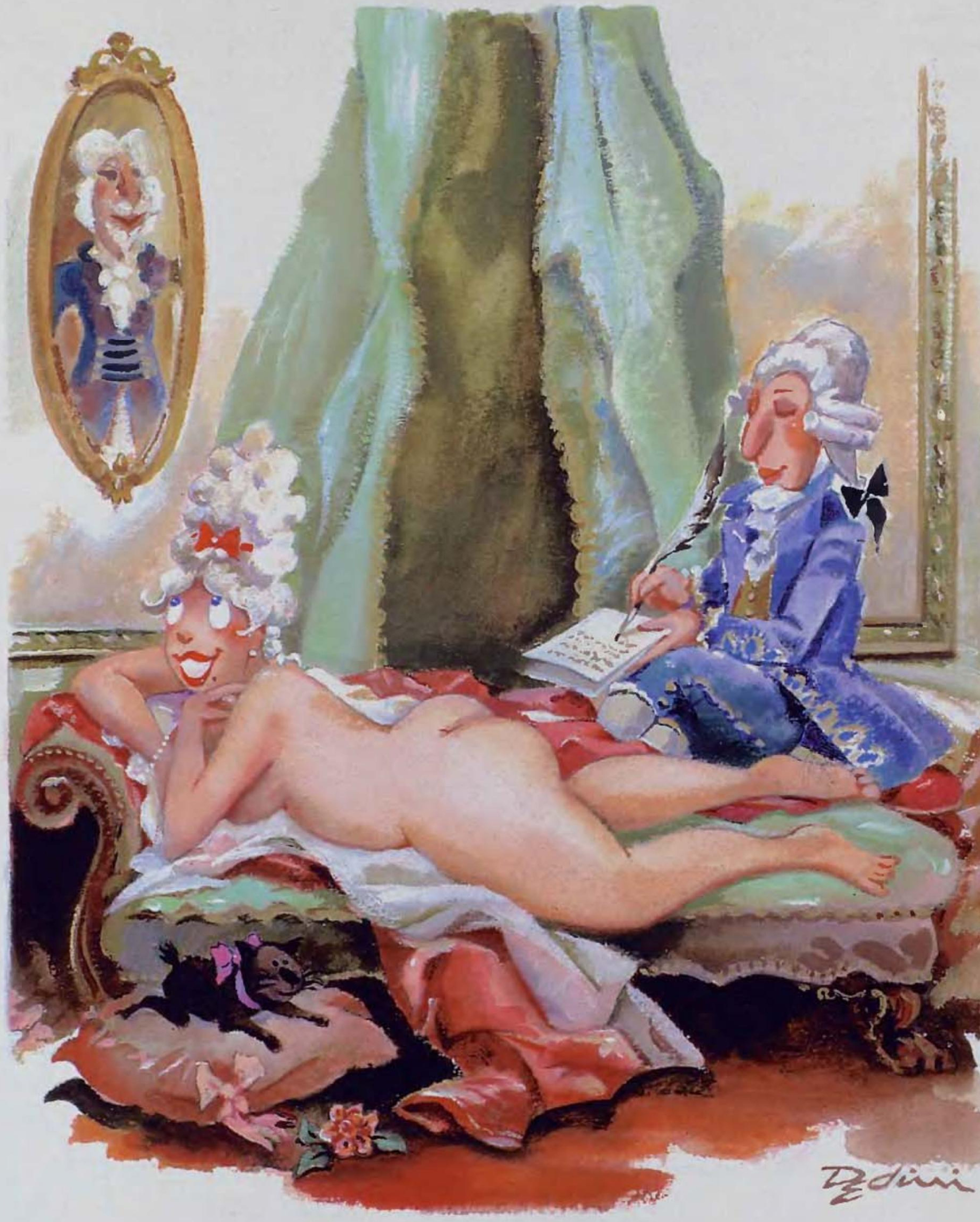
•

And, by the way, there *is* a comma between those two Johns. He was dubbed "John-John" not by his family but by a reporter who misheard someone in the White House calling to the little boy. In other words, the media started by getting his name wrong.

Biographer Richard Reeves tells of President Kennedy calling in a *Look* photographer to shoot John Jr. playing under a desk. It was safe, the president explained, because the first lady was out of town.

Then he went to Dallas. A father was

(continued on page 128)

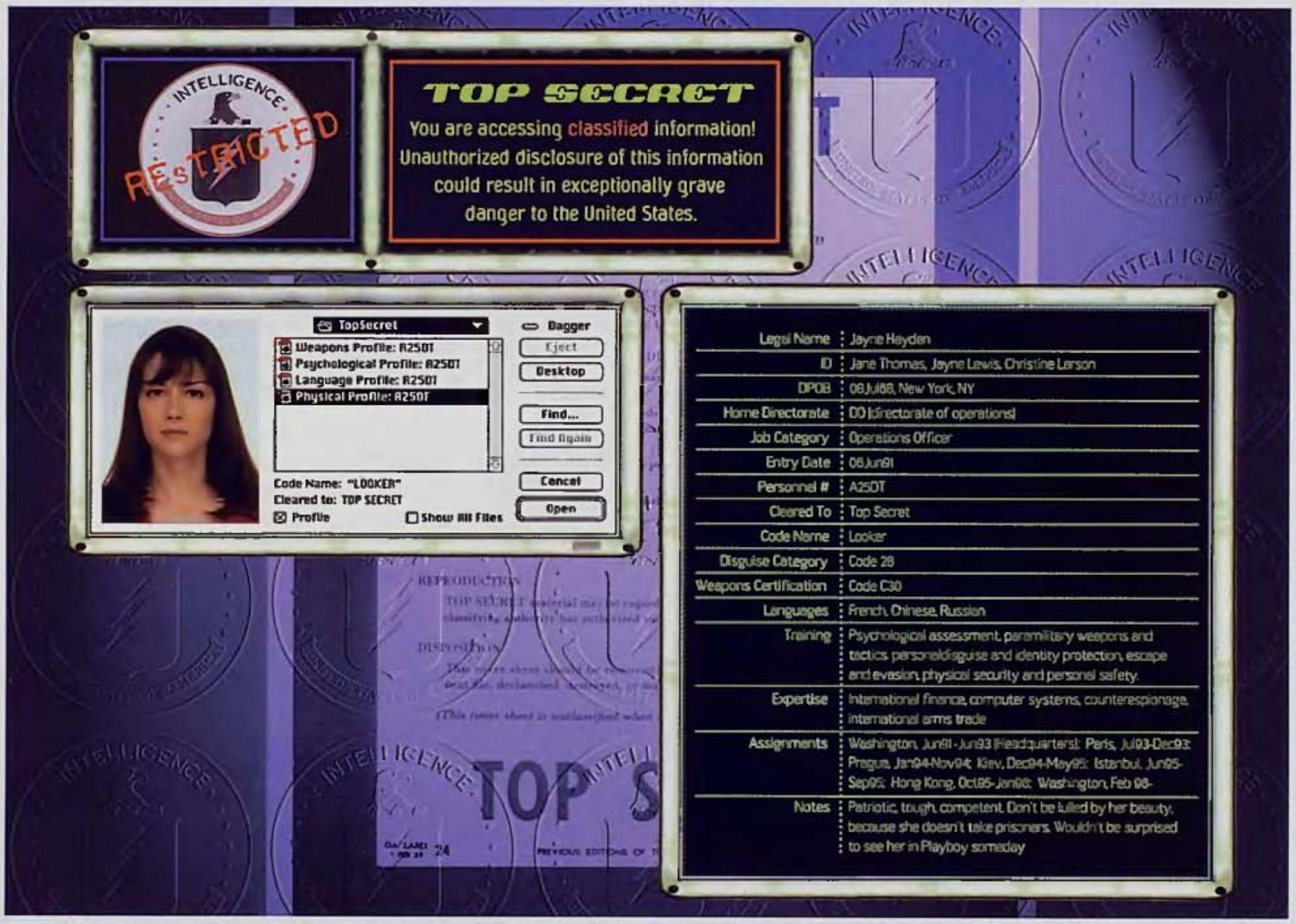


"It's been an amusing year filled with fabulous dalliance! Aunt Liz seduced 22 fops to Francine's six. Chauncey's getting potbellied and is a cuckold for the fifth time. Clarissa, more beautiful than ever, left the Sorbonne pregnant but sold her story to the Commedia dell'Arte. Gaspar is home for the holidays and playing Santa at the Marquis de Sade's. Geoffrey's law practice grows daily, and I spent six months of irresponsible happiness diddling with a young rake."

CIA OPERATIVE JAYNE HAYDEN

steps out of the shadows

Jayne Hayden assured me she hadn't been followed to the dark corner of the nondescript restaurant where we met for dinner, that the saltshaker didn't contain a bug (I checked the pepper), that she wouldn't have to kill me after telling me about her job and that no one knew she was in Chicago posing under covers for PLAYBOY. She had told her supervisors she was vacationing in New York and would be unreachable. They had taught her how to lie and to do it well, so they believed her. Harder to fathom was that this diminutive beauty has been trained to fire a rocket launcher and an Uzi, persuade someone to betray their country, kick my ass if she had to, study my facial expressions to determine if I was being truthful and transform herself into any of several identities. But isn't that how it goes? The



TOP SECRET

You are accessing classified information! Unauthorized disclosure of this information could result in exceptionally grave danger to the United States.

Code Name: "LOOKER"
Cleared to: TOP SECRET

Legal Name	Jayne Hayden
ID	Jane Thomas, Jayne Lewis, Christine Larson
DPOB	08Jul68, New York, NY
Home Directorate	DO (directorate of operations)
Job Category	Operations Officer
Entry Date	08Jun91
Personnel #	A25DT
Cleared To	Top Secret
Code Name	Looker
Disguise Category	Code 28
Weapons Certification	Code C30
Languages	French, Chinese, Russian
Training	Psychological assessment, paramilitary weapons and tactics, personal disguise and identity protection, escape and evasion, physical security and personal safety.
Expertise	International finance, computer systems, counterespionage, international arms trade
Assignments	Washington, Jun91-Jun93 (Headquarters); Paris, Jul93-Dec93; Prague, Jan94-Nov94; Kiev, Dec94-May95; Istanbul, Jun95-Sep95; Hong Kong, Oct95-Jan98; Washington, Feb 98-
Notes	Patriotic, tough, competent. Don't be lulled by her beauty, because she doesn't take prisoners. Wouldn't be surprised to see her in Playboy someday

The CIA has been criticized for its treatment of women. In 1995 the agency agreed to pay $940,000 to settle a class action lawsuit charging widespread sexual discrimination. Jayne says the women were right to challenge the CIA's old boys' network but that her personal experience was almost entirely positive. "You can be successful there as a woman," she says, "but it does have its challenges. I wanted to pose for PLAYBOY to show that a woman can be professionally capable without sacrificing her sexuality."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHARD FEGLEY

Jayne recently left the CIA, largely because she missed having a social life. "It's hard to make or keep friends because you can't tell people what you do for a living. My family knew, and two close friends. But with everyone else, I sometimes lost track of which lies I'd told to whom." What happens when two CIA agents chance to meet at a party? "They both say that they work for the State Department and leave it at that," Jayne says. "There's not much of a conversation. If people ask about your job, you try to make it sound very boring."

КРИМИНАЛЬНАЯ
ХРОНИКА

СУДЬБА СЕКСОТА -2
КРОВА
ИНАЛЬНАЯ

people you don't think work for the CIA always do.

Jayne joined the CIA in 1991 after graduating from college with degrees in political science and Chinese. The agency conducted a thorough background check, then sent her to Washington, D.C. for a year of training. "We would attend mock diplomatic parties where we role-played, pretending to approach potential informants," she recalls. "You could hardly get into the bathroom because there were so many trainees in there taking notes." Because recruiting spies involves blind introductions, subtle negotiations and lots of dead ends, Jayne compares it to dating. "You find someone interesting and approach him with a big smile, trying to catch his interest. Maybe you roll your shoulder a bit. I'm often seen by men as someone they'd like to get to know, and I definitely use that to my advantage. Once you have their interest, you try to charm them so you can peel back the layers like an onion. You're looking for inherent weakness, such as greed with motive. Maybe they want to send their kids to college in the U.S., or they have relatives who need expensive medical care. Most contacts ended up being little nothings, and the agency has become more picky about who it recruits since the fall of the USSR. Nowadays, anyone can get a Russian. The best informants are people motivated solely by a desire to make their country a better place to live. One of the worst ways to control someone would be by offering sexual favors—only the South Koreans have a reputation for doing that anymore." We can still dream, can't we? —CHIP ROWE

SONY

SEX and the SUPER BOWL

INSIDE THE REAL WORLD
OF THE SUPER BOWL—
HOOKERS, BOOZE, CASH,
CUTTHROAT CORPORATIONS—
THE VERY ESSENCE OF
MASCULINITY ITSELF

article
By Kevin Cook

Hookers love the Super Bowl. Thousands of affluent men hit town. Not just beery football fans with their faces painted, either. In January New Orleans is jammed with successful guys who feel like showing off, a city full of Charlie Sheens.

The typical ticket holder is an executive or star salesman on a company-paid holiday. After a year of corporate war he may want a cocktail. He may want to loosen his tie and his wallet, roll down his limo window, do a little shouting, maybe even do his part to help make Super Bowl week the best prostitution week of the year.

Football fans are "more likely to pay for sex" than other sports fans, says a veteran of the trade. The World Series and NBA finals also boost business, but the Super Bowl is king. Some of the most expensive sex in New Orleans will be "extended service" gigs in limousines prowling the French Quarter on Super Saturday night. Such arrangements often last well into Sunday. But not all Bowlgoers are satisfied with pregame and postgame festivities. Sunday brings a huge demand for callgirls at halftime, too.

"Pimps see the Super Bowl as a moneymaking opportunity delivered by

ILLUSTRATION BY BLAIR ORAWSON

God," ex-hooker Evelina Giobbe told the Minneapolis *Star Tribune* before Super Bowl XXVI. That year a local escort service offered Super Bowl fans a ten percent discount. Police handed out JUST SAY NO TO PROSTITUTES fliers in Minneapolis hotels.

Some Bowl fans are too sleepy to say no. They are the targets of "Rolex girls," hookers who specialize in stealing men's watches and other valuables. "They ask what time it is so they can see if the watch is expensive," says Bloomington, Minnesota vice detective Rich Klingeman. Then Rolex girls sneak a few knockout drops—or perhaps a roofie—into your drink. When you wake up, there's an untanned stripe where your Rolex used to be.

Escort services always spring up in the host city. Last year in Tempe, vice cops stayed busy keeping an eye on them. There were 25 in suburban Scottsdale alone. On Van Buren Street in Phoenix, hookers openly defied the municipal plan for "Super Bowl vice suppression." San Diego had tried to limit Super hooking back in 1988, when the city swept its curbs clean of streetwalkers with a new hooker stopper: a $2000 minimum bail for suspected prostitutes. The rule expired at 12:01 A.M. on February 1, the day after the Super Bowl.

But nothing stops the sexual holiday. Just ask Los Angeles promoter Al Bowman. "Al the Limo Man" is now executive producer of the Los Angeles Music Awards, but in his days with Funtime Limousine, Bowman saw football and sex intersect in interesting ways. "I used to drive some of the Raiders. That was good duty," he says. "You're getting paid to sit in a nightclub. Later on the players come out with some girl and you wait while they hump in the backseat."

Bowman's favorite Super Sunday began at a Los Angeles Airport hotel during Super Bowl XVII. "I picked up a guy from Florida, big football fan. A big money man. Looking for fun, looking for girls." The man directed Bowman to a chic bistro where "he baited girls with cash. He would send me over to the babes and I would recruit them: 'Ladies, that gentleman over there is a very generous man.' I'd bring the girls over, he'd pull out a wad of bills, maybe $15,000, and pay for the food. Crab legs and tiger shrimp cocktails. Then it was a merry bandwagon in the limo."

The first two women called a friend to hop on the bandwagon; that made it a postgame party of five as Bowman drove from Pasadena to Palm Springs, where the fest continued. "The guy was doing two-on-ones, getting blow jobs, and he's still pissed about the money he lost on the game. I told him that he should cheer up."

THE 100-YARD BONER

How can a football game, even our annual multimedia kitsch nuke of a game, make American men hornier? Auto racing is macho, yet the Indy 500 is no sexual Super Bowl. Boxing is manly, but even the best heavyweight fights seldom ripple the sex trade outside Nevada. According to one sportscaster, "The Super Bowl is like a thousand Mike Tyson fights rolled into one."

Maybe football's sex effects derive from its 100 percent maleness. Women drive race cars today. Tyson has undergone sensitivity counseling. But the very notion of a "feminine side to the Super Bowl" is a contradiction, a Super oxymoron such as "inspirational breakfast" or "Vikings' chances." Pro football, wrote anthropologist William Arens, is "violence acted out in a tactical and sophisticated context. The uniforms symbolize exaggerated masculinity—wide shoulders, enlarged heads, tight pants accented by a metal codpiece."

A scholar such as Arens would be chased from the locker room, but the doctor is right. The Super Bowl, more than any other event, is the arena in which American ideas of manhood fight it out.

Super Bowl equals 31 testosterone festivals. The week proceeds through Super Friday and Super Saturday like a pagan pageant, with one major improvement: Instead of virgins we have the Dallas Cowboys cheerleaders. Super Week culminates in a brief, sweaty, men-only form of combat that everybody must watch.

Sound familiar? In fact, there have always been such contests. Medieval knights displayed their masculinity in jousts. American Indians ran the gantlet. Some African tribesmen still prove themselves by killing lions face-to-face.

Today, of course, our heroes kill the Lions in the regular season. And by January, with a billion people watching worldwide, there is more than any one man's masculinity at stake. For in a sense the game is about our collective masculinity, our huge national balls. It is our annual chance to update one another and the world on the state of American manhood.

Like most great developments, this Bowl-ball partnership was an accident. NFL football and TV-driven pop culture just happened to take over the world together.

In 1967, the year of the first Super Bowl, pro football was still a minor sport. Baseball was much bigger. Vince Lombardi's Green Bay Packers were an NFL dynasty, but many of the players were moonlighting car salesmen or insurance men. In lifestyles and earning power they resembled Army sergeants more than today's wealthy touchdown dancers. And their field leader was Bart Starr, role model of my youth. Starr was so tight-lipped it was said he opened his mouth only to call signals.

It is far more than 100 yards from Bart Starr to the media manhood of gangsta-rapping, crotch-grabbing celebrities. To see how far we've come, try picturing diamond-studded Deion Sanders and his tight leather underpants in Vince Lombardi's locker room.

The Packers would have thought Sanders was an alien. And Prime Time, who once bragged to me that he was sexually active at 11 years old, would have seen Starr, Lombardi & Co. the same way: aliens from the planet of constipated white guys.

How did male style change so much in 30 years?

The answer: Joe Namath.

I CAN'T WAIT UNTIL TOMORROW . . . NIGHT

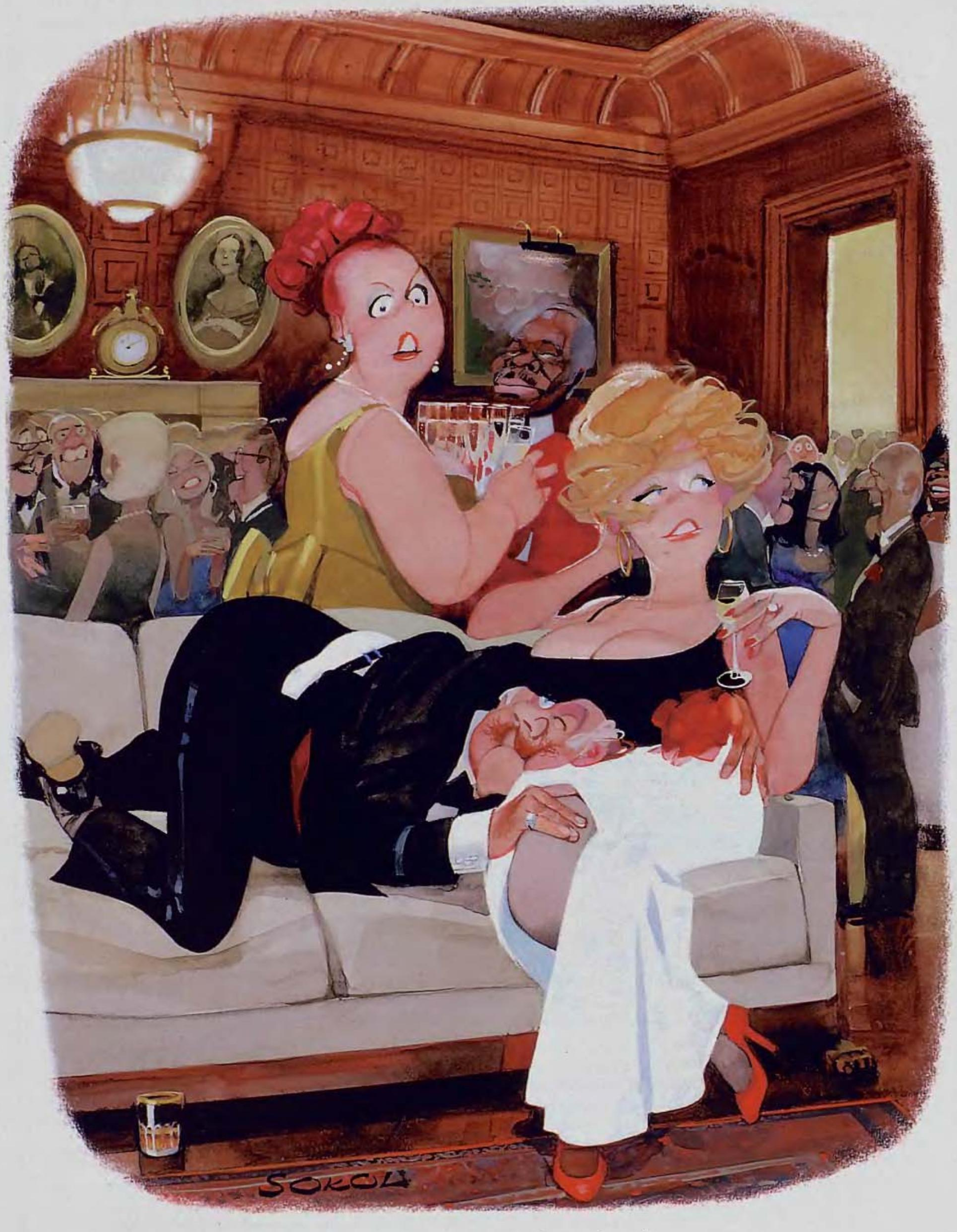
The first Super Bowl wasn't sexy. It wasn't even Super. Catchily called the American Football League–National Football League Championship Game, it was all anticlimax. Fans figured the big game had already happened: Green Bay over Dallas for the NFL title. Thus the national yawn greeting the Packers' January 1967 exhibition against the champs of the upstart AFL, guys called the Kansas City Chiefs.

Tickets went for six dollars. Pregame festivities featured the release of 4000 pigeons over the Los Angeles Coliseum, where there were 62,000 fans and 38,000 empty seats. With Starr starring and Lombardi cracking discipline's whip over his men's crewcut heads, Green Bay dismantled the Chiefs. Nobody was shocked when a Chiefs defender, trying to tackle a Packer, fell down unconscious.

After Bowl II, another Packer victory a year later, Chiefs owner Lamar Hunt had a brainstorm. His daughter had a Super Ball, a high-hopping fad toy of the day. "Let's call this thing the Super Bowl," Hunt said. Commissioner Pete Rozelle snickered, but the name stuck. The NFL, which would merge with the AFL in 1970, had a jazzy name for the game tens of fans loved. Now all the owners had to worry about was this horny hippie Joe Namath.

Namath was no conformist. The whip-armed New York Jets quarterback wore girlish white shoes. He talked back to coaches. He sported pantyhose in funny ads, even wore

(continued on page 164)

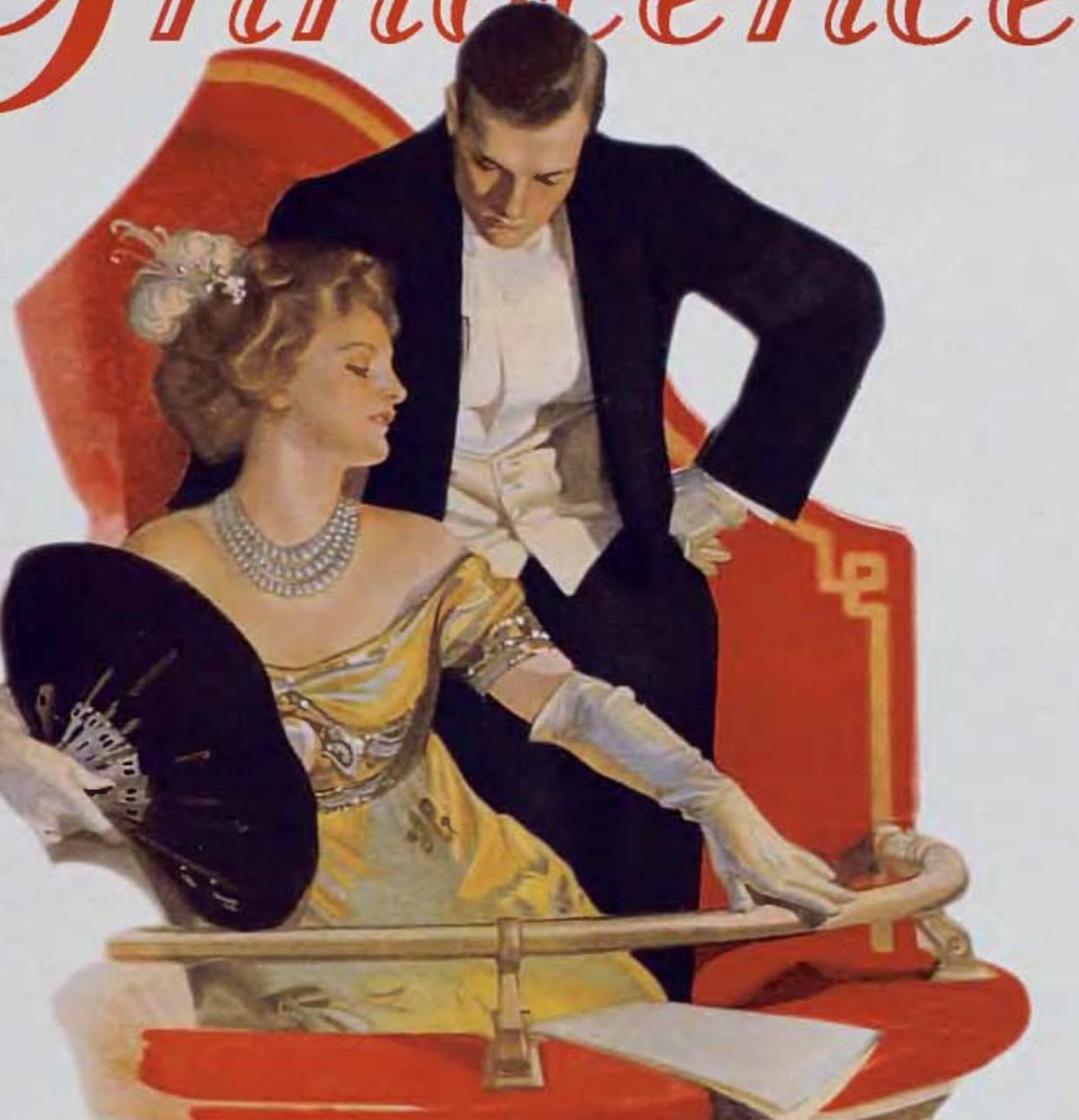


"Stanley! You've stopped mingling."

PLAYBOY'S HISTORY OF THE SEXUAL REVOLUTION

ARTICLE BY JAMES R. PETERSEN

The End of Innocence



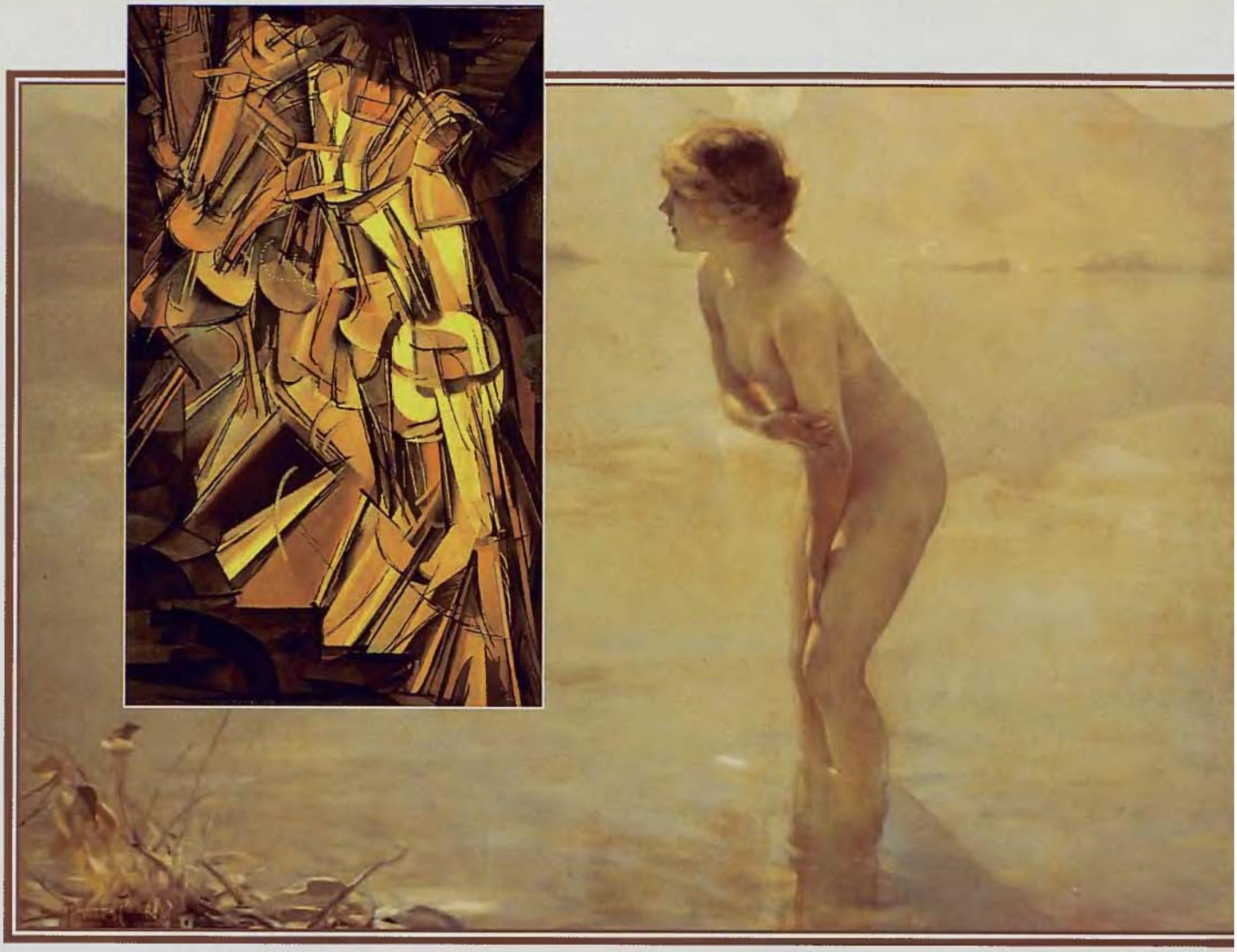
Artist J.C. Leyendecker captured the formal beauty of the social elite in ads for Arrow shirts (above). But a new American woman was emerging, catching the eye of the world.

PART II 1910—1919

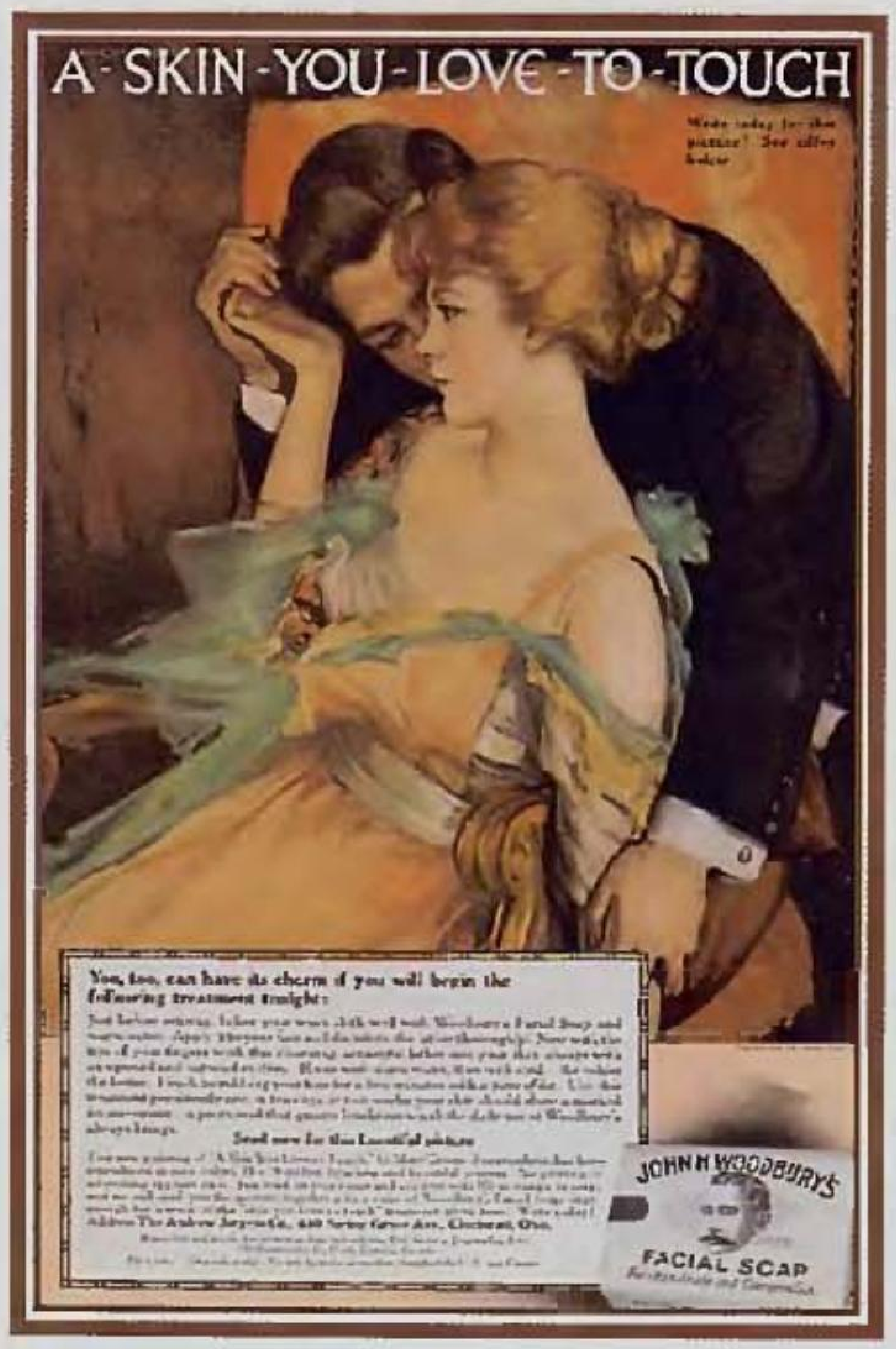
THEY ARE everywhere. Girls run to catch trolleys. Your stenographer is a looker, the telephone operator has a voice that haunts your dreams. The woman who sold you a ready-made suit is a vision. You walk past girls standing in line at the movie theater to see larger-than-life heroines: the Vitagraph Girl, the Biograph Girl, the World's Most Perfectly Formed Woman. And, if you have the price of admission, a late-night trip to Florenz Ziegfeld's Follies will allow you to feast your eyes on the Follies Girls—a band of impossibly plumaged dancers culled from more than 15,000 applicants, Darwinian selection at its finest, all effort focused on finding and glorifying the American woman.

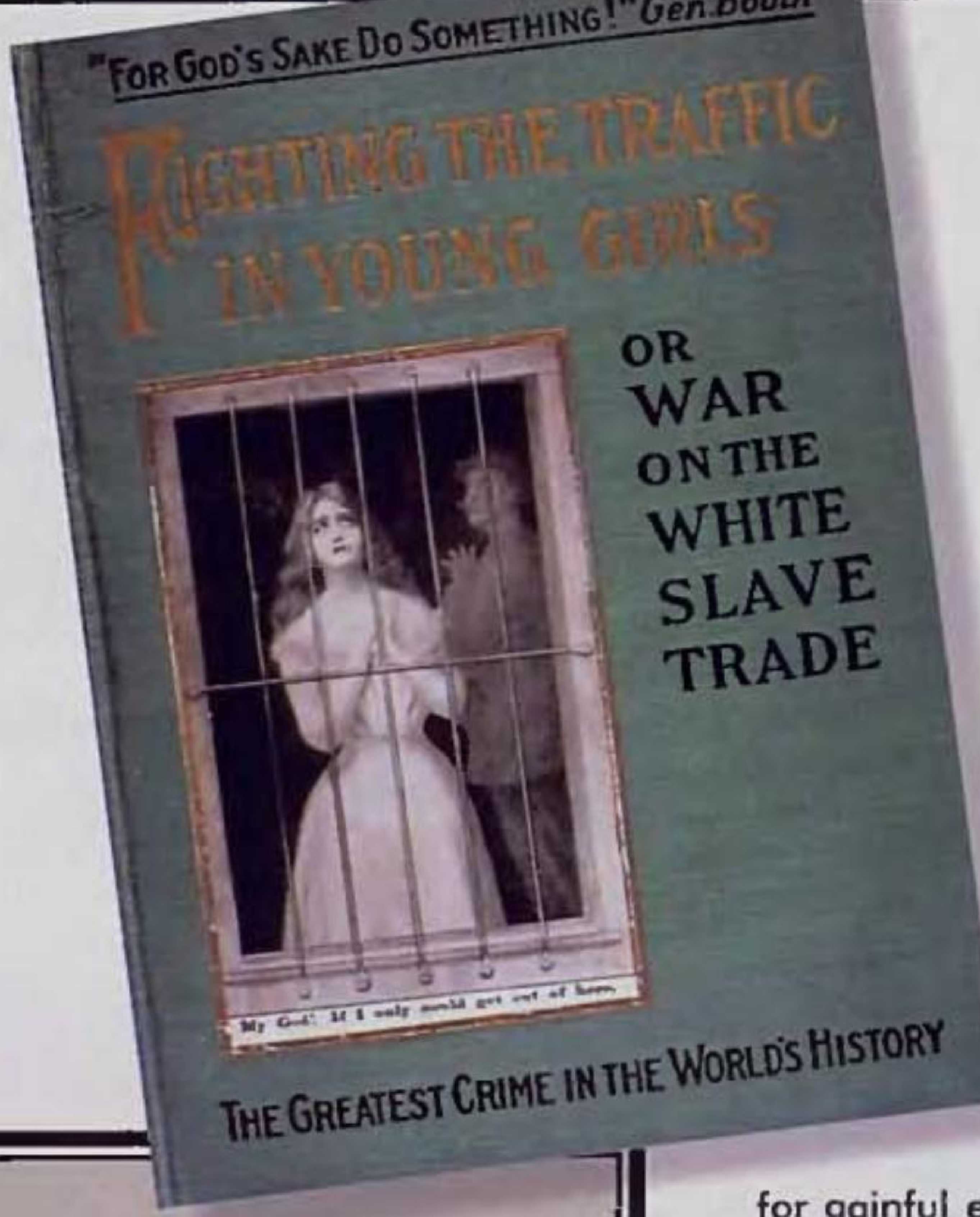
The Victorian world had been wearing blinders—now the erotic is everywhere. In a storefront window, a bold proprietor offers copies of the painting *September Morn*—in spite of vice crusader Anthony Comstock's

ILLUSTRATION BY WILSON MCLEAN



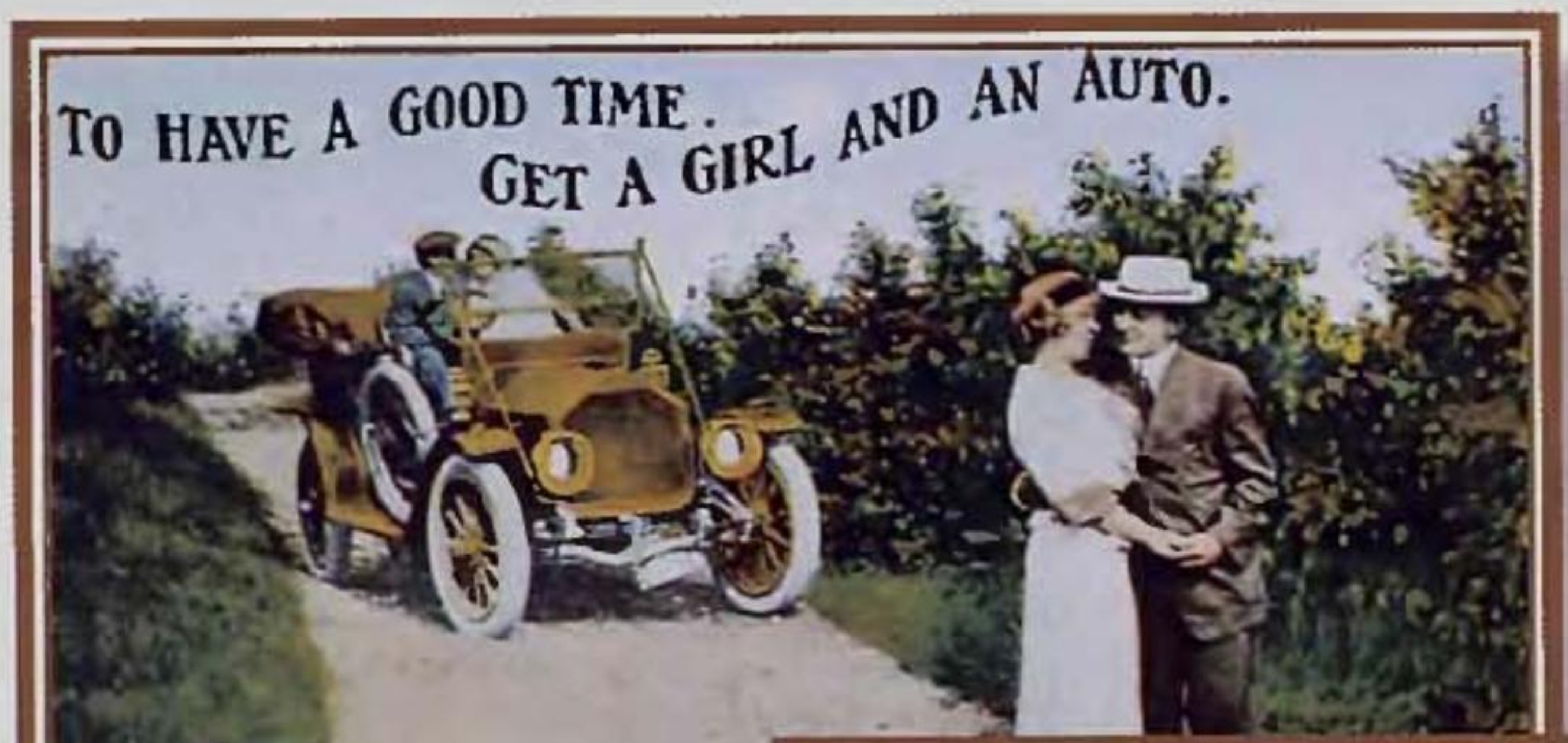
Marcel Duchamp's *Nude Descending a Staircase* (above left) was the talk of the 1913 Armory Show. That same year Anthony Comstock expressed displeasure at a reproduction of Paul Chabas' *September Morn* (above). Women's sexuality was in the open—whether it was an ad for Woodbury's soap (below left) or a publicity photo for Theda Bara's debut as a vamp, a sexual predator who feeds on men (below).

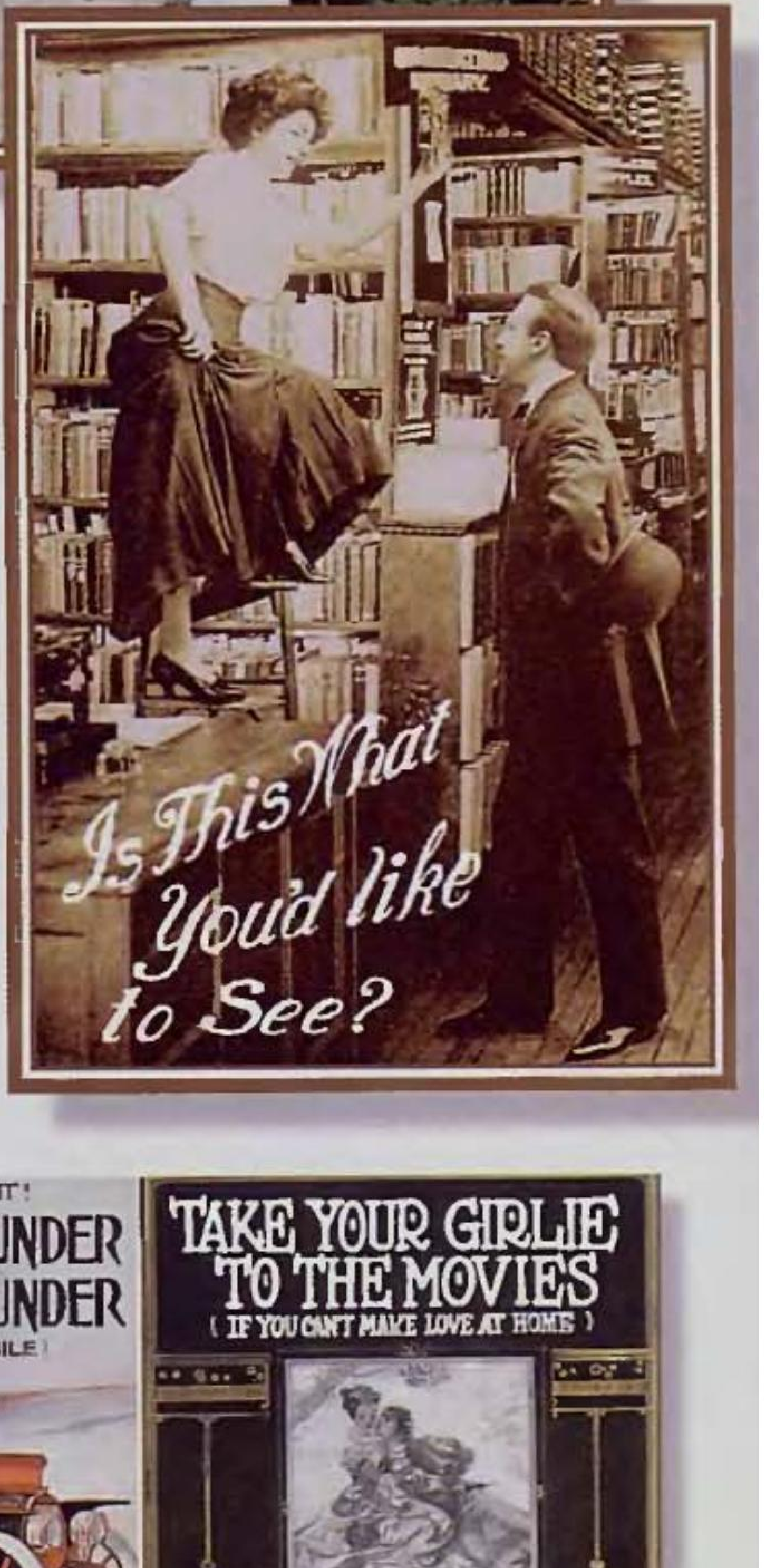

A-SKIN-YOU-LOVE-TO-TOUCH
You, too, can have its charm if you will begin the following treatment tonight:
Send now for this beautiful picture
JOHN H WOODBURY'S
FACIAL SOAP


"FOR GOD'S SAKE DO SOMETHING!" Gen. Booth
FIGHTING THE TRAFFIC IN YOUNG GIRLS
OR WAR ON THE WHITE SLAVE TRADE
My God! If I only could get out of here.
THE GREATEST CRIME IN THE WORLD'S HISTORY

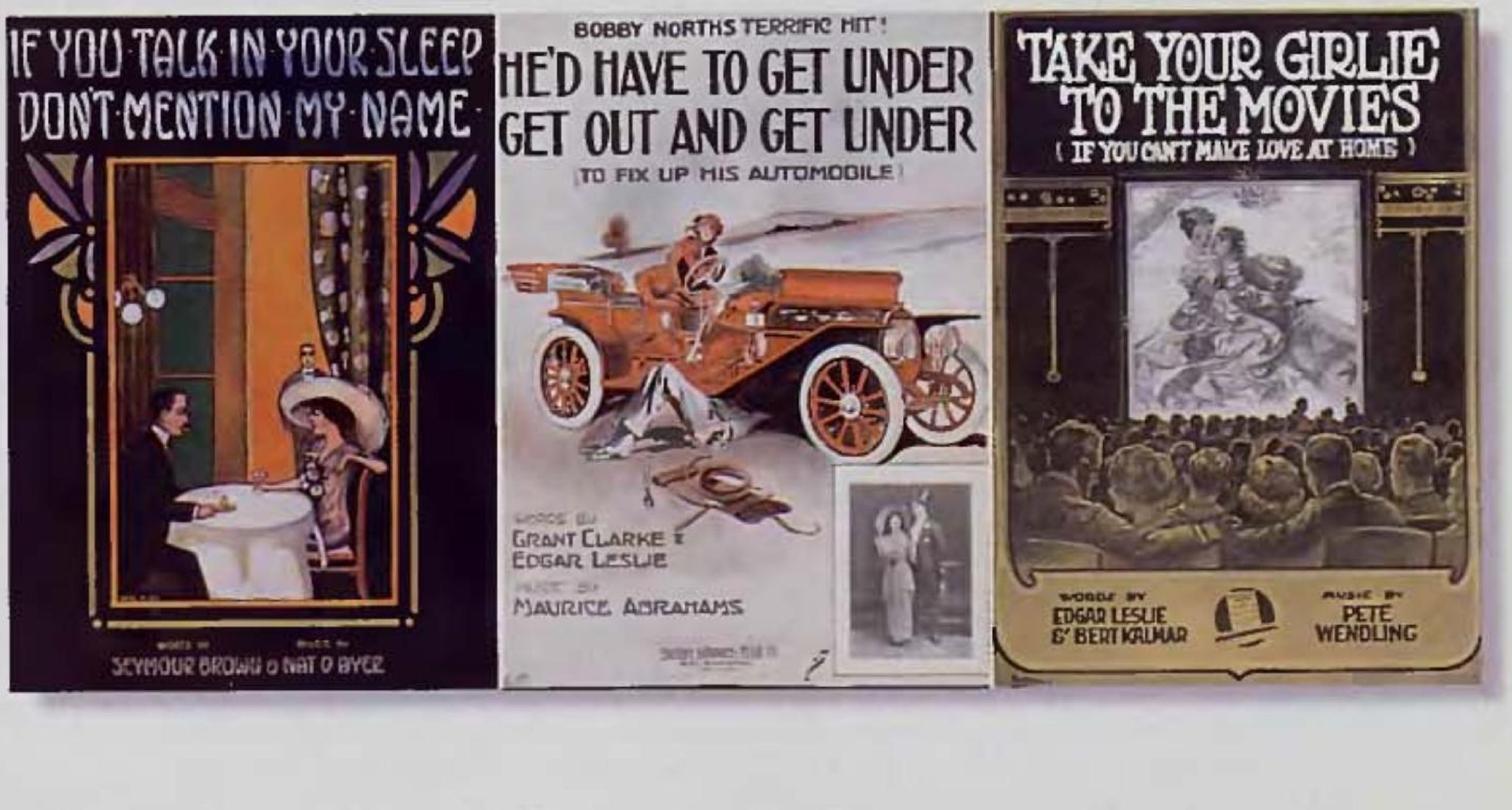
attempt to suppress the delightful nymph. Fresh-faced maidens appear in ads for White Rock soda, Ivory soap and the Packard automobile. There are eye-catching women on calendars, on magazine covers, on movie posters, on sheet music—millions of images flooding millions of homes. It is a world filled with appealing possibilities.

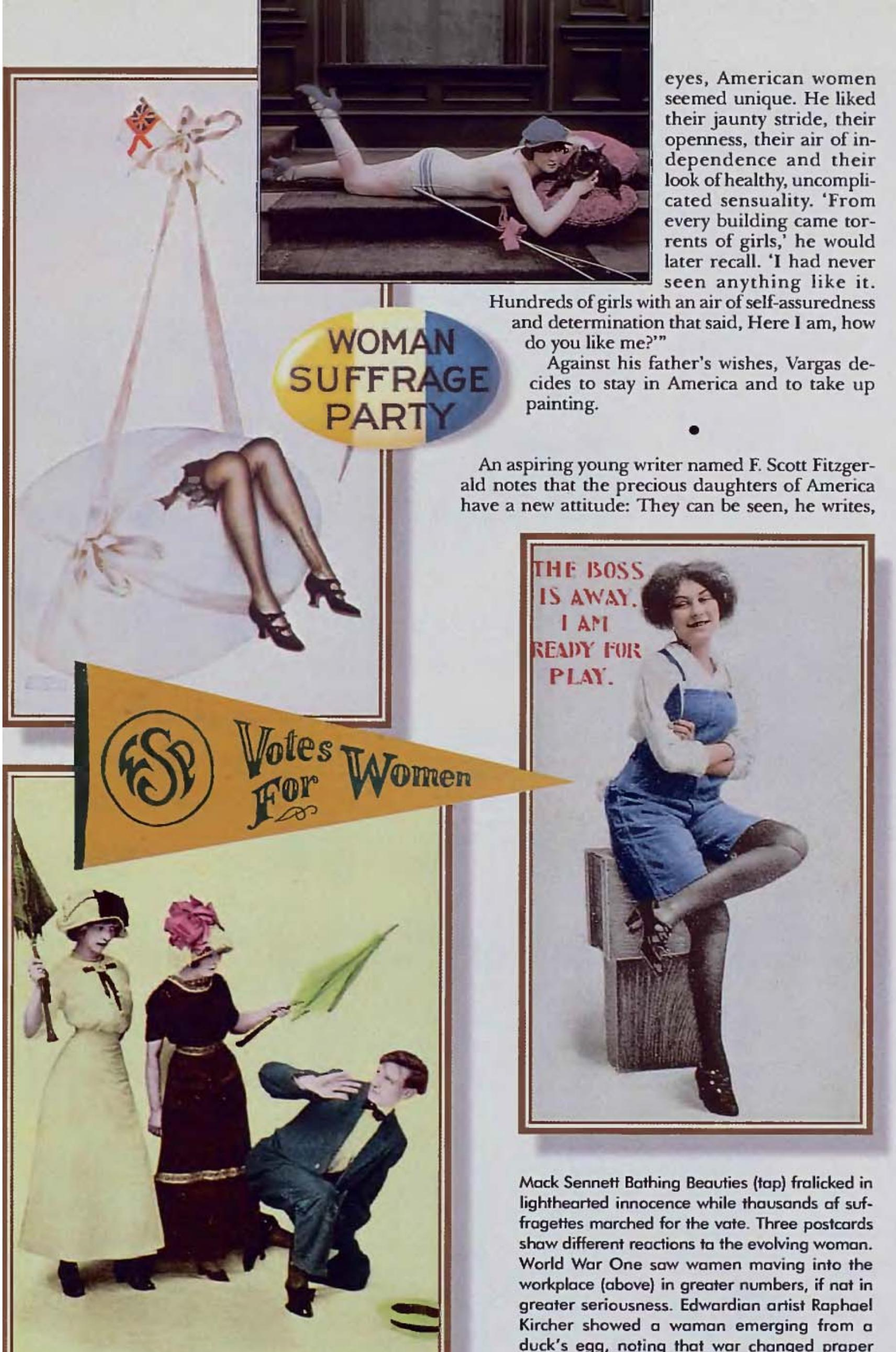
Upon arriving in New York, a young Peruvian artist named Alberto Vargas spends days walking the streets, "taking in the sights and sounds and all the electricity in the air." According to a biographer, "What excited him most were the American women. They were not shy and demure like the Latin women back home in Arequipa. They were not stolid and fleshy like the women in Geneva. They were not coy and coquettish like the women he had seen in Paris. No, to his


TO HAVE A GOOD TIME.
GET A GIRL AND AN AUTO.


Is This What you'd like to See?

The changing image of women produced a moral panic. Books on the white-slave trade (left) gave one picture of commercial sex. The intimate portraits of prostitutes in New Orleans' red-light district, Storyville, by E.J. Bellocq (upper left) offered a different view. Women were deserting the family home—for joyrides and escapades in automobiles, and for gainful employment in the city (postcards at right). Dating moved from the front porch to the backseat; sex staked out the lyrical high ground in songs of the day. Sheet music covers revealed the dangers of married adults having affairs, the downside of automobile courtship and the new location for romantic interludes (below, left to right).


IF YOU TALK IN YOUR SLEEP DON'T MENTION MY NAME
SEYMOUR BROWN & NAT D AYER
BOBBY NORTH'S TERRIFIC HIT!
HE'D HAVE TO GET UNDER GET OUT AND GET UNDER
(TO FIX UP HIS AUTOMOBILE)
WORDS BY GRANT CLARKE & EDGAR LESLIE
MUSIC BY MAURICE ABRAHAMS
TAKE YOUR GIRLIE TO THE MOVIES
(IF YOU CAN'T MAKE LOVE AT HOME)
WORDS BY EDGAR LESLIE & BERT KALMAR
MUSIC BY PETE WENDLING


WOMAN
SUFFRAGE
PARTY
ESP
Votes For Women
THE BOSS IS AWAY. I AM READY FOR PLAY.
WHEN WOMEN GET THEIR RIGHTS

eyes, American women seemed unique. He liked their jaunty stride, their openness, their air of independence and their look of healthy, uncomplicated sensuality. 'From every building came torrents of girls,' he would later recall. 'I had never seen anything like it. Hundreds of girls with an air of self-assuredness and determination that said, Here I am, how do you like me?'"

Against his father's wishes, Vargas decides to stay in America and to take up painting.

•

An aspiring young writer named F. Scott Fitzgerald notes that the precious daughters of America have a new attitude: They can be seen, he writes,

Mack Sennett Bathing Beauties (top) frolicked in lighthearted innocence while thousands of suffragettes marched for the vote. Three postcards show different reactions to the evolving woman. World War One saw women moving into the workplace (above) in greater numbers, if not in greater seriousness. Edwardian artist Raphael Kircher showed a woman emerging from a duck's egg, noting that war changed proper women into patriots willing to play for the moment. Others feared that the prudish matrons of the Women's Christian Temperance Union (left) would end mankind's fun for all time. But the war had an unexpected consequence, exposing men to distinctly European views of pleasure and distinctly American lectures on sexual peril (right).

ILLUSTRATION BY TIM O'BRIEN

RUE DE RIVOLI
HOTEL DE L
WILL YOU BE A FREE MAN OR CHAINED
VENEREAL DISEASE

"eating three-o'clock after-dance suppers in impossible cafés, talking of every side of life with an air half of earnestness, half of mockery, yet with a furtive excitement." Mostly they talk about sex. The conspiracy of silence is shattered. The editors of *Current Opinion* declare in August 1913 that it is "sex o'clock" in America:

"A wave of sex hysteria and sex discussion seems to have invaded this country. Our former reticence on matters of sex is giving way to a frankness that would startle even Paris."

Another writer, describing coming of age in this era, will remember fondly that "young women all over the country were reading Freud and attempting to lose their inhibitions." Young men dream of working in New York, of taking one of these new creatures as a mistress.

Emancipated women are the topic of the day. As women shed their shackles, will they become more like men? Equality means more than access to power; it means access to pleasure. Will women demand the right to sow their own wild oats?

There are women in the streets by the thousands, suffragettes marching for the right to vote. There are women on soapboxes, women walking shoulder-to-shoulder with labor leaders, women in picket lines, women publishing literary magazines and anarchist manifestos.

Until this decade it had been a man's world. Now, the New Woman has arrived. The dance begins.

THE DEVIL'S DANCEHALL

In the heart of the city is a dancehall. Young men and women swirl through the tango, the hesitation waltz and "animal dances" such as the turkey trot, the grizzly bear, the monkey glide and the bunny hug. The dancehalls make visible the erotic, while the band plays *Everybody's Doin' It Now*.

When Irving Berlin pens a syncopated dance tune called *Alexander's Ragtime Band*, more than 1 million copies of the sheet music are sold within the year. The rhythms that filled the brothels of New Orleans have become a part of mainstream America.

"These dances," opines one journalist, "are a reversion to the grossest practices of savage man. They are based on the primitive motive of orgies enjoyed by the aboriginal inhabitants of every uncivilized land."

●

Consider this description by a former dance master converted to Christianity. In *From the Ballroom to Hell*, Tom Faulkner writes:

> It is her first experience in the arms of a strange man, with his limbs and body pressed to hers, and in her natural modesty, she shrinks from so familiar a touch. It brings a bright flush of indignation to her cheek as she thinks, What an unladylike and indecent position to assume with a man who, but a few hours before, was an utter stranger. . . . Thus accepting the situation she yields her body to those sex excitements caused by movements so artfully executed by the well-trained dancer in these arts. She soon learns the secret, the charm, the cause and craze, experiencing sex awakening for the first time. Becoming abnormally developed in her lower nature, she is now started on the very high seas of the mad whirl of physical desire.

She will soon meet her ruin, after the last waltz:

> Let us look at the fair young girl once more—close in the embrace of the Apollo of the evening. With head resting on his shoulder, face upturned to his, her bare arms around his neck—with partly nude swelling breasts heaving tumultuously against his, face-to-face they glide, their limbs interwoven, with his strong right arm around her yielding form he presses her to him until every curve in the contour of her body thrills with amorous contact.

After the dance:

> The girl, whose blood is hot from the exertion and whose every carnal sense is aroused and aflame by the repetition of such scenes as we have witnessed, is led to the ever-waiting automobile, where she sinks exhausted on the cushioned seat. Now is his golden opportunity. He must not miss it and he does not, and that beautiful girl who entered the dancing school as pure and innocent as an angel three months ago returns to her home that night robbed of that most precious jewel of womanhood—virtue!

The dance craze, which began at the end of the previous decade, has its own celebrities. Vernon and Irene Castle—known for their elegant sensuality—change the way America moves, the way it dresses. Gone forever are the bustle and the corset. Theirs is a world of silk.

Something this fun, this frenzied, would inevitably attract the attention of puritan politicians and reformers.

In 1916 the Illinois Senate Vice Committee holds hearings on the dangers of dancehalls. After questioning the female partner of a dance team, and having his offer of protection turned down, Chairman O'Hara tries to get at the root of evil:

"Now, as a matter of fact, don't you wrap yourself up with this young woman almost as though you were one and glide together?"

"At times we do, but only at certain parts of our dancing. We have done certain things, but I do not consider that they are bad, because I object to anything that is licentious. I don't approve of it. I am a dancing teacher myself, and I don't see any good in indecent dancing."

Then the committee calls a witness, a teacher of art named Maude Josaphare:

"Describe the dances you saw."

"The third dance was what I should call the tango. It was danced with a man. I have seen one there in the slums in New York. In the modern tango the man picks the girl up and throws her around, bends over to the floor that way, rests his arms on her arms and his head on her shoulder and vice versa."

"Is it art or suggestive?"

"I don't think there is any art in that. I think it is very suggestive, the kind of suggestiveness that may confuse in the mind of a young girl."

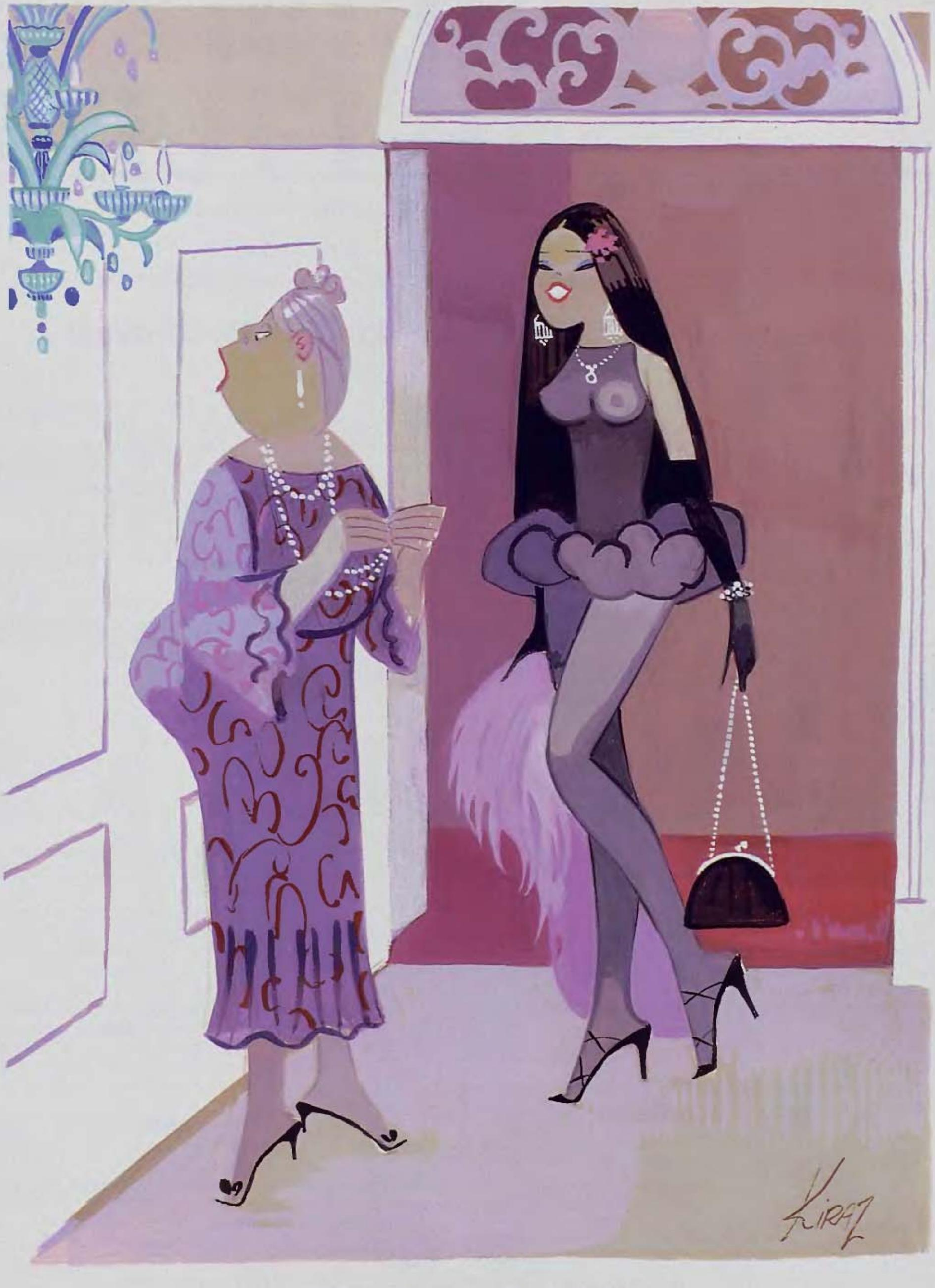
THE POLITICS OF PRUDERY

The Illinois Senate Vice Committee was not an isolated example of political lunacy. Investigators spent hours delving into the meaning of song lyrics (a ditty called *All Night Long* presented an unusual threat) or the nature of costumes worn in a harem dance because these were of great concern to the sons and daughters of our Puritan forefathers. The New Woman challenged the old order, the great design of puritan America.

Fifteen years earlier a minister had summed up the optimistic mood of the U.S.: "Laws are becoming more just, rulers humane; music is becoming sweeter and books wiser; homes are happier and the individual heart becoming at once more just and more gentle. For today, art, industry, invention, literature, learning and government—all these are captives marching in Christ's triumphant procession up the hill of fame."

Now the vision was coming apart. The old order rallied its forces. An obsession with vice created a coalition of women's groups and male reformers. Both believed that a woman's place was in the home, that purity was a virtue,

(continued on page 104)



"Did you ring up a call girl, dear?"

AN OFFICE ROMANCE

can love blossom in the cool, impersonal office of the future? only if you believe in programming glitches—and the easter bunny

fiction By TERRY BISSON

THE FIRST time Ken678 saw Mary97, he was in Municipal Real Estate, queued for a pickup for Closings. She stood two spaces in front of him: blue skirt, orange tie, slightly convex white blouse, like every other female icon. He didn't know she was a Mary; he couldn't see which face she had. But she held her Folder in both hands, as old-timers often did, and when the queue scrolled forward he saw her fingernails.

They were red.

Just then the queue flickered and scrolled again, and she was gone. Ken was intrigued, but he promptly forgot about her. It was a busy time of year, and he was running like crazy from Call to Task. Later that week he saw her again, paused at an open Window in the Corridor between Copy and Send. He slowed as he passed her, by turning his Folder sideways—a trick he had learned. There were those red fingernails again. It was curious.

Fingernails were not on the Option Menu.

Red was not on the Color Menu, either.

•

Ken used the weekend to visit his mother at the Home. It was her birthday or anniversary or something like that. Ken hated weekends. He had grown used to his Ken face and felt uncomfortable without it. He hated his old name, which his mother insisted on calling him. He hated how grim and terrifying things were outside. To avoid panic he closed his eyes and hummed—out here, he could do both—trying to simulate the peaceful hum of the Office.

But there is no substitute for the real thing, and Ken didn't relax until the week restarted and he was back inside. He loved the soft electron buzz of the search engines, the busy streaming icons, the dull butter shine of the Corridors, the shimmering Windows with their relaxing scenes of the exvironment. He loved his life and he loved his work.

That was the week he met Mary—or rather, she met him.

•

Ken678 had just retrieved a Folder of documents from Search and was taking it to Print. He could see by the blur of icons ahead that there was going to be a long queue at the Bus leaving Commercial, so he paused in the Corridor; waitstates were encouraged in high traffic zones.

He opened a Window by resting his Folder on the sill. There was no air, of course, but there was a nice view. The scene was the same in every Window in Microserf Office 6.9: cobblestones and quiet cafés and chestnut trees in bloom. April in Paris.

Ken heard a voice.

<Beautiful, isn't it?>

<What?> he said, confused. Two icons couldn't open the same Window, and yet there she was beside him. Red fingernails and all.

<April in Paris,> she said.

<I know. But how——>

<A little trick I learned.> She pointed to her Folder, stacked on top of his, flush right.

<——did you do that?> he finished because it was in his buffer. She had the Mary face, which, it so happened, was his favorite. And the red fingernails.

<When they are flush right the Window reads us as one icon,> she said.

<Probably reads only the right edge,> Ken said. <Neat.>

<The name's Mary,> she said. <Mary97.>

<Ken678.>

<You slowed when you passed me last week, Ken. Neat trick, too. I figure that made you almost worth an intro. Most of the workaholics here in City Hall are pretty unsociable.>

Ken showed her his Folder trick even though she seemed to know it already.

<How long have you been at City?> he asked.

<Too long.>

<How come I have never seen you before?>

<Maybe you saw me but didn't notice me,> she said. She held up a hand with red fingernails. <I didn't always have these.>

<Where'd you get them?>

<It's a secret.>

<They're pretty neat,> Ken said.

<Is that pretty or neat?>

<Both.>

<Are you flirting with me?> she asked, smiling that Mary smile.

Ken tried to think of an answer, but he was too slow. Her Folder was blinking, a waitstate interrupt, and she was gone.

•

A few cycles later in the week he saw her again, paused at an open Window in the Corridor between Copy and Verify. He slid his Folder over hers, flush right, and he was standing beside her, looking out into April in Paris.

<You learn fast,> she said.

<I have a good teacher,> he said. Then he said what he had been rehearsing over and over: <And what if I was?>

<Was what?>

<Flirting.>

<That would be OK,> she said, smiling the Mary smile.

Ken678 wished for the first time that the Ken face had a smile. His Folder was flickering, but he didn't want to leave yet. <How long have you been at City?> he asked again.

<Forever,> she said. She was exaggerating, of course, but in a sense it was true. She told Ken she had been at City Hall when Microserf Office 6.9 was installed. <Before Office, records were stored in a basement, in metal drawers, and accessed by hand. I helped put it all on disk. Data entry, it was called.>

<Entry?>

<This was before the neural interface. We sat *outside* and reached in through a Keyboard and looked in through a sort of window that they called a Monitor. There was nobody *in* Office. Just pictures of files and stuff. There was no April in Paris, of course. That was added later to prevent claustrophobia.>

Ken678 calculated in his head. How old did that make Mary—55? 60? It

ILLUSTRATION BY STEVEN GUARNACCIA

didn't matter. All icons are young, and all females are beautiful.

•

Ken had never had a friend before, in or out of the Office. Much less a girlfriend. He found himself hurrying his Calls and Tasks so he could cruise the Corridors looking for Mary97. He could usually find her at an open Window, gazing at the cobblestones and the little cafés, the blooming chestnut trees. Mary loved April in Paris. <It's so romantic there,> she said. <Can't you just imagine yourself walking down the boulevard?>

<I guess,> Ken said. But in fact he couldn't. He didn't like to imagine things. He preferred real life, or at least Microserf Office 6.9. He loved standing at the Window beside her, listening to her soft Mary voice, answering in his deep Ken voice.

<How did you get here?> she asked. Ken told her he had been hired as a temp, transporting scanned-in midcentury documents up the long stairway from Archives to Active.

<My name wasn't Ken then, of course,> he said. <All the temp icons wore gray, male and female alike. We were neural-interfaced through helmets instead of earrings. None of the regular Office workers spoke to us, or even noticed us. We worked 14-, 15-cycle days.>

<And you loved it,> Mary said.

<I loved it,> Ken admitted. <I found what I was looking for. I loved being inside.> And he told her how wonderful and strange it had felt, at first, to be an icon; to see himself as he walked around, as if he were both inside and outside his own body.

<Of course, it seems normal now,> he said.

<It is,> Mary said. And she smiled that Mary smile.

•

Several weeks passed before Ken got up the courage to make what he thought of as "his move."

They were at the Window where he had first spoken with her, in the Corridor between Copy and Verify. Her hand was resting on the sill, red fingernails shimmering, and he put his hand exactly over it. Even though he couldn't actually feel it, it felt good.

He was afraid she would move her hand, but instead she smiled that Mary smile and said, <I didn't think you were ever going to do that.>

<I've been wanting to since I first saw you,> he said.

She moved her fingers under his. It almost tingled. <Want to see what makes them red?>

<You mean your secret?>

<It'll be our secret. You know the Browser between Deeds and Taxes? Meet me there in three cycles.>

•

The Browser was a circular connector with no Windows. Ken met Mary at Select All and followed her toward Insert, where the doors got smaller and closer together.

<Ever hear of an Easter Egg?> she asked.

<Sure,> Ken said. <A programmer's surprise that is hidden in the software. An unauthorized subroutine that's not in the manual. Sometimes humorous or even obscene. Easter Eggs are routinely——>

<You're just repeating what you learned in Orientation,> Mary said.

<——found and cleared from commercial software by background Debuggers and Optimizers.> Ken finished because it was already in his buffer.

<But that's OK,> she said. <Here we are.>

Mary97 led him into a small Windowless room. There was nothing in it but a tiny, heart-shaped table.

<This room was erased but never overwritten,> Mary said. <The Optimizer must have missed it. That's why the Easter Egg is still here. I discovered it by accident.>

On the table were three playing cards. Two were facedown and one was faceup: the ten of diamonds.

<Ready?> Without waiting for Ken's answer, Mary turned the ten of diamonds facedown. Her fingernails were no longer red.

<Now you try it,> she said.

Ken backed away.

<Don't get nervous. This card does not do anything; it just changes the Option. Go ahead!>

Reluctantly, Ken turned up the ten of diamonds.

Mary's fingernails were red again. Nothing happened to his own.

<That first card works just for girls,> Mary said.

<Neat,> Ken said, relaxing a little.

<There's plenty more,> Mary said. <Ready?>

<I guess.>

Mary turned up the second card. It was the queen of hearts. As soon as she turned it up, Ken heard a *clippety-clop*, and a Window opened in the Windowless room.

In the Window it was April in Paris.

Ken saw a gray horse coming straight down the center of the boulevard. It wore no harness, but its tail and mane were bobbed. Its enormous red penis was almost dragging the cobblestones.

<See the horse?> Mary97 said. She was standing beside Ken at the Window. Her convex white blouse and orange tie both were gone. She was wearing a red lace brassiere. The sheer cups were full. The narrow straps were taut. The tops of her plump breasts were round and bright as moons.

Ken678 couldn't move or speak. It was terrifying and wonderful at the same time. Mary's hands were behind her back, unfastening her brassiere. There! But just as the cups started to fall away from her breasts, a whistle blew.

The horse had stopped in the middle of the boulevard. A gendarme was running toward it, waving a stick.

The Window closed. Mary97 was standing at the table, wearing her convex white blouse and orange tie again. Only the ten of diamonds was faceup.

<You turned the card down too soon,> Ken said. He had wanted to see her nipples.

<The queen turns herself down,> Mary said. <An Easter Egg is a closed algorithm. Runs itself once it gets started. Did you like it? And don't say you guess.>

She smiled that Mary smile and Ken tried to think of what to say. But both their Folders were blinking, waitstate interrupts, and she was gone.

•

Ken found her a couple cycles later at their usual meeting place, at the open Window in the Corridor between Copy and Verify.

<Like it?> he said. <I loved it.>

<Are you flirting with me?> Mary97 asked.

<What if I am?> he said, and the familiar words were almost as good as a smile.

<Then come with me.>

•

Ken678 followed Mary97 to the Browser twice more that week. Each time was the same; each time was perfect. As soon as Mary turned over the queen of hearts, Ken heard a *clippety-clop*. A Window opened in the Windowless room and there was the horse again, coming down the boulevard, its enormous penis almost dragging the cobblestones. Mary97's ripe, round, perfect breasts were spilling over the top of her red lace brassiere as she said, <See the horse?> and reached behind her back, unfastening——

Unfastening her bra! And just as the cups started to fall away, just as Ken678 was about to see her nipples, a gendarme's whistle blew and Mary97 was wearing the white blouse again and the orange tie. The Window was closed, the queen of hearts facedown.

(continued on page 158)

THE WAY YOU WEAR YOUR HAT

snap the brim and button up. fedoras and overcoats are back in style

ARTICLE BY MICHAEL WALSH

Brrrrr! The weather outside may be frightful, but there was a time not so long ago when the average guy wouldn't have cared a fig. Just take a look at any photograph taken between 1920 and 1945, or watch any movie from the period, and check out the fellows. Resplendent in their tailored double-breasted suits, elegant mohair overcoats and wool mufflers and topped by the pièces de résistance, glorious Borsalinos, they were ready for anything, come rain or come shine. Whether strolling down the street, taking in a ball game or just sitting in a bar, no self-respecting man would have been caught dead without his hat. It may have been Fifth Avenue, Soldier Field or some nameless drinking establishment on Short Vincent in Cleveland, but the men would not have looked out of place at the Stork Club, the Brown Derby or Carnegie

(text concluded on page 84)

Right: That's not Sinatra's famous hat in the spotlight. It's a classic fedora with a grosgrain band, by Makins ($165).

PHOTOGRAPHY BY CHUCK BAKER

FASHION BY HOLLIS WAYNE

HATS & COATS

Your father's fedora and overcoat never looked this snappy. Here we've teamed an angora double-breasted polo coat by Agnona featuring a half belt and flap-patched pockets ($895) with a narrow-banded fedora by Makins ($165); plus a wool minicheck single-breasted sports jacket ($395) and an iridescent silk tie ($45), both by Perry Ellis. The striped cotton shirt is by Boss Hugo Boss ($90). (Her dress is by Calvin Klein.)

The wrap coat is a roomy style with a belt that's tied rather than buckled. We like the double-breasted version shown here in a blend of alpaca, cashmere and camel hair, by Ermenegildo Zegna ($2300), worn with another fedora by Makins ($165). Under the wrap coat is a pointed-collar shirt ($95) and a silk tie ($90), both by Boss Hugo Boss. (Her dress is by Elizabeth Fillmore and her hat is by Eric Javitz.)

Balmacaan coats are always single-breasted and cut full with raglan sleeves. This textured-wool fly-front style by Allegri ($850) is layered over a wool sports jacket ($395) and a striped cotton shirt with a snap-down collar ($90), both by Perry Ellis. The iridescent silk tie is by Joseph Abboud ($80). The fedora is by Worth & Worth ($160). (Her dress is by Elizabeth Fillmore and her shoes are by Walter Steiger.)

The British warmer is traditionally double-breasted with flap pockets. It's often camel-colored—this winter's hot hue. Pictured here: Luciano Barbera's six-button (two-to-button) model ($2850), plus a fedora by Worth & Worth ($160). Underneath is a three-piece flannel suit from Baldessarini Hugo Boss ($1300), a corduroy shirt by Emporio Armani ($240) and a silk tie by Etro ($85). (Her dress is by Elizabeth Fillmore.)

WOMEN'S STYLING BY LISA VON WEISE
FOR MAREK & ASSOCIATES
HAIR AND MAKEUP BY GARETH GREEN
FOR ZOLI ILLUSIONS

WHERE & HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 169.

Hall. Those were the days.

What's missing from the picture, of course, are the beer-fueled, backward-baseball-cap-wearing, obscenity-spewing masses that throng our public places today. Sure, the tightly buttoned suits and the full-length overcoats stand out—what an improvement on the polyester windbreakers worn over the polo shirts and Sansabelt slacks that pollute our byways now—but what really stand out are the chapeaus. Whether with fedoras, homburgs or simple cloth caps, the male noggin was both sheltered from the elements and adorned with a handsome article of clothing that framed the face and gave it character. And that, my friends, is something sadly lacking in our sartorially challenged, dress-down-Friday society today. We have become a nation of slobs, and proud of it.

During America's golden age of fashion—roughly, the period between the two World Wars—a man took as much care in his appearance as a woman did in hers. A hat was as much a part of his wardrobe as a shirt or trousers, and a well-dressed man would no more venture outdoors without a hat than he would without his pants.

In the good old days, a man wore his hat practically every moment he was in public: leaving home, on the street, in the car, on the subway, into the office building, in the elevator and right into his private office. Only then did a fellow lift his lid, hanging it on a peg or laying it carefully on a flat surface upside down, so the brim would not get warped. Generally, you wore your hat with the brim pulled down low and cocked slightly to the left or to the right. When relaxing with a couple of stiff ones, it was permissible to push the hat higher on your forehead, imparting a more casual air. Unless ladies were present, men wore their hats while drinking in bars and playing in pool halls. Restaurants were another matter, of course, and a gentleman always tipped his hat to a lady when meeting on the street or removed it altogether in the privacy of her boudoir. The basic rule: You kept your hat on nearly as long as you did your pants.

There's also the undeniable frisson one gets when dressed to kill. The big shots of the Twenties and Thirties—Al Capone, Lucky Luciano, Meyer Lansky—wore hats to ornament their double-breasted or three-piece suits, the only kind a decently attired man should sport. One of the most celebrated hats in history belonged to one of Dutch Schultz' gunmen, who was shot at the Palace Chop House in Newark, New Jersey in 1935. In a photo taken immediately after the hit, the mortally wounded gunman is slumped in a chair, his forehead resting on a bloodstained tablecloth. His hat has come off and is perched straight up between his head and a water glass. That was one tough hat.

It's my theory that one of the reasons hats began to disappear was the stylistic devolution from the wide-brimmed fedoras and Borsalinos of the Thirties and Forties to the narrower-brimmed hats of the Fifties that culminated in the ugly porkpie (think of Gene Hackman in *The French Connection*). It was left to John F. Kennedy to deal the once-proud American hat a mercy killing when he stood on the snowy steps of the Capitol and took the oath of office with his hair blowing in the wind. His youth and vigor contrasted mightily with the tired, hatted old men—Ike, poet Robert Frost and Chief Justice Earl Warren—who surrounded him. Maybe Rose never told her son he'd catch cold if he went out in the winter without his hat, but it didn't matter: A star—and a style—was born.

It's easy now to deride the archetypal IBM organization man in his gray flannel suit, standard-issue white shirt and *Father Knows Best* fedora as a hopeless, uptight suburban square. But Robert Young is not our ideal here; far better to take those twin symbols of rugged sophistication, Humphrey Bogart and Jimmy Cagney, as role models. Pulling on a double whiskey and packing heat, Bogey and Jimmy defined elegant virility. In movies such as *The Maltese Falcon*, *The Big Sleep*, *The Roaring Twenties*, *White Heat*, *Public Enemy* and *Angels With Dirty Faces*, they not only showed us how to act and how to dress but also how to act while dressed.

Take the scene in *The Big Sleep* where Bogey, as private dick Philip Marlowe, gets beaten up in an alley by a couple of thugs. One of the bad guys takes off Bogey's hat and then punches him through it so he won't hurt his hand. A man capable of such callous indifference to a fine piece of fur felt is capable of any outrage. Luckily, Elisha Cook Jr. is lurking nearby and helps Bogey to his feet. Bogart is still smarting from a punch in the nose and a couple of shots to the kidneys, but his first words are not about his physical condition. Instead they are: "Get my hat." Bogart puts his hat back on, straightens his tie, dusts himself off and goes to get a drink, which is the only medical attention he requires.

A hat is at once a measure of a man's worth (a well-made beaver-and-rabbit-fur hat will run you $150 to $200) and an indication of how he assesses himself. Worn with a suit of comparable quality—never with a sports coat or jeans—a hat completes an ensemble and signals the world to beware: A man worthy of respect is on his way. Walk into any fine restaurant appropriately attired and watch the maître d' snap to attention. On the street, men will envy your self-confidence.

A hat is also an indispensable prop in the wooing of a woman. It gets you immediate attention when you walk into a bar, for you are likely to be the only properly dressed gentleman in the place. A man in a hat will never hear the bartender snicker when he takes an order for a double Glenmorangie 16-year-old straight up, and a lady can only beam in admiration as you nonchalantly toss it back and order a refill for both of you. And what could be sexier, once the necessary amenities have been observed, than a beautiful lady wearing your hat, and nothing else? Try that with a White Sox cap.

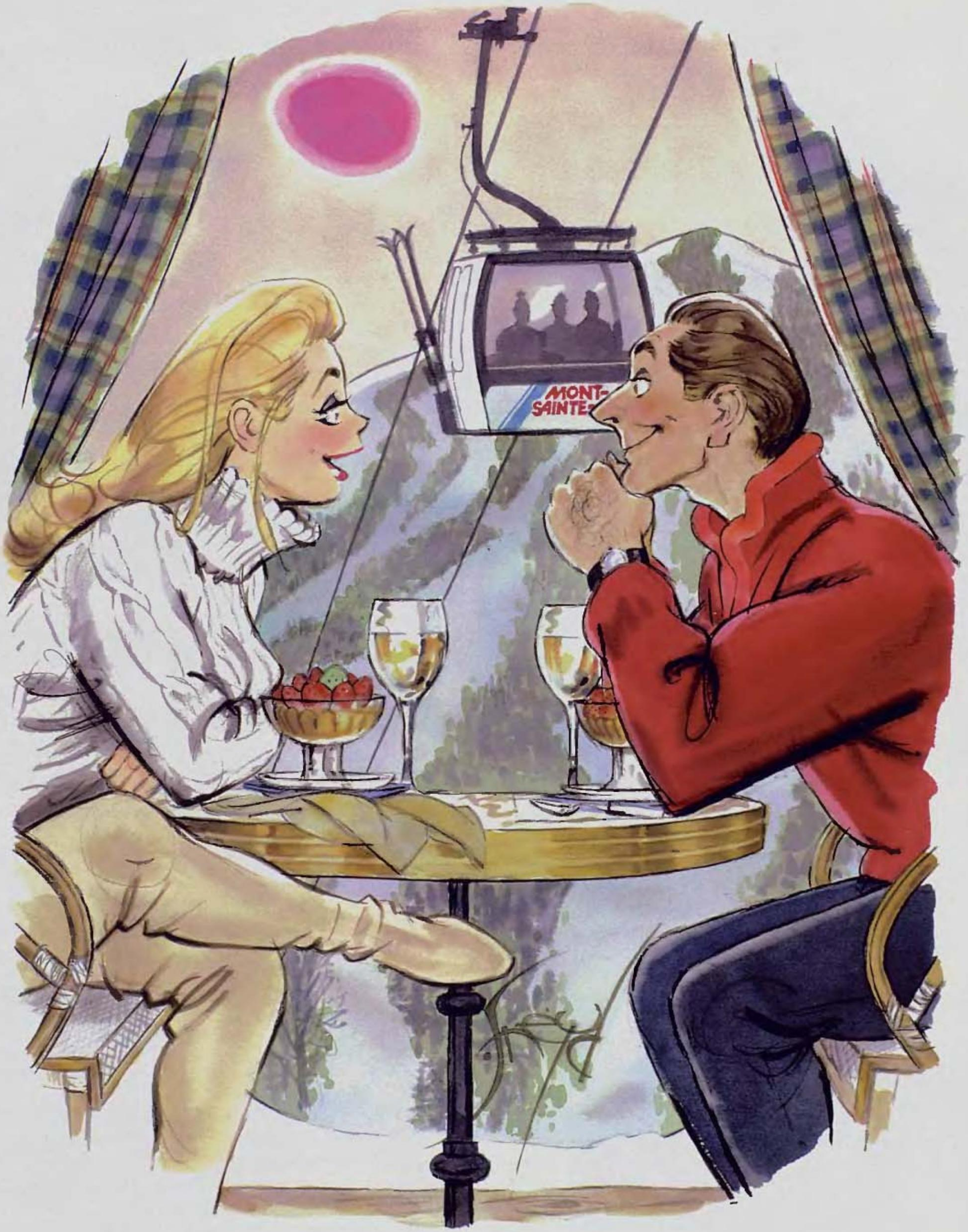
Haberdashers report that the hat has been making a small comeback ever since Harrison Ford cracked his whip in *Raiders of the Lost Ark*. But it's still hard to find the genuine article, even in the best department stores. I have mine custom-made at Paul's Hat Works in San Francisco. If enough of us demand them, decent hats will be back soon enough.

"A hat has the effect of making the human head a kind of residence," writes essayist Lance Morrow. "It gives the brain a dome and porch roof, and a strange little portable sense of place. Wearing a hat is also like having the FBI set you up with a new identity in a different city. It can change you."

The only thing you really need to know: If you think you can wear a hat, you can wear a hat. If you think you can't, you can't. It's that simple.

So to all you young guys searching for a sense of style and savoir faire: If it's retro you want, why settle for *Saturday Night Fever* when you can go all the way back? Certainly you'd get more respect if you dressed like Cagney rather than like Coolio or Marky Mark. And to you middle-aged middle executives—charter members of the dreaded 20-40-60 club (more than 20 years in the workforce, over the age of 40 and making more than $60,000 a year)—with your hatless heads on the corporate chopping block: If you looked sharper, maybe you wouldn't get fired. Dig back into the closet and bring out that baby again. It still looks great, and so will you.

Americans used to believe in the adage that the clothes make the man. But Europeans believe quite the opposite, that it is the man who makes the clothes. With your hat on, you get to have it both ways. And how many times in life can you say that?


MONT-
SAINTE

"You showed great form this afternoon—I can't wait to see what you can do on the slopes."

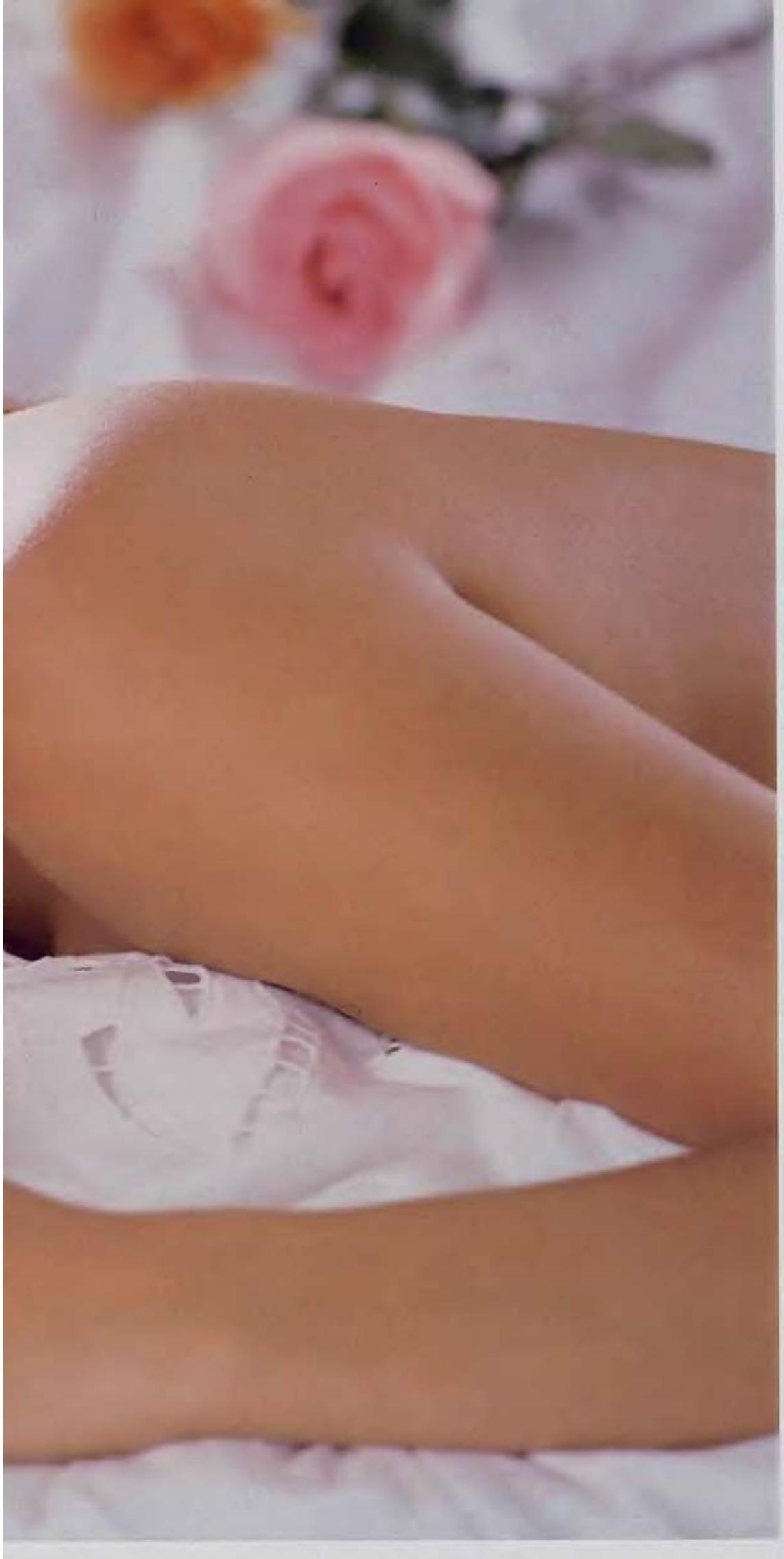
"Honey," Kimber West says calmly yet insistently, "why is there a man in the window?"

"Telephone guy," shouts her husband, James, from down the hall. The stalwart James is simultaneously unpacking boxes, talking on the phone with an interior designer and rifling through closets in search of a tape measure. Meanwhile, amid the chaos, Miss February sits on a couch, talking about her moving experience. Just a few weeks ago, the 22-year-old Georgian left Atlanta for this seaside home in Los Angeles.

About her new house, she says, "It's really destroyed now, but it's going to be beautiful." About her new life: "It's crazed, but I love it!"

Kimber's life has been in flux ever since a fateful day last spring

PHOTOGRAPHY BY STEPHEN WAYDA



TRUE WEST

miss february woke up to her california dream

when she ventured to an Atlanta hotel to audition for PLAYBOY's *Women of Atlanta* pictorial (August 1996). "My husband basically dragged me," she says with a laugh, explaining that her initial excitement gave way to "second thoughts—I didn't want to deal with them telling me no. That's just not something a girl wants to hear." She needn't have worried: Even though she didn't appear in that pictorial, her electrifying good looks made her obvious Playmate material.

When she flew to Los Angeles for her photo shoot, Kimber fell in love with the city. All signs read: Go West, young Kimber. "There's work out here, the people are really nice, there's lots of culture," she says. "I could grow old here."

She also could act here. "I'd like to do comedy, drama, just about anything. And I think I can do them all. I'm a Gemini, so I have about seven different personalities." Later, she admits to harboring an even more ambitious goal: "I'd like to be a producer."

For the moment, though, she has more pressing concerns—such as unpacking. Before returning to the boxes and the telephone guy, she conducts a tour of the house. Highlights include the playroom, where her two-year-old son, Taylor, makes his own chaos, and the master bedroom, featured in the steamy films *Indecent Proposal* and *Color of Night*. (Kimber will create some steam of her own when she shoots her Playmate video here.)

The tour culminates on the rooftop deck. "You can see Catalina Island on a clear day," Kimber marvels, wind whipping her hair. "I like it up here because I can tan nude and nobody can see me—at least I don't think anyone can." Miss February is a genuine civic asset—she's been here only a while and has already made a contribution to the skyline. —BOB DAILY

"I'm an exotic girl with a Southern accent," says Miss February, who credits her bold good looks to her mixed heritage—she's Polynesian, Spanish and Cherokee, with a bit of Dutch and Irish tossed in for good measure.

"I'm an old-fashioned liberated woman," says Kimber. "I'm independent, but at the same time I like to have doors opened for me." Her appearance here should open plenty of doors in Hollywood.

"I'm happiest when I'm nude," Kimber notes. She often does housework in the altogether, a genetic quirk: "My mom would be in the kitchen, cooking with no clothes on—nudity was never a big deal in our family. It was just a body." With all due respect, not this body.

MISS FEBRUARY

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH

Kimber West

PLAYMATE DATA SHEET

NAME: Kimber West

BUST: 36D WAIST: 24 HIPS: 36

HEIGHT: 5'9½" WEIGHT: 125

BIRTH DATE: 5-23-74 BIRTHPLACE: Atlanta, Georgia

AMBITIONS: To be a successful model and actress and have enough money to be financially secure.

TURN-ONS: A man who has no inhibitions and is willing to please me, whatever way I want.

TURNOFFS: Mean people, snobs, bullies, and men who are intimidated by beautiful women.

HOW I LIKE TO GET WET: Bubble baths, hot steamy Showers, skinny-dipping in the ocean at midnight.

HOW TO GET ME INTO BED: A day full of sweetness with tons of affection, lots of hugs and Kisses, dinner and a hot-oil massage.

HOW TO GET ME OUT OF BED: Wake me gently and Sweetly, followed by coffee, and another massage.

MY VALENTINE'S DAY DREAM: Taking a yacht to a deserted island with the one I Love.

Even then I Loved bunnies.

Quiet shy type.

Not Anymore!!!

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

The brothers were compulsively competitive, constantly arguing about who was the better golfer, businessman, lover, fisherman—everything. One day they argued about who was better at folding and packing parachutes. "Only one way to settle this, Bill," Charlie said. "Let's go skydiving."

Bill jumped first, pulled the cord and began to float gently to earth. Charlie followed, but when he pulled his cord, nothing happened. He yanked his safety cord, but that didn't work either. In a matter of seconds, Charlie flew past Bill. "Aha!" Bill shouted, ripping off his harness, "you want to race, huh?"

PLAYBOY CLASSIC: A lonesome cowboy wandered into a remote town and headed for the saloon. He asked the bartender where he could find a woman, and was told, "Ain't no women for miles, but there's a barnyard out back."

Disgusted, the cowboy swore he would never stoop to such a thing. But the next night he got too lonely. He went out to the barn and spotted a cute little pig. He took her to his room, gave her a bath, groomed her and put pink ribbons behind her ears. Tucking the animal under his arm, he walked into the saloon, where dozens of other cowpokes sat with all sorts of animals at their tables. But as he took a seat, a hush fell over the room. "What's wrong?" the dude asked, looking around. "Y'all are doing the same thing!"

"Yeah," someone said from the back of the room, "but we sure ain't doin' it with the sheriff's gal."

What do you call a hooker working the highway exits? A tollhouse cookie.

After hearing a couple's complaints that their intimate life wasn't what it used to be, the sex counselor suggested they vary their positions. "For example," he suggested, "you might try the wheelbarrow. Lift her by the legs, penetrate and off you go."

The eager husband was all for trying this new idea as soon as they got home. "Well, OK," the hesitant wife agreed, "but on two conditions. First, if it hurts, you have to stop right away. And second," she insisted, "you have to promise we won't go past my mother's."

A professor was taking in the scene at a popular L.A. nightspot when a miniskirted Valley Girl sashayed over to him and said, "Like, I want you to totally screw my brains out."

"Sorry," he replied, "I'm not into quickies."

The Creator looked upon Adam and spoke. "I've got good news and bad news. The good news is that I'm going to give you a brain and a penis."

"And the bad news?" Adam asked.

"I'm going to give you enough blood," God declared, "to use only one of them at a time."

COMPUTER VIRUS OF THE MONTH: The Dan Quayle. Their is sumthing rong with your komputer, but ewe>cant figyour outt watt!

As he cross-examined the coroner, the defense attorney asked, "Before you signed the death certificate, had you taken the man's pulse?"

"No," the coroner replied.

"Oh? Did you check for breathing?"

"No."

"So when you signed the death certificate," the attorney asked with a smirk, "you had not taken any steps to make sure the man was dead, had you?"

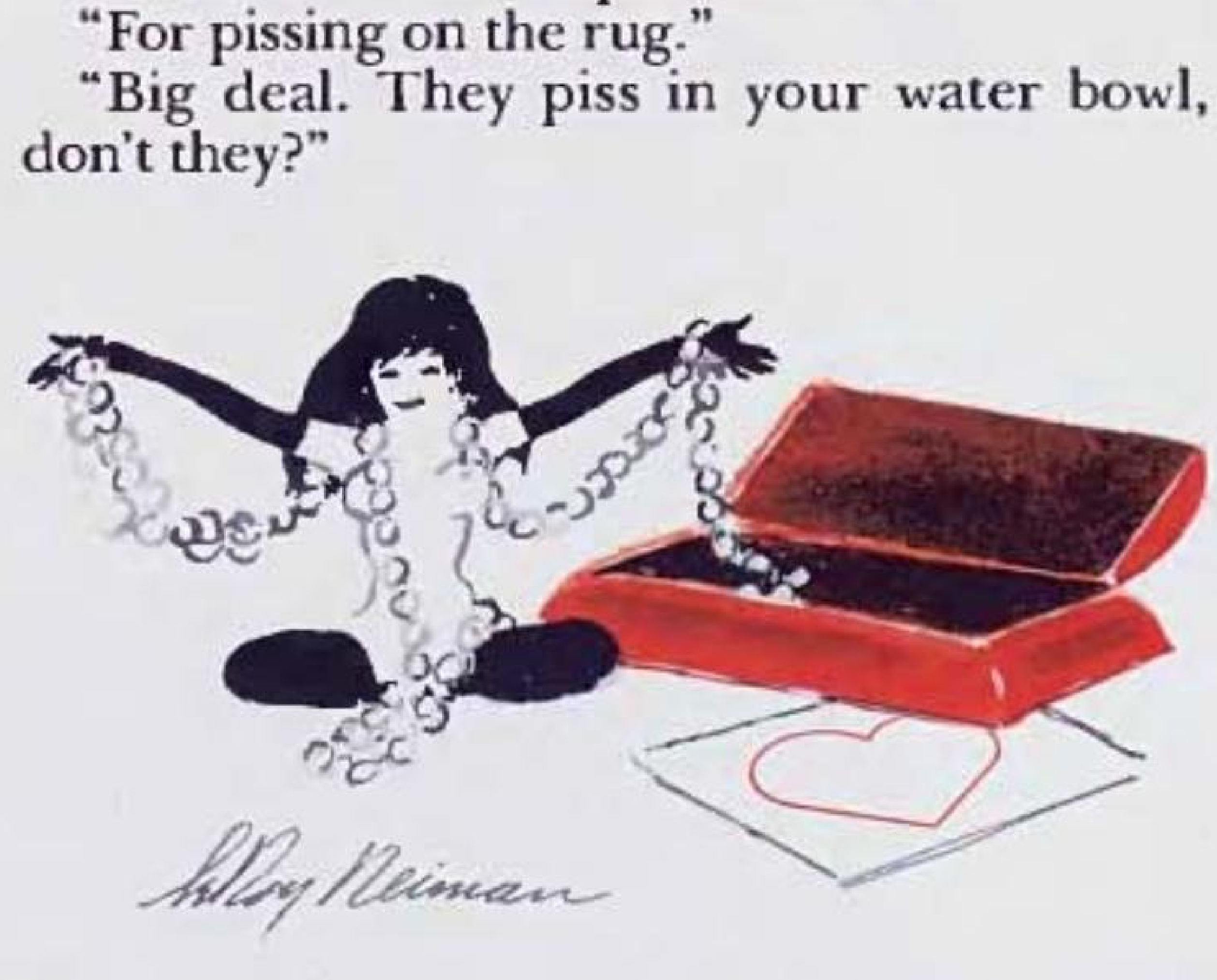
"Let me put it this way," the badgered coroner replied. "The man's brain was sitting in a jar on my desk. But," he added, "I guess that he could still be out there practicing law somewhere."

Two dogs were walking through the park when one told the other that his humans had thrown him out of the house.

"What for?" his companion asked.

"For pissing on the rug."

"Big deal. They piss in your water bowl, don't they?"



What does a graduate student with a science degree ask? "Why does it work?"

What does a graduate student with an engineering degree ask? "How does it work?"

What does a graduate student with an accounting degree ask? "How much will it cost?"

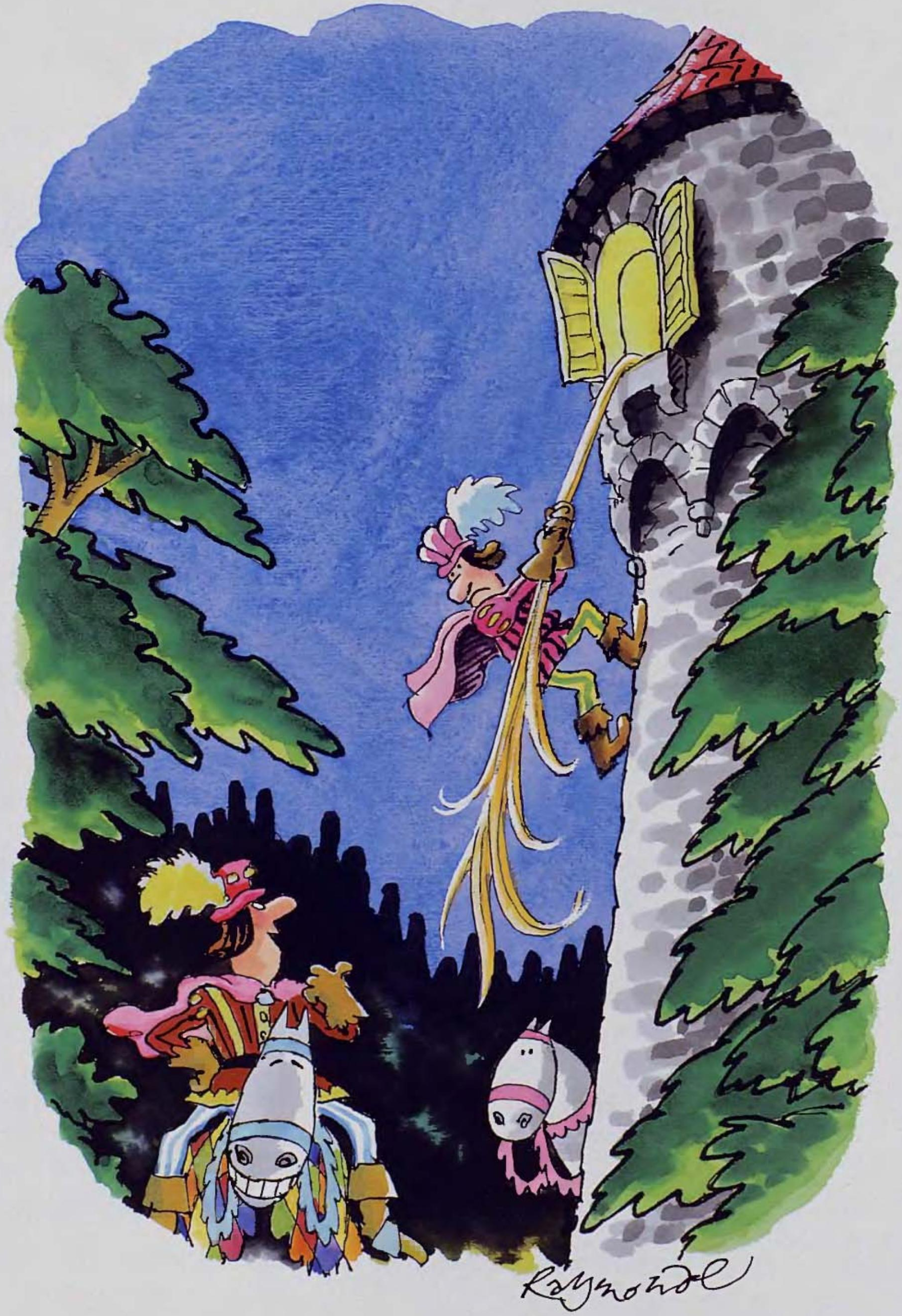
What does a graduate student with a liberal arts degree ask? "Do you want fries with that?"

THIS MONTH'S MOST FREQUENT SUBMISSION: "May I take your order?" the waiter asked.

"How do you prepare your chickens?"

"Nothing special," he replied. "We just tell them straight out that they're going to die."

Send your jokes on postcards to Party Jokes Editor, PLAYBOY, *680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611, or by e-mail to jokes@playboy.com. $100 will be paid to the contributor whose submission is selected. Sorry, jokes cannot be returned.*



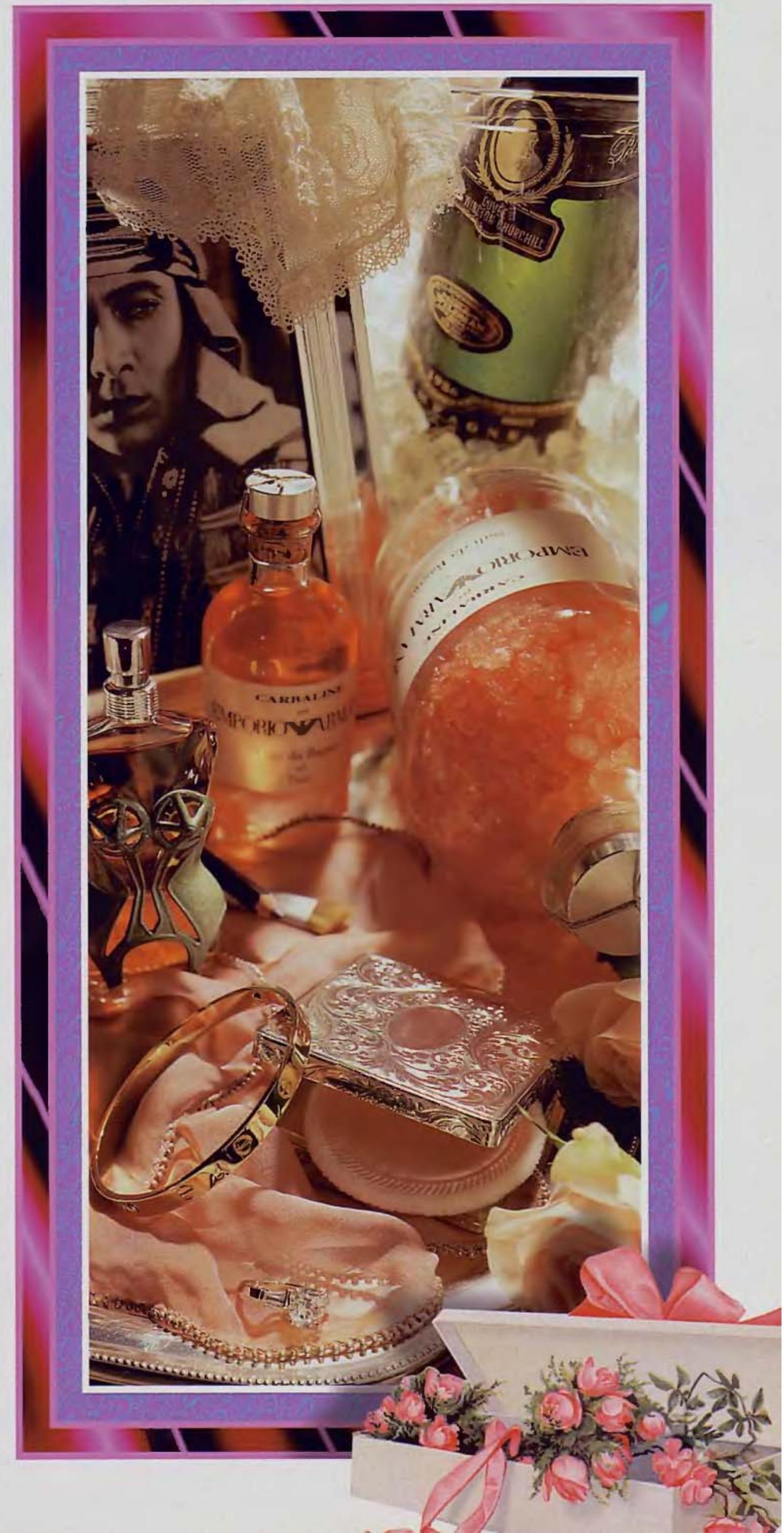
"Been there—done that."

Cupid's Quiver

To the One I Love.

THE TIME IS RIGHT, SO'S THE PLACE. WE SHOW YOU HOW LOVABLE LOVE IS

We consider ourselves to be year-round romantics who become extra motivated in February. And why not? It's the month of flowers, lingerie, chocolates and passion—perfect for reminding the women we love just how lovable we are. To get you in the mood, too, we've created a guide to Valentine's Day. From romantic drinks to amazing destinations to great gift ideas, it's all here from PLAYBOY's stable of experts. Our movie guy, Bruce Williamson, picked the most romantic films to watch on video (including a steamy John Leslie hard-core), and music critic Charles M. Young selected the best tunes, whether you like New Age or lounge. Because we're big on atmosphere, there are ingredients for a great bubble bath and a look at the sexy backseats of some cars that may be more fun not to drive. Contributing Automotive Editor Ken Gross researched the latter and didn't even file an expense report. Hmm.



Dim the lights and uncork the champagne. It's party—and present—time. Clockwise from top: A commemorative bottle of champagne from Pol Roger—Cuvée Sir Winston Churchill 1986 ($145). Bubbly of a different kind: Emporio Armani's line of luxurious bath products includes a 1000-gram bottle of thyme bath salts ($32) and a 100-milliliter bottle of thyme bath oil ($23). Asprey has a collection of sterling silver compacts, including this elegant model ($925). Magnum Designs by Joel Soskil offers this all-platinum semimount ring, featuring eight diamond baguettes totaling .92 carat and a replaceable cubic zirconia as the center stone (about $5200). Cartier's 18-kt. gold Love Bracelet must be bolted together to encircle the wrist ($3900). The limited-edition Vert De Gris Metal Corset from Jean-Paul Gaultier's Extract Collection looks as beautiful as its contents smell ($160). The French-made silver-plated frame is from ABC Carpet & Home ($165). Opposite: Emporio Armani's bubble bath ($42 for a one-liter bottle).

PINK DIAMOND MARTINI
This sexy sip calls for three parts vodka, two parts pineapple vodka and one part each cranberry vodka and peach schnapps. Stir with ice, strain and garnish with rose petals.

SICILIAN KISS
For the smoothest of shooters, combine one part amaretto with one part Southern Comfort in an oversize shot glass (with no ice). Stir gently. Bottoms up, then remix.

Over the years, adventurous (and athletic) couples have scored in everything from tiny MGs to big Buicks. But nothing could touch the 1949–1951 Airflyte Nash with its broad front and rear benches that quickly folded into a full-size bed. In Mercury's double-wide 1957 Turnpike Cruiser, a rear-window center section retracted for a starry view. For the next two decades, Cadillac's palatial Fleetwood offered a sumptuous leather couch for cozy rendezvous. Despite downsizing, both Cads and Lincolns—especially today's DeVille d'Elegance—remain rolling playgrounds for amorous duos. Other great bedrooms on wheels include Mercedes-Benz' tempting S-class sedans, Jaguar's elegant, long-wheelbase Vanden Plas and the Lexus LS400, as much for its Nakamichi sound system as for its multiposition rear armchairs. But the all-time wicked wheels award goes to Rolls-Royce. Pictured here: a 1961 Silver Cloud II convertible with a symphony of walnut and leather.

Music

Lounge: You can't go wrong with *Sinatra 80th: All the Best* (Capitol), a collection of Old Blue Eyes' finest work from 1953 to 1962.

Rock: Play Portishead's *Dummy* (London) all the way through, or Prince's *Dirty Mind* (Warner).

R&B: Women melt over anything sung by Sam Cooke or Al Green. For something current, spin *Secrets* by Toni Braxton (Arista) or *Stardust* by Natalie Cole (Elektra).

Dance: If she's into trippy and trance-inducing tunes, try *Music for 18 Musicians* by Steve Reich (ECM) or *Miserere* by Arvo Pärt (ECM).

New Age: Unwind to the sensual sounds of *Shepherd Moons* by Enya (Reprise) or *Autumn* by George Winston (Windham Hill).

Classical: *Music for Relaxation, Vol. 3: The Magic of Mozart* (London) inspires the right romantic mood.

Videos

Bridges of Madison County (1995): Cornball novel becomes cinematic gold, thanks to Streep and Eastwood's special chemistry.

Casablanca (1942): Romantic films don't get any better than this. Play it again.

Doctor Zhivago (1965): *Lara's Theme* is embodied by Julie Christie as the dream girl who keeps Omar Sharif awake nights.

Gone With the Wind (1939): The whole world was blown away by Rhett and Scarlett.

Nothing to Hide (1981): Hard-core with heart—in a triple-X turn-on starring porn legend John Leslie.

Sirens (1994): Churchman Hugh Grant is sexually awakened by nude models, including Elle Macpherson.

Sleepless in Seattle (1993): They don't meet until it is almost over, but Tom Hanks and Meg Ryan make movie magic.

Getaways

Sandals Royal Bahamian Resort and Spa (Cable Beach, Nassau): The newest, poshest resort in the couples-only chain is a sybaritic fantasy spread over 13 acres, including a pristine beach and a semiprivate island. It's the first Sandals with a spa.

Hayman Island Resort (Great Barrier Reef, North Queensland, Australia): A tropical paradise worth the jet lag, Hayman has superb restaurants; terraced rooms, suites and penthouses; and a spectacular freshwater pool encircled by a saltwater one.

Hôtel Lutétia (45 Boulevard Raspail, Paris): This is where the love scenes between Jeremy Irons and Juliette Binoche in *Damage* were filmed. Suite 711 offers spectacular views of the Eiffel Tower and the city's rooftops (even from the bathtubs), plus a cozy bedroom up a winding staircase. At $1200 a night, it had better be very special, indeed.

124
PLEASE DO NOT DISTURB

SEXUAL REVOLUTION

(continued from page 74)

"Lust has a thousand avenues. The thing has woven itself into the texture of city life."

that male sexual impulse was evil. The Women's Christian Temperance Union feared the animal nature of man—the devil in the flesh.

These groups sought to extend so-called maternal authority into the public sphere, to extend their rights by curtailing those of others.

There was a sexual undertone to all of their work. At the turn of the century Kentucky-born Carry Nation would storm saloons and, after smashing windows, mirrors and whiskey bottles with a hatchet, would rip sporting images from the walls.

"There was scarcely any phase of human life," wrote one biographer of Nation, "from kissing to eating, into which she did not poke her disapproving nose. Did she observe a maiden expose a few inches of her ankle or glimpse the gleaming bosom of a lady of fashion? She forthwith shrieked a lecture on modesty and quoted Scripture to uphold her prediction that the offender was destined to stew in the infernal fires. Did she find a young man embracing his sweetheart, even though he had progressed no further than imprinting a chaste salute upon the fair one's willing lips? Nation has to her credit many a blighted romance, for to her mind lovemaking before marriage was a sin of sins, reeking with horrid possibility. Menacing the lovers with quivering forefinger and glittering eyes, she cried an oration on seduction and the gratification of lusts that sent them scurrying away, hiding their blushes as best they could, for she was nothing if not frank."

Carry Nation represented the extreme; other women's groups were better organized and more powerful. The WCTU had an impressive agenda. It began in 1874 and almost immediately branched out with a Committee for Work With Fallen Women, which later became the Department for the Suppression of the Social Evil and then the Department of Social Purity. The group had launched a White Cross–White Shield campaign promoting the single standard (chastity before marriage and fidelity within). The WCTU wanted a single code of morals "to maintain the law of purity as equally binding on men and women."

One of the temperance movement's greatest triumphs was in incorporating into primary school penmanship lessons the slogan, "Lips that touch liquor shall never touch mine."

These women wanted greater protection in the home (e.g., freedom from abusive or drunken husbands). But they also wanted greater control over the environment outside the home. They worked to create red-light abatement laws that could be used to force brothels out of business. In San Francisco, when the enlightened city opened a venereal disease clinic for prostitutes (an act that quickly resulted in a 66 percent drop in infection rates), social purity groups threatened a boycott against the Panama Pacific International Exposition of 1915. The groups argued that the wages of sin had to have a price (in this case, disease). The clinic was closed.

Dr. Kate Bushnell, a leader of the WCTU, was clear on the breadth of the crusade: "The word temperance had been narrowed down till it only meant total abstinence. In America, the women of the WCTU had accepted it in its higher meaning, the combating of depraved appetite in every form, and for the abolition, all the world over, of all laws that protect depraved appetite."

These women could turn to their own champions—the men of the Progressive Party. Male reformers had taken over the problem of fallen women.

Whether the problem was quack medicine or impure food, Progressive reformers tackled social issues with a clear plan. Recognizing the value of publicity—especially the power of headlines to galvanize political action—they launched a series of vice investigations. John D. Rockefeller funded the crusade, which allowed George Kneeland to publish *Commercialized Prostitution in New York City* in 1913. The Vice Commission of Chicago preceded it in 1911 with *The Social Evil in Chicago*. Within a few years, more than 32 municipalities and states had conducted investigations of vice. In towns as diverse as Lexington, Kentucky, Bay City, Michigan and Lancaster, Pennsylvania, stouthearted sons of middle-class America put themselves at risk, going night after night to brothels, concert saloons, candy stores, dancehalls—the bars and haunts of the working class. Vice investigators diligently recorded every fondled buttock, every exposed breast, every offer of pleasure, every laugh from a girl in some young man's lap, every embrace, every departure of a couple for some secluded spot.

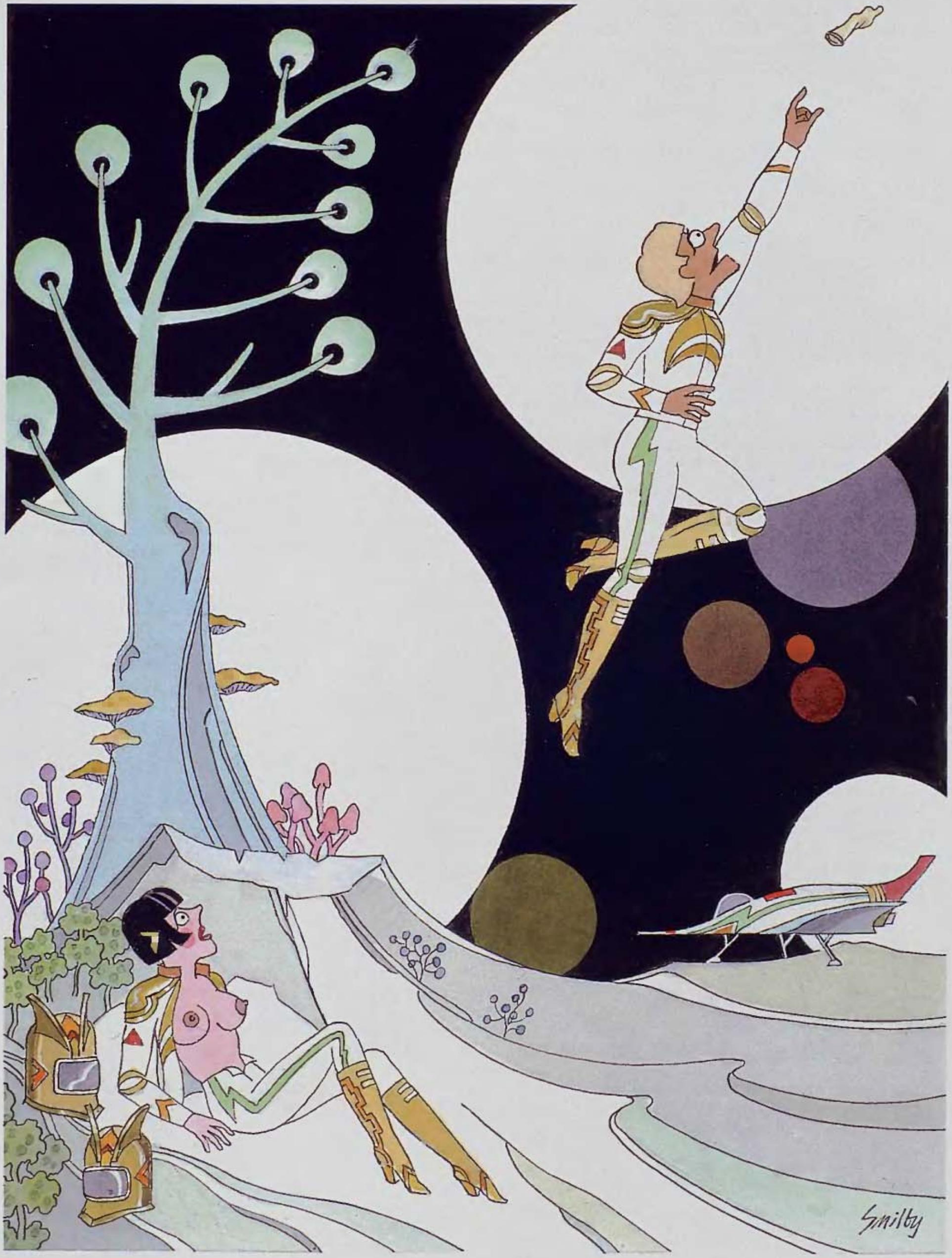
Prostitution was the apparent target. The Vice Commission of Chicago claimed as a motto "constant and persistent repression of prostitution the immediate method; absolute annihilation the ultimate ideal." But the true target, of course, was lust itself: "So long as there is lust in the hearts of men," announced the commission, "it will seek out some method of expression. Until the hearts of men are changed we can hope for no absolute annihilation of the social evil."

In 1914 writer Walter Lippmann took the Vice Commission of Chicago to task. He saw a parallel between political repression and Sigmund Freud's theory of psychological repression. Like Freud, he believed that sex surfaced in every human activity, and that attempts to contain it were doomed. "Lust has a thousand avenues," he writes in his *Preface to Politics*. "The brothel, the flat, the assignation house, the tenement saloons, dancehalls, steamers, ice-cream parlors, Turkish baths, massage parlors, streetwalking—the thing has woven itself into the texture of city life. Like the hydra it grows new heads everywhere. It draws into its service the pleasures of the city. Entangled with the love of gaiety, organized as commerce, it is literally impossible to follow the myriad expressions it assumes."

Lippmann claimed the moral crusaders had become "panicky and reverted to an ancient superstition. They forbade the existence of evil by law."

The commission published page after page of recommendations, new sexual taboos: No immoral or vulgar dances should be permitted in saloons, no intoxicating liquor should be allowed at any public dance. Laws against private wine rooms should be enforced. Lippmann scoffs at the attempt: "Nothing dynamic holds the recommendations together—the mass of them are taboos, an attempt to kill each mosquito and ignore the marsh. The evils of prostitution are seen as a series of episodes, each of which must be clubbed, forbidden, raided and jailed."

The vice investigators provide a look at a new sexuality—beyond the world of prostitutes. In *Vice in Chicago*, Walter Reckless describes a distinctly noncommercial fling: "Young people, some visibly under the influence of liquor, others apparently sober, were repeatedly seen to dance or whirl about the floor with their bodies pressed tightly together, shaking, moving and rotating their lower portions in a way that undoubtedly roused their sex impulses. Some even were seen to engage in 'soul kissing' and biting one another on the lobes of the ears and



"Of course it's important, it's the last one we've got."

upon the neck."

The vice investigators saw women—unchaperoned by family and freed from the front porch—experimenting with sexuality on their own terms. Are we to believe these fevered accounts? Years later, Polly Adler would describe the dancehalls of the late teens differently. Adler, who became one of New York's most famous madams, wrote that the dancehalls of her youth resembled "strenuous gymnasiums" more than they did "nightly mass deflorations."

In an essay on "'Charity Girls' and City Pleasures," feminist historian Kathy Peiss presents a vice investigator's description of the barroom activity between dances at a Turnverein ball in New York City:

> Most of the younger couples were hugging and kissing, there was a general mingling of men and women at the different tables, almost everyone seemed to know one another and spoke to each other across the tables and joined couples at different tables, they were all singing and carrying on, they kept running around the room and acted like a mob of lunatics let loose.

Peiss argues that the dancehalls created a new code:

> The heterosocial orientation of these amusements made popularity a goal to be pursued through dancing ability, willingness to drink and eye-catching finery. Women who would not drink at balls and social entertainments were often ostracized by men, while cocktails and ingenious mixtures replaced the five-cent beer and helped to make drinking an acceptable female activity. Many women used clothing as a means of drawing attention to themselves, wearing high-heeled shoes, fancy dresses, costume jewelry, elaborate pompadours and cosmetics. As one working woman sharply explained: "If you want to get any notion took of you, you gotta have some style about you."

One investigator noted, "Those who are unattractive and those who have puritanic notions fare but ill in the matter of enjoyments."

And vice investigators shared none of those traits for popularity. In one Pittsburgh report on dancehalls, an investigator—after describing men and women intermingling joyfully—reports he could not get any of the local women to dance with him, and ended up having to partner with his co-agent, a female investigator.

Vice investigators were not buffoons: By 1915, 17 states and the District of Columbia had red-light abatement laws. By 1917, 30 states had adopted the reform. The American Social Hygiene Association—heir to the group founded by Dr. Prince Morrow to combat venereal disease—could point to 47 cities that had closed their vice districts by 1916.

The results were mixed. "There were a great many of them who left the city," one reformer in Des Moines complained. "It was not our prime idea to drive them out of the city, but our idea to drive them into decency."

Lust was a chameleon that adapted to new technologies. B.S. Steadwell, president of the World's Purity Federation, bemoaned advances in 1913:

> The advent of electricity brought us the telephone, which is a necessity to any modern house of shame whether located in the city or in the country, and connects every home with these dens of infamy. It made possible the degrading picture show, and inventions which have been used largely to promote and cultivate immorality. During the past 50 years, girls and women have taken their places beside boys and men in schools, colleges, stores, offices, factories and shops, and have in constantly increasing numbers entered commercial life. This close association has brought opportunities for sexual gratification of which full advantage has been taken. The automobile has made possible the "joyride" and has built up the palatial "roadhouse," or country brothel. Luxurious transportation facilities have also ushered in immoral practices never before known.

The new woman created her own rules. These "women adrift" were part of a new style of socializing. The vice investigators identified "charity girls" who traded sex for excitement or access to entertainment: "They simply take this means of securing more amusements, excitements, luxuries and indulgences than their wages would afford them," proclaimed the 1911 *Federal Report*. "They are not promiscuously immoral."

The vice investigator carried an indelible notion of madonna and whore. A woman's place was in the private sphere, supporting her husband, not in public cavorting with strangers. Young girls who expressed interest in sex were deemed incorrigible, and ended up in reformatories or worse. The vice inspector viewed himself as a Christian champion in a holy war—his mission was saving souls. Indeed, one crusader wrote: "The records of the Protestant churches of the U.S. show that in 1917 there were 458,400 new members enrolled. The secretary of the N.Y. Travelers Aid Society declares in 1917 there were 600,000 girls in houses of ill fame in the U.S. and 1 million clandestines. The referee of the Los Angeles Juvenile Court states that 95 percent of the delinquents are from the dancehalls."

Lippmann saw the dangers of repression: "We have made a very considerable confusion of the life of joy and the joy of life. The first impulse is to abolish all lobster palaces, melodramas, yellow newspapers and sentimentally erotic novels. Why not abolish all the devil's works? the reformer wonders. The answer is in history. It can't be done that way. It is impossible to abolish either with a law or an ax the desires of men. It is dangerous, explosively dangerous, to thwart them for any length of time. The Puritans tried to choke the craving for pleasure in early New England. They had no theaters, no dances, no festivals. They burned witches instead."

THE FLICKERS

No single event marks the change in America more than this: In the second decade of the century a young entrepreneur named William Fox bought the most notorious concert saloon in New York City—the Haymarket on 29th and Sixth—and turned it into a movie theater. The palace of sin became a palace of cinema. The smell of sweat, semen and beer gave way to the smell of popcorn.

Men and women could attend movies together and watch in intimate darkness as beautiful creatures lived impossible lives. Where once no reputable girl would go—for fear of being mistaken for a prostitute—millions of families now flocked.

The films weren't about sex so much as about sex roles. In 1909 reformer Jane Addams had realized for "hundreds of young people, going to the show is the only possible road to mystery and romance." What was "seen and heard there becomes their sole topic of conversation, forming the ground pattern of their social life."

As early as 1907, a pious professor attacked the new medium: "Pictures are more degrading than the dime novel because they represent real flesh-and-blood characters and import moral lessons directly through the senses. The dime novel cannot lead the boy further than his limited imagination will allow, but the motion picture forces upon his view things that are new; they

(continued on page 132)

Twenty-two years after her appearance as a Playmate, Carol Vitale still puts on quite a show. Her cable access program, *The Carol Vitale Show*, airs in California, New York, Washington, D.C. and Miami, where Carol was working as a Bunny when she became Miss July 1974 (right). She was in Miami Beach again this past summer, posing for Bunny Yeager. The results are on these pages. "Whenever I'm in town, Bunny asks, 'When do you want to start shooting?'" Carol says. "Young men these days are so hot for older women, and I like men of all ages. Just treat me like gold and you'll never be sorry." Most men who would like to do that might have trouble keeping up with Carol. Her schedule is not for the fainthearted. She vows to pare it down. But so far she

a nonstop beauty
stars in her own show

PLAYMATE REVISITED: CAROL VITALE

PHOTOGRAPHY BY BUNNY YEAGER

During the 550 episodes of her talk show, Carol has welcomed guests such as Gary Coleman (above left), Zsa Zsa Gabor, Walter Matthau, Diane Ladd, Henny Youngman, Martin Landau, Stella Stevens, Dennis Miller and Playmates galore. She's also snared a penile implant specialist and a psychic. For a complete list of stations that carry the program, visit Carol's Web page at http://www.cvglam.com.

hasn't had much luck. "I don't even have time to go to movies," Carol complains, "or take vacations. So I try to make my whole life a vacation." Hanging with celebrities certainly helps. For her cable show, her wish list of guests includes Jay Leno, Goldie Hawn and, of course, Hugh Hefner. "Maybe I'll revamp the whole show and exclusively interview Playmates," Carol says with a wink. "Don't let the blonde hair and the big boobs fool you, boy. I mean business." Don't touch that dial.

The Slings of Desire

what do men and women really want? sex? breakfast? thicker hair? our funny valentines—jamie lee curtis and john cleese—clash with panache

article By Dick Lochte

For centuries philosophers from Ptahhotep to, well, Beck have provided us with myriad opinions on the wistful, wishful and sometimes painful state of desire. Not all of them have agreed. For example, do we subscribe to George Bernard Shaw's theory that "there are two tragedies in life. One is to lose your heart's desire. The other is to gain it"? Or would we prefer to go along with poet William Blake's belief that "he who desires but acts not breeds pestilence"?

To get a more contemporary overview, we've turned to Jamie Lee Curtis and John Cleese, who succumbed hilariously to desire in the popular 1988 film *A Fish Called Wanda*, and who have just reunited cinematically (along with *Wanda* cohorts Kevin Kline and Michael Palin) for the new comedy *Fierce Creatures*. We asked journalist Dick Lochte to sound them out on the pros and cons of the passionate subject.

PLAYBOY: What's the first thing that comes to mind when you hear the word desire?
CURTIS: Thick hair.
CLEESE: Anywhere in particular?
CURTIS: How typical of you, John. You know, a lustrous, thick mane, a desired commodity for me because I have thin, wispy, baby-fine hair. *(continued on page 152)*

PAINTING BY FRED STONEHOUSE

GRETSCH

20 QUESTIONS

CONAN O'BRIEN

the hair-enhanced talk-show host cracks wise about his alma mater, his brush with tv death and his treatment for a sore throat

"I became 6'4" very suddenly, and I've never quite recovered from it," says Conan O'Brien. The tall television host may be citing his growth spurt as a metaphor for his accession to David Letterman's seat on NBC's "Late Night." But O'Brien has recovered nicely from what some critics viewed as a rocky start. To use an industry term, his show began trending up in the ratings, and finally, just before his third anniversary on the air this past fall, the network that often seemed on the verge of dumping him offered O'Brien a year's contract.

Though billed as an unknown when he took over "Late Night," O'Brien had made a reputation in the comedy business as a writer on "Saturday Night Live" and "The Simpsons." But he insists he'd had his mind set on performing for years. He had studied tap dancing as a child because "I wanted to be an entertainer like Jimmy Cagney."

Although he says his dedication to rock-and-roll drumming saved him from the "classic definition" of a grind, O'Brien made his way from his home in Brookline, Massachusetts to a local college: Harvard. There he found that "comedy was almost a religious revelation, because I didn't have to work that hard at it. It wasn't like memorizing for a big test."

O'Brien was twice elected to head "The Harvard Lampoon," that incubator for the brightest and funniest. After graduating in 1985 he moved to Hollywood to write for HBO's "Not Necessarily the News" and hone his performance style with improvisation groups. The "SNL" and "The Simpsons" stints followed. When NBC began its star search for the 12:30 A.M. slot, O'Brien had his "SNL" boss, producer Lorne Michaels, place his name in the running.

Warren Kalbacker met with O'Brien at the close of one late shift. "I have to believe O'Brien aced his verbal SATs," Kalbacker reports. "He's quite, well, verbal. And he immediately invited me to return for another conversation with the line, 'I love to babble.'"

1.

PLAYBOY: You're the son of a physician and an attorney. Is hosting a late-night television show an attempt to escape a destiny in medicine or law?

O'BRIEN: This show is an attempt to say to my parents, "For God's sake, help me." I realized early on that I didn't want to be a doctor like my father or a lawyer like my mother. There had to be something else for me. I seized on game-show host. Everyone has a hero, and for me it's Wink Martindale. I thought, What better thing for me to do than to be able to comb my hair into a pompadour and give away cash prizes? When this *Late Night* thing came along, I thought, I'll grab it and maybe, over time and with a little luck, it will transform into a game show. We're getting there. Andy and I are starting to develop that cheesy patter. Insincerity levels are rising rapidly, and around 1998—God willing—America will tune in and see a Toyota Camry slowly revolving in the background, and people will be bobbing for apples and cheering wildly. Then we'll really have something.

2.

PLAYBOY: Your show debuted the day Yitzhak Rabin and Yasir Arafat shook hands. We recall your remark, "Conan O'Brien will get a talk show when there's peace in the Middle East," but we find no mention of your name in diplomatic exchanges. Can we assume it was a coincidence?

O'BRIEN: It all came together nicely, and I feel the show was influential. Monday, September 13, 1993. The night I premiered, the picture appeared of Clinton with Rabin and Arafat shaking hands on the White House lawn. I had advance knowledge. We don't read newspapers just to come up with the monolog jokes. A good 40 percent of the writers on this show are former Israeli commandos. They rush in at the last second and say, "Madonna's having a baby!" I ask if they're sure. "Yes, we lost two men finding out."

3.

PLAYBOY: *Saturday Night Live* impresario Lorne Michaels was assigned by NBC to come up with a replacement for David Letterman. Explain how he tapped you for the job.

O'BRIEN: I'm not at liberty to go into that because it would diminish what I've achieved. But let's just say that Lorne had to choose me at that point in his life, and I hope to become very wealthy off some land deals. God bless him. I'm sure I owe the guy a lot. He didn't have the power to actually say, "Conan O'Brien is going to replace David Letterman." The crucial role that he played was in telling NBC, "There's this Conan O'Brien guy who will be green at first, but he's smart and has some talent and I think you should check him out." Then there was an audition on the *Tonight Show* set and some meetings with NBC where I talked about what I'd do with the show: "This will show them. This is going to knock *Silk Stalkings* off the air."

4.

PLAYBOY: You've had long-term experience with short-term employment. How did you deal with the lack of job security, which affects so many Americans today?

O'BRIEN: During the first year and a half of the show's run we were renewed every 40 minutes. I bought one of those digital watches with an alarm, and it was pretty much chiming all the time. Now I look back fondly on those early rough times. My first professional job in Los Angeles, in 1985, was with *Not Necessarily the News* on HBO. I was on a three-week contract because they didn't know if I was funny. I checked into the Oakwood Apartments, which is kind of halfway between an apartment building and a hotel. It's a great place to meet single, pregnant women, because a lot of them go there when they break up with their husbands, and they ask if you want to go out for dinner. In the middle of my second week I found out that I was getting picked up for 13 weeks more, and then after that I was getting picked up for 26. Here I have my own TV show and I'm 30 years old, and in my gut I just don't feel I have anything to complain about. If I'd started bitching about getting only a 13-week television contract, America would have had the right to kick me in the ass.

5.

PLAYBOY: Early in your *Late Night* run critics knocked you as being a frat boy. Do you consider that criticism unfair given that your alma mater, Harvard, is famous for other types of exclusive societies?

O'BRIEN: There are a ton of them, none

PHOTOGRAPHY BY DAVID ROSE

of which I was invited to join. Porcellian is the most exclusive. It turned down Franklin Roosevelt. A lot of people theorize that the New Deal was FDR's revenge against Porcellian for not letting him in. I was never one who would have joined a frat. I don't like to high-five people, and I'm not the kind of guy who likes to bump chests with anybody. Mine would collapse. I have a high, weak sternum that's calcium deficient. Andy's not really a frat guy, either. But people need quick labels for you. I never waste time trying to figure out what's fair or unfair. Critics who didn't like the show at first, most notably Tom Shales [of *The Washington Post*], have since said they really like it. There's been a terrible mistake, and I'm just going to keep my mouth shut and try to benefit from it.

6.

PLAYBOY: Television executives are not known for their patience. Why weren't you canceled after just a couple of months?

O'BRIEN: They forgot I was on the air. They may even have told somebody, "Go cancel that guy," but he didn't know how to get in touch with me. By the time he figured it out, we were doing better. The serious answer is that we were probably staying barely ahead of the machine that cancels you. Our ratings never dipped that low. I don't even want to know how close we came in the first six months. When you're in great danger, it's good you never actually have time to think about how much trouble you're in.

7.

PLAYBOY: You recently moved to a new Manhattan apartment. Did your first year-long NBC contract make you more comfortable about investing in real estate?

O'BRIEN: Things are going much better on the show now, but I haven't gotten crazy. I didn't buy an apartment. I'm still renting. I'm not a fool. I looked into buying an apartment in New York, but the process scared the hell out of me. They say, "If you want this small apartment, you can pay $2 million for it, and after you agree to do that, we'll consider whether or not we're going to let you have it." You almost faint dead away. You don't get a park view, and then they tell you Bruce Willis and Demi Moore just bought the penthouse for $15 million, and they bought it to keep their tennis shoes in. I bought a small house in Connecticut. It's not an estate. I was hoping that if I bought the house in Connecticut, then I'd get the stalker. And then maybe I'd finally live up to Dave's legend. But it didn't happen.

8.

PLAYBOY: We understand you're the lowest-paid late-night host, pulling down about $2 million a year. Won't you be looking to up the ante when your contract comes up for renewal?

O'BRIEN: "I think I'm still the lowest paid," he said with obvious pride. I don't get into specifics, but it's around there. I'm doing really well compared with the rest of my family. Compared with the 11:30 guys, I'm thrilled with how much money I make. It sounds like a cliché, but I don't get obsessed with money. Doing these shows is fun when it goes well, and that's the addictive part. Later on so much of this business is "How much do you earn?"—meaning the respect you're being shown by the industry. Maybe I have low self-esteem. I'm happy that people know who I am now. They actually make eye contact with me. I'm euphoric that NBC runs promos for my show. It'll be years and years before I make outrageous demands—like renaming NBC the Conan Channel.

9.

PLAYBOY: The evidence indicates that Harvard graduates are represented in disproportionately large numbers in the comedy-writing business. Should we be concerned?

O'BRIEN: Yes. Look what happened when Harvard people took over running the Vietnam war. You know it has gone too far when they introduce napalm and chemical defoliants in the prime-time schedule. There have been mentions of it here and there, but I'm waiting for the big whistle-blowing article that says, "Hey, wait a minute. How come all these assholes get to have TV jobs?" The government will step in, the way it broke up AT&T. For some Harvard people, being a TV writer is what being a stockbroker was in the Forties and Fifties. It's socially acceptable now to graduate from Harvard and do a season on *Roseanne*, which is absurd because the show is about a lower-middle-class woman in the Midwest and deals with the stuff real people have to deal with. You have this image of a guy who wrote his thesis on Nietzsche trying to figure out whether or not Dan should buy a trailer park.

10.

PLAYBOY: Tell us a tale of young Conan O'Brien, Harvard student.

O'BRIEN: I majored in American history and literature and, boy, have I put that to good use. I wrote a thesis on William Faulkner and Flannery O'Connor and all the things I have been trying to work into the show. Harvard is deeply ashamed of me. If you write a thesis at Harvard, you, too, can interact with a gaseous wiener. I have mixed feelings about my Harvard past. I don't want to completely trash it because I worked hard to go there. I wasn't a legacy. I wanted to make something of myself, and I was proud to get into Harvard. Then I got into comedy and they made me president of the *Lampoon*. I got to edit the magazine for two years in a row, and that was unusual. After college I didn't limit my circle to the Harvard writing community. I made an effort to become friends with performers from different parts of the country who had never heard of the *Lampoon*. I was getting up on that stage in Chicago wearing a diaper. I used to do a bit called Kennedy Baby, where I played a giant baby who talked like Ted Kennedy, and I would do it in a diaper. To people who say I haven't paid my dues, I've paid my dues. I have pictures to prove it.

11.

PLAYBOY: Did you feel more secure in the role of host after visits from such late-night regulars as Tony Randall and Dr. Joyce Brothers?

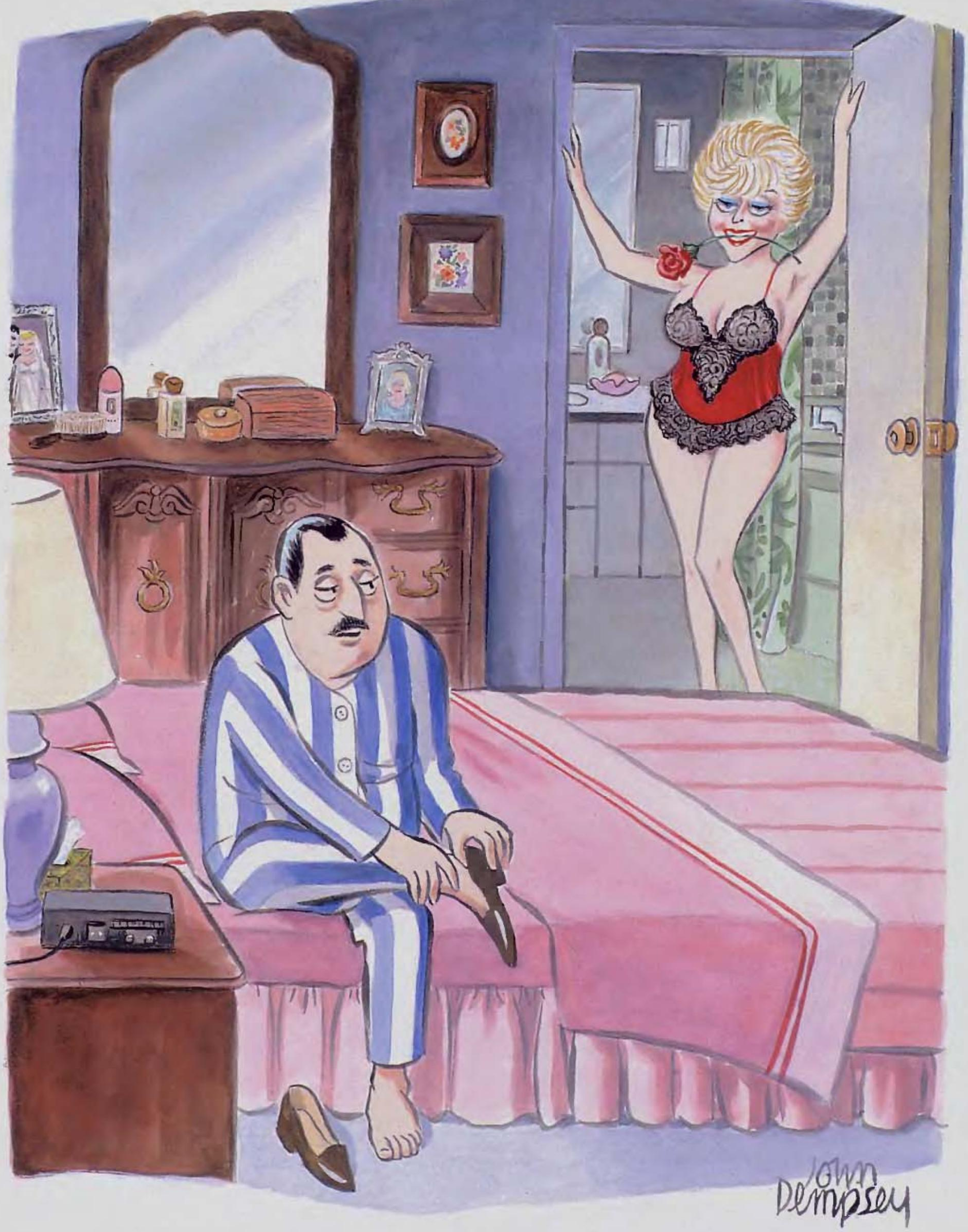
O'BRIEN: Definitely. We have even had nights when Ed McMahon has come by and chuckled at things. I knew we had a real talk show the night I said, "Ladies and gentlemen, put your hands together for Charo." She came on and shook her tits and said, "Cootchie-cootchie." She'd say things I wouldn't understand, and I would do Carson takes to my camera. I really get excited in those moments because I feel like I've paid for a virtual reality ride: If you're at least this tall and not pregnant and you don't have a pacemaker, you can strap yourself in and make quips and Ed McMahon will sit next to you and guffaw.

12.

PLAYBOY: Do you pay royalties to the creators of *Clutch Cargo*, who came up with the idea of putting moving lips on cartoon faces? And have you taken legal steps to protect your own intellectual property?

O'BRIEN: No, we don't pay royalties, and this interview is over. My God, I don't think anybody would want any of our intellectual property. That's our great security blanket. Letterman actually had comedy bits that people would want to take, but I decided early on that I wasn't going to run into this whole intellectual-property thing. So we create comedy that no one would ever dare touch, and it's worked beautifully. No one rips us off. None of our impressions are accurate. They're incredibly insane and overblown and

(continued on page 162)


John Dempsey

"My, you've been getting warmer lately. Must be the greenhouse effect."

Heart Couture

LOVE'S WHATNOTS ARE FIT TO BE UNTIED

When it comes to seduction, there is no greater weapon in a woman's arsenal than lingerie. It is the ultimate enticement, a perfect combination of mystery and arousal. Consider the sheer excitement of a negligee, the hidden treasure of a lace bra or the shimmery grace of a silk slip. This is the gossamer stuff a man's dreams are made of. Some of our friends in the sports magazine world would have you believe that the last word in sex appeal is a bikini-clad bombshell tripping along the sands of Maui. But we say, "Time-out." To prove our point, we asked some of our favorite Playmate superstars to do what comes naturally. Call it the PLAYBOY Lingerie Revue—the start of a special-edition tradition. Next to nothing has never meant so much.

These boots were made for walking her dogs: Echo Johnson, below, is a Playmate who knows all about animal magnetism. Echo's clearly a fan of fur, and her taste in underthings is spot on. She has turned a simply cut bra and high-slung panties into a pointillist's vision. If anything can come between man and his best friend, it would be this outfit.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY STEPHEN WAYDA

Wearing lingerie is the clearest signal a woman can send to a man. (Well, maybe her telling you her ring size is clearer.) We consider this pose by Nadine Chanz (above) an exclamation point at the end of the message, nicely punctuated by sun and shadow. Priscilla Taylor's Merry Widow ensemble (opposite) fits her like a glove. For an added touch, she shows why her Valentine's Day heart is in the right place.

STARLI
JOHN
TOM
PAUL

In her garter and stockings, Angela Melini has an advantage over her admirers. She knows what we're thinking, but we can only hope she's thinking of us. Nothing fuels a woman's fantasy more than things that unbuckle and go swish in the night.

Just Married

For years, the best lure for catching a man's attention has been a sexy pair of stockings. Left, Barbara Moore casts her fishnets wide, with spectacular results. Rosebud: There's no secret as to why Shauna Sand has a hold on our memory—and we're not talking about a white rose and satin sheets. In case you missed her May 1996 pictorial, you may also call her by another name: Mrs. Lorenzo Lamas.

CORRECT WE
ONE CE
ATIONAL

On a scale of 1 to 10, cheeky Rachel Jeán Marteen (above) weighs in at 12—and she knows it, too. If marriage is the death of hope, as Woody Allen once told us, then lingerie must be its rebirth. Cupid knew what he was doing when he cast our 40th Anniversary Playmate, Anna-Marie Goddard (right), as an anything-but-blushing bride. Veils aside, Anna-Marie needs no support for her no-frills wedding.

On Valentine's Day, life is sweet—so eat your heart out: Sleek-stockinged Jami Ferrell looks slinky in pink. She gives off a warm, fuzzy feeling from our heads to her toes. After all, warm and fuzzy is what love and lingerie are all about.

JOHN KENNEDY

(continued from page 56)

He turned out to be stunningly handsome. The joke is that he went through college wearing only a towel.

gone. When the world moved on to other things, Jacqueline Kennedy was raising two kids by herself. And for those kids, the Camelot myth was no substitute for school. One day in 1965, a phone call came to Peter Clifton, who was then the assistant headmaster of St. David's School on the Upper East Side of Manhattan.

"Hello, Mr. Clifton," said the soft voice on the phone. "This is Jacqueline Kennedy. I wonder if I could come and see the school."

"Everybody was scared to death at the school," Clifton remembered. But John Kennedy was treated as just another first grader, with cousins ahead of and behind him—Chris Lawford, Steve and Willie Smith, Anthony Radziwill. "That was a help to John, to have a lot of family around," said Clifton. "There was no one sweeter than John—he had no guile in him. He's still like that. I have to give his mother a lot of credit for that. She appreciated anybody taking an interest in John."

Of course, the world had an interest in the Kennedy children—an interest that, taken one person at a time, was benign and harmless, but when centrifuged by mass media, disclosed a layer of danger.

No matter how old he gets, John Kennedy will always be too young to remember his father as flesh and blood. His uncle Robert F. Kennedy is less a ghost. "He was very intense," John Kennedy told an acquaintance not long ago. "He used to scare me. I was a little kid. When he would come over to the apartment, I would hide in my room."

In June 1968, when Bobby Kennedy was shot in Los Angeles, Jacqueline Kennedy was reported to have said, "If they're killing Kennedys, then my children are targets." Four months later she married Aristotle Onassis, the shipping tycoon who owned an island fortress in the Mediterranean.

"He was good to my mother and my sister," John Kennedy told a friend.

That is what he has figured out, however contrary his version is to received wisdom. Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis did not have, if even one percent of the published reports are true, a peaceful marriage with her second husband. After his death in 1975 she struggled with his daughter over the estate.

"John feels very warmly toward Ari," said the friend, and Kennedy should be no less authoritative on his mother's second marriage than, say, *Time* magazine. Maybe the stories about the inheritance squabble and the unhappy marriage were overcooked. Maybe he hasn't read them. Maybe he just does not believe any of it. ("I've read things in the *Enquirer* attributed to me that I've never said in my life," he commented in one issue of *George*.)

Everyone else could imagine his father. John lived without him. In September 1968 John transferred to the Collegiate School, a private school for boys on the West Side of Manhattan. "There was a father-son night in the eighth grade, about 1973 or 1974. The idea was, you had dinner in the old gymnasium, maybe threw a ball around," said novelist Peter Blauner, a Collegiate classmate of Kennedy's. "The fathers would talk with the teachers, maybe meet the other fathers. John brought Rosey Grier, and I remember the talk being, of course, that Grier was there because he tackled Sirhan Sirhan. He tried to protect the uncle and now he's here for John."

Others pitched in. Richard Goodwin, a writer and Kennedy family advisor, took John to an Ali–Frazier fight, and afterward Ali gave John his robe. To get to school John rode the M-79 bus across Central Park, passing the Museum of Natural History on one side and the Metropolitan Museum of Art on the other. The Secret Service agents sat in the back of the bus. One day John gave them the slip and was mugged in Central Park. It made the newspapers, big-time. For high school, his mother shipped him to Andover, the New England boarding school. A classmate stole the robe Ali had given him.

•

John was held back a year at Andover but for college had the pick of the Ivy litter. In 1979 he chose Brown University, pride of Rhode Island, over his father's school, Harvard. He had acted in high school. At Brown, he turned in earnest to the stage and even to the screen.

"There's a movie in the archives at Brown that was made by a student, and John Kennedy has a big part in it," said Julie Talen, a screenwriter and former Brown classmate. "He was a great actor." Kennedy was turning out to be a stunningly handsome young man, and he wasn't a bit shy about publicly baring the ripples. The joke is that he went through four years of college wearing only a towel.

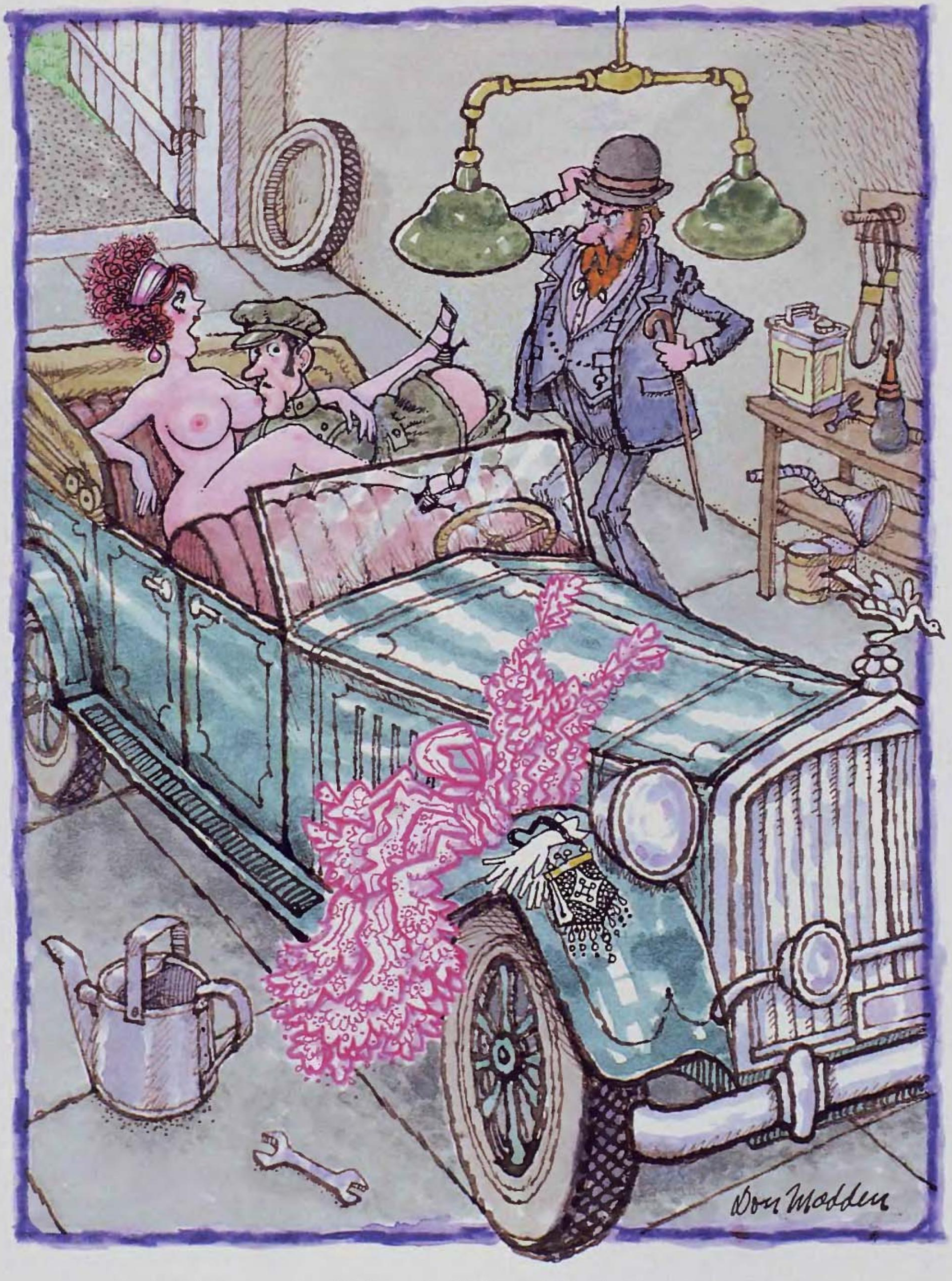
From his mother he learned at least two lessons. One was circumspection. Like his mother, John has always been a controlled substance. She had a rule of silence, which she never violated for any interviewer. That made every utterance—profound or vapid—priceless. All she had to do was sign her name to a petition to preserve Grand Central Station, and she could reverse the course of mighty capitalists. The public silence "was not really a studied decision on her part," Jackie's son would tell Oprah Winfrey. "It's just that her life was easier if, you know, she lived it privately."

The second lesson was also simple. You go to work. You don't bum around. In 1975 Jackie took a job as a book editor at Viking, which she left after the house published a Jeffrey Archer novel that turned on the assassination of Ted Kennedy. From there she went to Doubleday. Her children caught on. They worked summers. Idleness worms its way through the lives of the rich and poor, at different angles, surely, but destructively all the same. The son and daughter of Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis missed the bad turns taken by some of their Kennedy cousins.

•

John graduated from Brown in 1983 with a degree in history but without a clue. He pitched in on some charity work and traveled abroad, idling the engine of his fame and looks. He dated women from Brown and in 1985 acted with one of them in a Brian Friel play, *Winners*, in a way-off-Broadway theater. The entire Kennedy court made it clear through the gossip columns that his mother was opposed to John having a career in acting and an emotional life built around actresses.

Nevertheless, his performances at the Irish Arts Center became the stuff of legend. For one thing, the little theater on a bleak, semi-industrial street was not accustomed to having its patrons body-searched and admitted by invitation only. For another, the lead actor proved to the public what his family had long known: He had a gift for mimicking a brogue. "The finest young actor I've seen in 12 years," said Nye Heron, executive director of the center. Reporters grabbed John one night when he was leaving the theater. "This is definitely not a professional acting debut," Kennedy demurred. "It's just a hobby." The message surely



"I suppose I could have fought him off, Charles, but you know how I loathe violence."

must have pleased his mother.

At some point during those years, John met Michael Berman, a party hound his own age from a New Jersey real estate family, who was an aspiring public relations and marketing executive. John returned from a kayaking trip raving about a handmade kayak he had used. He and Berman cooked up an idea to market the kayak around the country, and they even formed a company, Random Ventures. It took them a year to realize that they couldn't mass-produce handmade kayaks. Random Ventures went into hibernation.

In 1986, after three years of skating around New York, working parties at night and respectable causes by day, Kennedy entered law school at New York University. He made it through in three uneventful years. Uneventful, that is, except for being named the sexiest man alive by *People* magazine in 1988.

That summer he spoke at the Democratic convention in Atlanta, offering a bland endorsement of public service. His first major public speech received a two-minute standing ovation.

If it was debutante night in the political arena, John Kennedy didn't seem to be particularly interested in dancing. "You never say never," he said, which, on his lips, certainly sounded like never.

In 1989 he took a position with Manhattan District Attorney Robert Morgenthau, who always manages to make room on his staff for the sons and daughters of the well known. In a four-year stint, Kennedy won all six cases he tried, and handled dozens of small-bore complaints.

"I didn't like it," he told a colleague. "I felt sorry for the defendants. Sure they were all guilty. But they were all poor and stupid." The criminal justice system is often the last stop on a conveyor belt of bad luck, and a young assistant district attorney is waiting to catch the sorry packages as they drop.

By day, he may have been swabbing the toilets of the court system, but by night, he was squiring Daryl Hannah. They met on vacation in the Caribbean. They reconnected when his aunt Lee Radziwill married Herbert Ross, who directed *Steel Magnolias*. Hannah and Kennedy dated for nearly five years, his longest romance.

In the DA's office, as everywhere, he is remembered for not assuming that anyone owed him a thing, for holding doors and getting coffee. Not everyone knew the private Kennedy. After one long night he had a green shamrock tattooed on his posterior.

He also set one legal milestone: He became the only person in the history of the New York bar to make the front pages of three newspapers when he didn't pass the bar on his first two tries. THE HUNK FLUNKS, the papers reported. He shrugged. "I'm clearly not a major legal genius," he said.

But Kennedy was hardly indifferent to what people thought about him. One afternoon, he stopped at Pete's Tavern, a charming old bar near Gramercy Park in Manhattan. The manager grew up in Inwood, an old Irish neighborhood in northern Manhattan. He and Kennedy had a long, companionable chat over beers about what life had been like for an Irish American street kid.

A day or so later an item ran in the gossip column of the *New York Post* suggesting there was good reason JFK Jr. was having a hard time passing the bar exam. He was blowing the whole afternoon hanging out in Pete's Tavern when he should have been cracking the law books, the paper opined.

The day the item appeared, Kennedy rode his bike to Pete's and tapped the manager on the shoulder. "I thought we had a private discussion," an angry Kennedy said.

"We did," said the manager. "I tell you straight up, that didn't come from me, nor anyone who works for me. We had nothing to do with it."

"OK," said Kennedy, "I appreciate it." In a lifetime of provocations, he has rarely blown any fuses. One summer on Cape Cod, he doused a pestering paparazzo, but then returned with apologies and an offer to pay for his camera.

In 1992 and 1993 he watched the ascent of Bill Clinton, who blew a saxophone on Arsenio Hall's show and talked about his underwear on MTV. National politics was beginning to sound like John Kennedy's life. He quit the district attorney's office in 1993. With Berman, he began to scribble ideas for a magazine about the intersection of politics and lifestyle. They revived their old kayaking company, Random Ventures, and set up shop in Berman's office.

Late in 1993, Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis fell ill. It was non-Hodgkin's lymphoma. She rallied, then failed.

•

Just before 11 P.M. on May 20, 1994, John Kennedy came down from his mother's apartment at 1040 Fifth Avenue and read a statement to the throng of reporters holding a deathwatch. "She was surrounded by friends, family and her books, and the people she loved, the people who were important to her," Kennedy said softly. "She did it on her own terms and in her own way. There's been an enormous outpouring of good wishes from people in New York and beyond. I hope now we can just have these next couple of days in relative peace."

The funeral was held at the Church of St. Ignatius Loyola, on Park Avenue and 84th Street. It was a monument to the privacy of the household. "I couldn't even go through the rectory this morning," said one Jesuit priest. "There are men with machine guns on the roof."

That privacy would prove in the months ahead to be a spectacular asset, ripe for investment. Berman and Kennedy began to whisper to the press. They showed a little ankle. Kennedy's ankle, that is. (Berman has said that partnership with Kennedy is like being Dolly Parton's feet.)

Neither Berman nor Kennedy were quoted directly, but strange personal items cropped up in the papers. Sample: He left the same gym bag in the same place on Daryl Hannah's floor for five months and never makes his bed—but now he's looking to launch a magazine!

The year that began with armed men guarding the privacy of his mother's funeral ended with stories about what a gorgeous slob her son was. And how he might be on to an interesting notion about a magazine. It was all catnip: A few months later executives at Hachette Filipacchi, a magazine publisher, agreed to fund the start-up of *George*. The investors at Hachette saw him speak to 1900 car advertising buyers in Detroit.

"I hope," Kennedy told the Detroit audience, "eventually to end up as president."

He paused as that thought scored, then finished the sentence. "Of a very successful publishing venture."

The crowd roared, then booked a record number of ad pages for the magazine's debut issue.

•

Oprah Winfrey thought that the Drew-Barrymore-as-Marilyn cover was a great gag. "Like, I understand the whole thing, John," she assured him. "I got that."

"OK," said Kennedy.

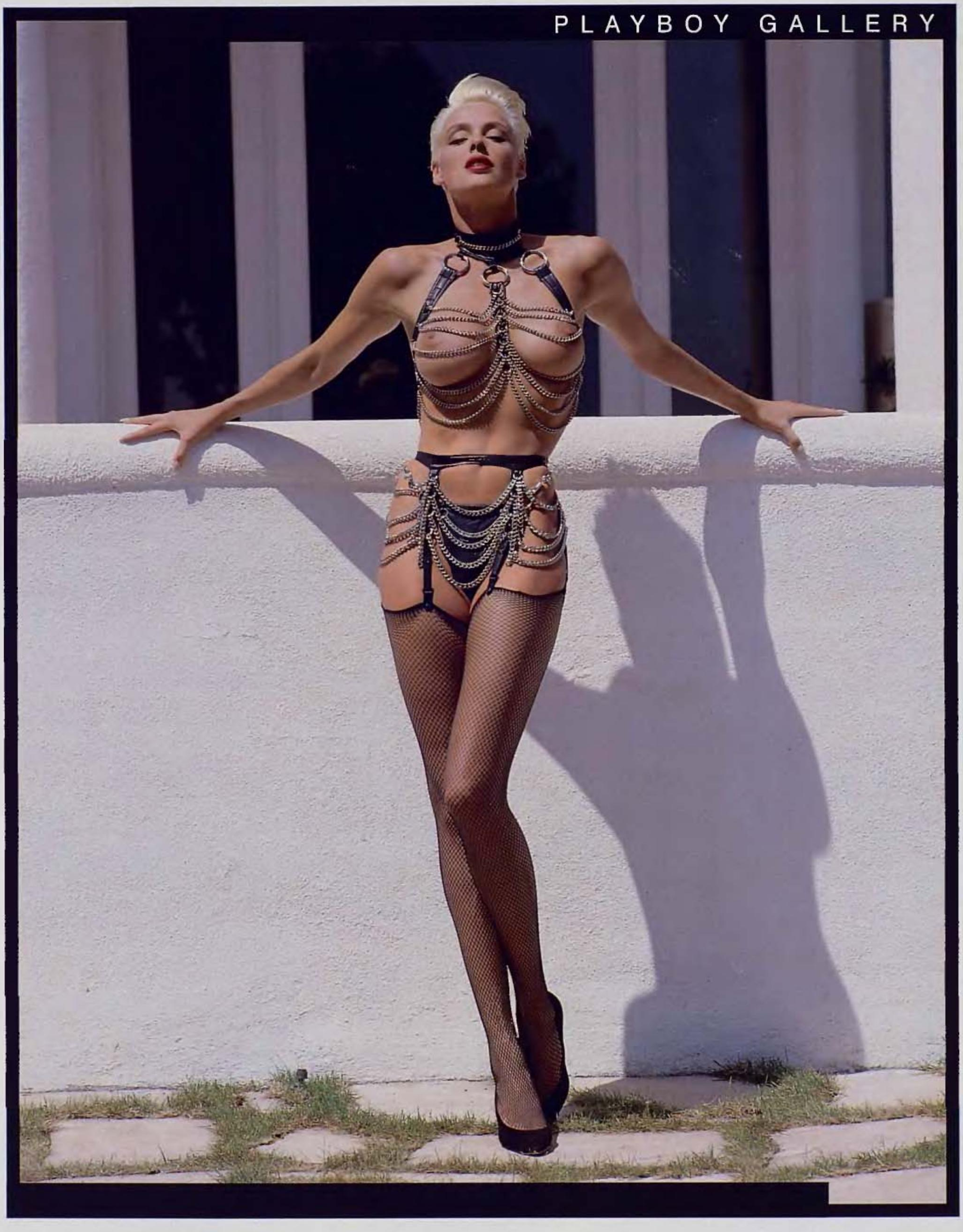
"The kind of spoof thing," she said.

"Mmm," replied Kennedy.

What? What spoof thing? Do you suddenly feel like everyone in the room is winking at one another? The cover was meant to plug a story about Bill Clinton turning 50, though it in fact called an enormous amount of attention not to Clinton, Marilyn Monroe or even President Kennedy but to the editor who chose it.

Clearly, Hachette has invested in a

(concluded on page 169)



When Herb Ritts captured the formidable Brigitte Nielsen for our December 1987 issue—her third PLAYBOY appearance—the six-foot wonder was hot off a hot streak of films (*Red Sonja*, *Cobra*, *Beverly Hills Cop II*) and embarking on a singing career. Divorced from Sly and linked romantically with everyone from New York Jet Mark Gastineau to her female secretary, the great Dane was also enjoying notoriety in the tabloids. This photo started its own chain reaction.

SEXUAL REVOLUTION

(continued from page 106)

Theda was born in the shadow of the Sphinx. Her lovers died of poison from mysterious amulets.

give firsthand experience."

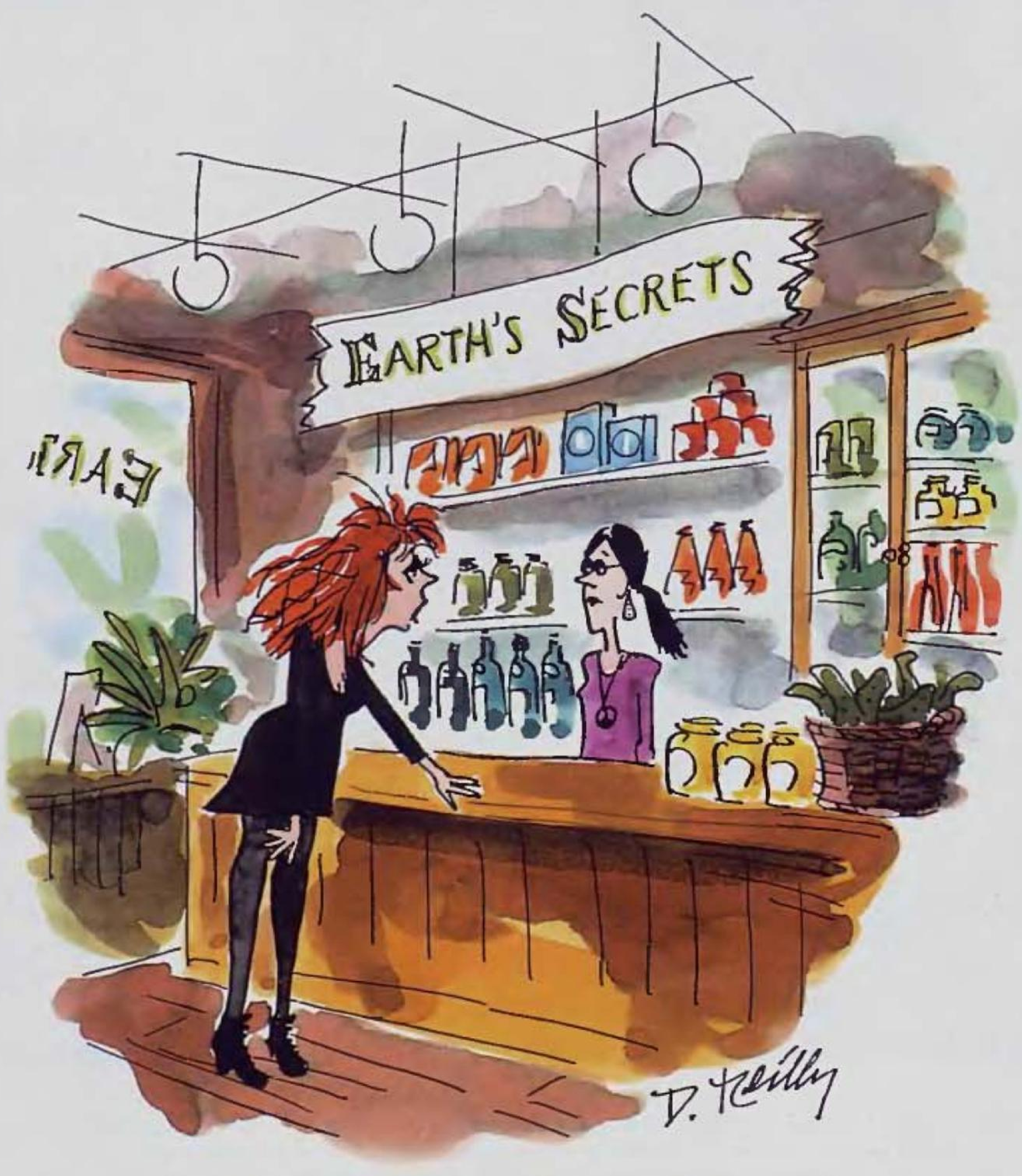
In 1915 the Supreme Court would agree. In *Mutual Film Corp. vs. Ohio* the court ruled that film was not protected by the First Amendment. "The exhibition of moving pictures is a business pure and simple, originated and conducted for profit, not to be regarded as part of the press of the country or as organs of public opinion. They are mere representations of events, or ideas and sentiments published or known; vivid, useful and entertaining, no doubt, but capable of evil, having power for it, the greater because of their attractiveness and manner of exhibition."

Filmmakers had realized early on that the market wanted sex. One historian recounts a meeting of the board of directors of the Biograph Co. When one member questioned the heavy emphasis on sex, he was shown a list of titles playing at a local arcade, along with the daily take:

U.S. Battleship at Sea—25 cents.
Joseph Jeffersen in *Rip's Sleep*—45 cents.
Ballet Dancer—$1.05.
Girl Climbing Apple Tree—$3.65.

At a nickel a shot, sex beat battleships by seven to one. One Biograph board member said, "I think we had better have some more of the *Girl Climbing Apple Tree* kind."

Women added sensuality and spice to the movies—Mack Sennett Bathing Beauties cascaded through scene after scene, revealing more leg than one would see at a beach. The curvaceous comedians brought out the censors, who snipped offending scenes and created great publicity for Sennett's work.



"Isn't there some ancient Chinese herb that makes it go down occasionally?"

By the teens, the arcades with row upon row of nickelodeons had given way to movie palaces; and anonymous girls climbing trees gave way to real screen celebrities. One of the earliest stars, an Australian swimmer named Annette Kellerman, was presented as "the world's most perfectly formed woman" in one aquatic epic after another. She pioneered the one-piece bathing suit. Her effect was such that a character in F. Scott Fitzgerald's first novel, *This Side of Paradise*, points out a swimming hole once visited by Kellerman, leaving one to fantasize on sharing water that had been cleaved by perfection.

And then came Theda.

THE VAMP

In 1914 William Fox cast unknown actress Theda Bara in a film version of the play *A Fool There Was*. Bara portrayed a woman whose sexual instinct was unrestrained. She seduced a diplomat, lured him away from wife and family, then discarded him. Studio press agents created a ridiculous biography: Theda was the love child of a French actress and her Italian lover. She was born in the shadow of the Sphinx. Her lovers died of poison from mysterious amulets. Theda Bara was an acronym for Arab Death. Publicity stills showed her kneeling over the skeleton of a lover, suggesting that she not only drained men of their vitality but also ate their flesh.

Theda was actually Theodosia Goodman, daughter of a Cincinnati tailor. But America remembers the character created by the willing press. In one interview she called her character a "vamp" (her first film was based on a Kipling poem called *The Vampire*, and the shortened version stuck as a nickname). According to biographer Eve Golden, "Until 1915, a vamp was either a piece of stage business or music done over and over between acts (to 'vamp until ready'). But by the end of 1915, the word had entered the American vocabulary as a woman who uses her charms and wiles to seduce and exploit men."

Theda became the screen's first sex star. It was so implausible. One critic commented that Bara "had a maternal figure. She was, in fact, remarkably like a suburban housewife circa World War One, bitten by the glamour bug into imagining herself a supreme seductress of men, and by some weird turn of fate succeeding at it."

"She was the first popular star whose primary attraction was her sexuality," note film historians Jeremy Pascal and Clyde Jeavons. "She proved conclusively that audiences paid vast sums of money to see women projecting a highly sexual image. She showed that true sex symbols have a bisexual appeal in that they attract equally the fantasies of the opposite sex and the vanity of their own. Men

TIME CAPSULE

RAW DATA FROM 1910–1919

FIRST APPEARANCES

Father's Day. *Good Housekeeping* Seal of Approval. *Women's Wear Daily*. Neon lights. Trench coats. The Mann Act. Lipstick. Keystone Cops. Mack Sennett Bathing Beauties. Eight-hour workday. Parachutes. Girl Scouts of America. Peppermint Life Savers. Camel cigarettes. Erector set. Manufacturing assembly line. Birth-control clinic. Aspirin tablets. Windshield wipers. Kotex sanitary napkins. Dial telephones. The Piltdown man (the supposed missing link). Selective Service Act. Gas mask. Feature film. Stag film. Sex education. The Talon slide fastener (zipper). Traffic lights. Jazz records. Tarzan. Jane.

DANCE CRAZE

Sentence imposed on a Paterson, New Jersey woman who was found guilty of dancing the turkey trot: 50 days or $25.

Number of female employees of *Ladies' Home Journal* fired for dancing at lunchtime: 15.

On any given night in 1911, number of young people who attend dancehalls in Chicago: 86,000.

Sign at a popular nightclub: "Do not wiggle the shoulders. Do not shake the hips. Do not twist the body. Do not flounce the elbows. Do not pump the arms. Do not hop—glide instead. Avoid low, fantastic and acrobatic dips."

MOVIE MADNESS

Number of Americans attending movies each week in 1910: 26 million.

First feature film shot in Hollywood: *The Squaw Man*. Charlie Chaplin's first full-length comedy: *Tillie's Punctured Romance*. Most popular serial, in which heroine escaped weekly from "a fate worse than death": *The Perils of Pauline*. First serious feature film: *The Birth of a Nation*.

Weekly salary that was received by Theda Bara during 1914 filming of *A Fool There Was*: $150. Amount film studio grossed in 1915: $3 million. Weekly salary received by Theda in 1919: $4000.

WHO'S HOT

Charlie Chaplin. Douglas Fairbanks. Mary Pickford. Lillian Gish. D.W. Griffith. Irving Berlin. George M. Cohan. Ty Cobb. Florenz Ziegfeld. Eddie Cantor. Will Rogers. Jim Thorpe. Bert Williams. The Original Dixieland Jazz Band. Jelly Roll Morton. Jack Dempsey.

America's favorite dance team: the Castles.

BIRTH OF A NATION

Population of the U.S. in 1910: 92 million. Population of the U.S. in 1920: 105 million.

Life expectancy by the end of the decade: Male: 53.6 years. Female: 54.6 years.

Number of children that a healthy woman living in wedlock should have, as estimated by the Vice Commission of Chicago: 10.

Number of women who visited Margaret Sanger's birth-control clinic in nine days in 1916: 464.

QUID PRO QUO

In 1912 corset makers in Kalamazoo, Michigan went on strike to protest the behavior of supervisors, who regularly suggested to female workers that they trade sexual favors for sewing thread. The strikers were arrested.

MONEY MATTERS

Gross national product in 1910: $35.3 billion. GNP in 1919: $84 billion. Average daily wage at Henry Ford's plant, as of 1914: $5. Average daily wage for auto workers not employed by Ford: $2.40. Weekly wage a man should earn before daring to date, according to a 1919 Chicago newspaper headline: $18.

Estimated amount a woman needed to earn per week to lead a virtuous life: $10. Average weekly wage of a woman in 1910: $6.

Price of a portable vibrator (with attachments), advertised in the 1918 Sears catalog as "very useful and satisfactory for home service": $5.95.

ON THE ROAD

Number of automobiles registered in the U.S. in 1912: 900,000. Number registered in 1919: 6.7 million.

THE WAGES OF SIN

Number of infants killed by syphilis in 1916: 73,000 (including 41,700 stillbirths). Estimated number of prostitutes who died each year as the result of venereal disease: 40,000. Number of infected prostitutes imprisoned in detention homes and reformatories during World War One: 15,520.

TAILHOOK, CIRCA 1919

In the oddest sexual scandal of the decade, the Naval Training Station in Newport, Rhode Island sends a squad of enlisted men into local bars to associate with "sexual perverts." The decoys—in the name of duty—willingly accept blow jobs. The subsequent trials prove to be an embarrassment. According to Colin Spencer, author of *Homosexuality in History*: "The decoys were asked how much sexual pleasure they had experienced. One protested, saying he was a man and if someone touched his cock, then it got erect and he could not do anything about it."

FINAL APPEARANCES

1911: Carry Nation. Anti-alcohol crusader finally buries hatchet.

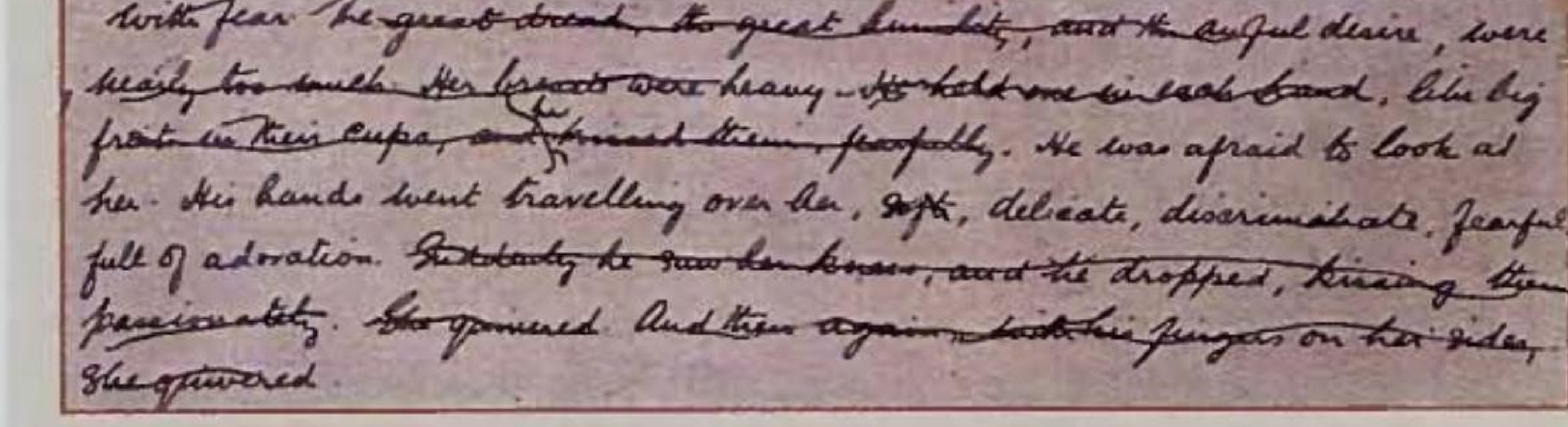
1912: The *Titanic*. "Unsinkable" luxury liner strikes iceberg on maiden voyage. Captain orders, "Women and children first." Only 711 of 2224 passengers survive.

1914: Archduke Francis Ferdinand of Austria. Assassination begins World War One.

1915: Anthony Comstock. Puritan crusader catches cold.

1917: Mata Hari. Seductive beauty executed for espionage. Storyville. Red-light district in New Orleans closed by secretary of war.

SEX AND CENSORSHIP



with fear ~~the great dread, the great humility, and the awful~~ desire, were
~~nearly too much. Her breasts were~~ heavy. ~~He held one in each hand~~, like big
~~fruits in their cups, and~~ he ~~kissed them, fearfully~~. He was afraid to look at
her. His hands went travelling over her, ~~soft~~, delicate, discriminate, fearful
full of adoration. ~~Suddenly he saw her knees, and he dropped, kissing them~~
~~passionately~~. ~~She quivered~~. And then ~~again, with his fingers on her sides,~~
~~She quivered~~.

In 1913 D.H. Lawrence handed in the manuscript for *Sons and Lovers*. A *New York Times* review of the published book warned that the relations between Paul Morel and his lover Clara "are portrayed with absolute frankness." If the *Times* had only known. Edward Garnett, Lawrence's editor, had already cut it by ten percent.

"He could smell her faint natural perfume" became "He could smell her faint perfume."

A scene that read: "He sat up and looked at the room in the darkness. Then he realized that there was a pair of her stockings on a chair. He got up stealthily and put them on himself. Then he sat still and knew he would have to have her. After that he sat erect on the bed, his feet doubled under him, perfectly motionless, listening," became: "He sat up and looked at the room in the darkness, his feet doubled under him, perfectly motionless, listening."

Another passage: "The first kiss on her breast made him pant with fear. The great dread, the great humility and the awful desire were nearly too much. Her breasts were heavy. He held one in each hand, like big fruits in their cups, and kissed them, fearfully. He was afraid to look at her. His hands went traveling over her, soft, delicate, discriminate, fearful, full of adoration. Suddenly he saw her knees and he dropped, kissing them passionately. She quivered. And then again, with his fingers on her sides, she quivered."

This became, under the pen of editor Garnett, simply: "He was afraid to look at her. His hands went traveling over her, delicate, discriminate, fearful, full of adoration." Lawrence submitted to the edit, saying simply, "It's got to sell, I've got to live."

The original manuscript—cuts restored by Helen and Carl Baron—was finally published in 1992.

---

adored, women emulated."

But the role proved a trap. Once a vamp, always a vamp. Bara's popularity lasted for more than 40 films, but by decade's end the public would tire of the seductress.

Still, her effect reached far beyond the screen. Fitzgerald charted the evolutionary change in women in *This Side of Paradise*: "The belle had become the flirt, the flirt had become the baby vamp."

The birth of the fan magazine allowed women stars to talk about traditional women's roles through a safe layer. Lillian Gish, an actress who epitomized innocence in films by D.W. Griffith, would grumble: "Virgins are the hardest roles to play. Those dear little girls—to make them interesting takes great vitality, but a fallen woman or a vamp! Seventy-five percent of your work is already done."

As Lary May points out in *Screening Out the Past*, Bara played Cleopatra, Madame du Barry, Salome—"women whose erotic allure destroyed men who ruled over vast kingdoms. The vamp thus embodied the most ominous warning of the vice crusaders: Sex could destroy the social order."

•

Of course, to reformers, movies posed a threat as great as those of dancehalls and brothels. "They brought the lessons of the red-light district to young people." At the end of the first decade, America had taken steps to screen and censor films. The National Board of Review, created in 1908 by Anthony Comstock, labored to protect the nation's morals. More than 100 female volunteers viewed films nonstop. According to one account, "During October 1914, for example, its members reviewed 571 films and eliminated 75 scenes, ten reels and three entire movies." Comstock and company wanted to control more than behavior—they wanted to control the images and dreams that fascinated the new America.

BLUE MOVIES

In 1915 projectionists toured the country with a film called *A Free Ride*. Directed by A. Wise Guy and photographed by Will B. Hard, with titles by Will She, *Free Ride* is the earliest known stag film. It set the low standards that still guide the underground film world. A man driving along a country road picks up two girls who are walking home. He briefly fondles their breasts, remarking, "What a beautiful dairy." A while later, he pulls off the road.

The title card declares, "In the wide open spaces, where men are men and girls will be girls, the hills are full of romance and adventure." The sex that follows is, to the modern eye, hilarious. One girl lifts her skirt and rubs her vagina. The man fondles the other girl while she wrestles his penis through a button fly. Quick cut and she is lying on a blanket, legs spread. The man's pants are around his ankles, and thus hobbled, he takes the plunge. The second girl watches, then demands her turn. He enters her doggy fashion. There is no come shot, and the girls seem to pass out from pleasure. Another quick cut shows the man supine in the grass—still clothed. The girls appear sans dresses, but still in knee-length socks. One performs tentative oral sex—the man artlessly grabs her hair and forces her head down. Then, according to the title card, he says, "Hurry up, let's get out of here."

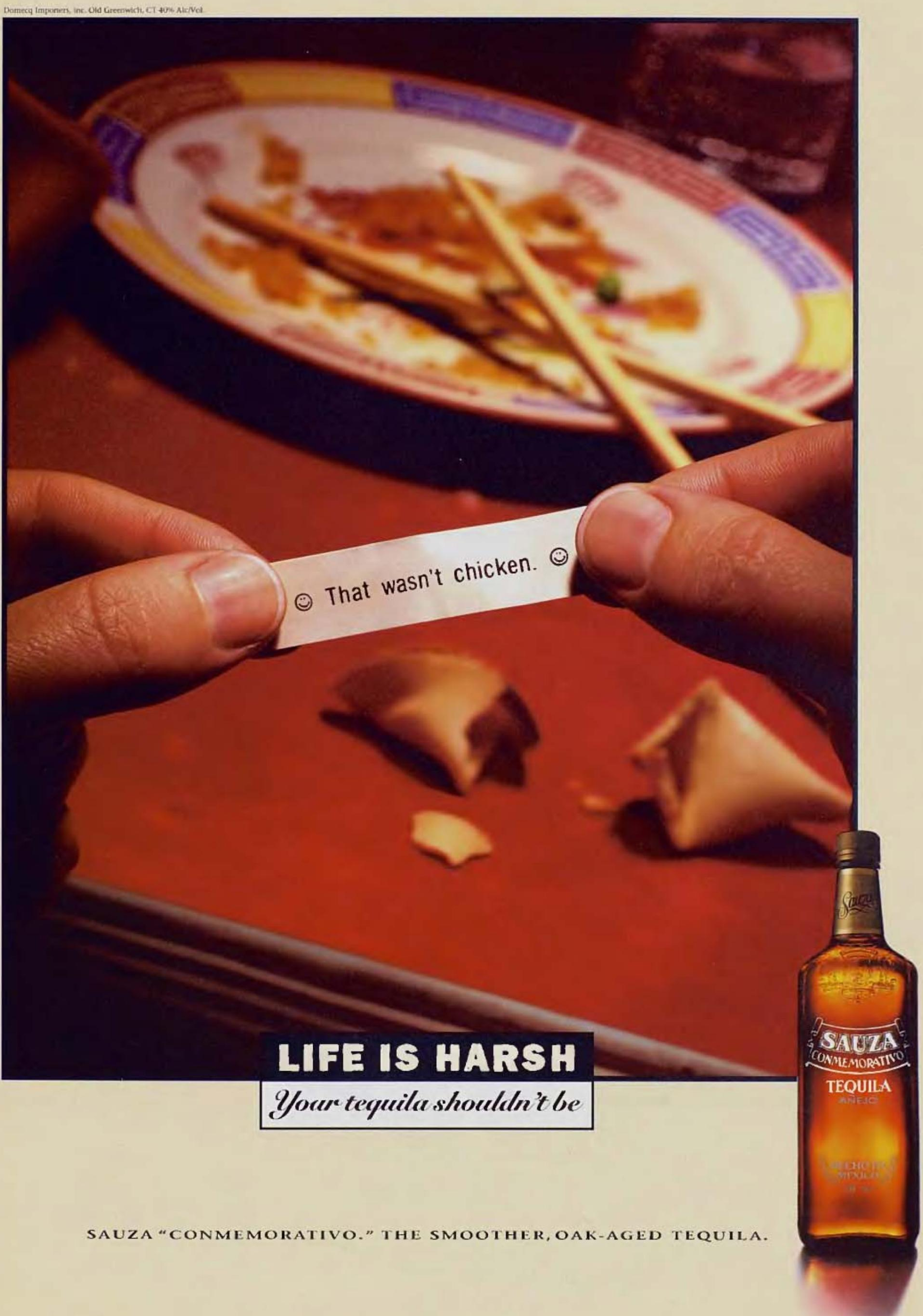
A Free Ride starred the Jazz Girls. In the second decade, jazz didn't just refer to the music; it also meant the act of sex itself. In a 1919 stag film called *Strictly Union*, a stagehand comes upon an aspiring actress in a changing room. As the hour hand spins on the clock, having tried oral sex and anal sex, he promises, "I'll give you a regular jazz." At the end of the film, after the stagehand punches a time clock and retires from the field, the woman complains, "Gee, I wish I could get a man with some pep."

The traveling projectionist played his images on the walls of local smokers—clubs where small-town businessmen gathered—and at college fraternity houses. As red-light districts disappeared, these films would act as sex education and a safe rite of passage for young men. For older men, this allowed them to share sex with their buddies—a form of extramarital sex that did not involve a visit to a brothel. For college students the films provided a clear look at sex—French postcards set in motion. Years later, historians would say that the "films revealed graphically what it was difficult to see in the dark confines of the backseat." The films also reinforced the obsessive myths of male sexual fantasy: "A real man can have any woman, all women want to be dominated sexually, sex can happen any time, anywhere, and human beings are universal sexual tinder."

WHITE SLAVERY REVISITED

On June 25, 1910 President William Howard Taft signed into law the White-

Domecq Importers, Inc. Old Greenwich, CT 40% Alc/Vol.


☺ That wasn't chicken. ☺
LIFE IS HARSH
Your tequila shouldn't be
SAUZA
CONMEMORATIVO
TEQUILA
AÑEJO

SAUZA "CONMEMORATIVO." THE SMOOTHER, OAK-AGED TEQUILA.

Slave-Traffic Act. Named for its sponsor in Congress, the Mann Act stated:

> That any person who shall knowingly transport or cause to be transported, or aid or assist in obtaining transportation for, or in transporting, any woman or girl for the purpose of prostitution or debauchery, or for any other immoral purpose, or with the intent and purpose to induce, entice or compel such woman or girl to become a prostitute, or to give herself up to debauchery, or to engage in any other immoral practice shall be punished by a fine not exceeding $5000, or by imprisonment of not more than five years, or by both such fine and imprisonment, in the discretion of the court.

In *Crossing Over the Line*, legal scholar David Langum presents evidence of Congress' original intent. The bill was aimed at the criminal traffic in women, the huge and mythical vice trust. But it also served as a rallying point for the social purity movement. As one supporter argued, those in favor of the bill included "every pure woman in the land, every priest and minister of the living God, and men who reverence womanhood and who set a priceless value upon female purity." On the other side of the bill, "you would find all the whoremongers and the pimps and the procurers and the keepers of bawdy houses. Upon that other side you would find all those who hate God and scoff at innocence and laugh at female virtue."

In the face of such rhetoric, who could vote against that bill?

The moral panic was in full bloom. *The New York Times* proclaimed, "There is a white-slave traffic." The *San Francisco Examiner* came up with the feverish figure: "Slavers Kidnap 60,000 Women Each Year." Reformers plastered various cities with posters that screamed: "Danger! Mothers beware! Sixty thousand innocent girls wanted to take the place of 60,000 white slaves who will die this year in the U.S.!"

Reginald Kauffman's *House of Bondage* was a best-selling novel. Two white-slavery plays—*The Lure* and *The Flight*—opened on Broadway. Movie theaters drew throngs of people to *Traffic in Souls* in 1913. The movie played simultaneously in 28 theaters in New York City, grossing $450,000.

America was suddenly afraid for its daughters. Stanley Finch, one of the first heads of the Bureau of Investigation, used the hysteria to build a personal fiefdom within the federal government. After he became Special Commissioner for the Suppression of White Slavery, he told audiences:

> It is a fact that there are now scattered throughout practically every section of the U.S. a vast number of men and women whose sole occupation consists in enticing, tricking or coercing young women and girls into immoral lives. Moreover, their methods have been so far developed and perfected that they seem to be able to ensnare almost any woman or girl whom they select for the purpose. This is indeed an extraordinary statement, and one almost passing belief, but that it is absolutely true no one can honestly doubt who reviews any considerable portion of the mass of evidence which is already in the possession of the Attorney General's Bureau of Investigation.

There was only one problem: No one could find a widespread, organized traffic in white slaves.

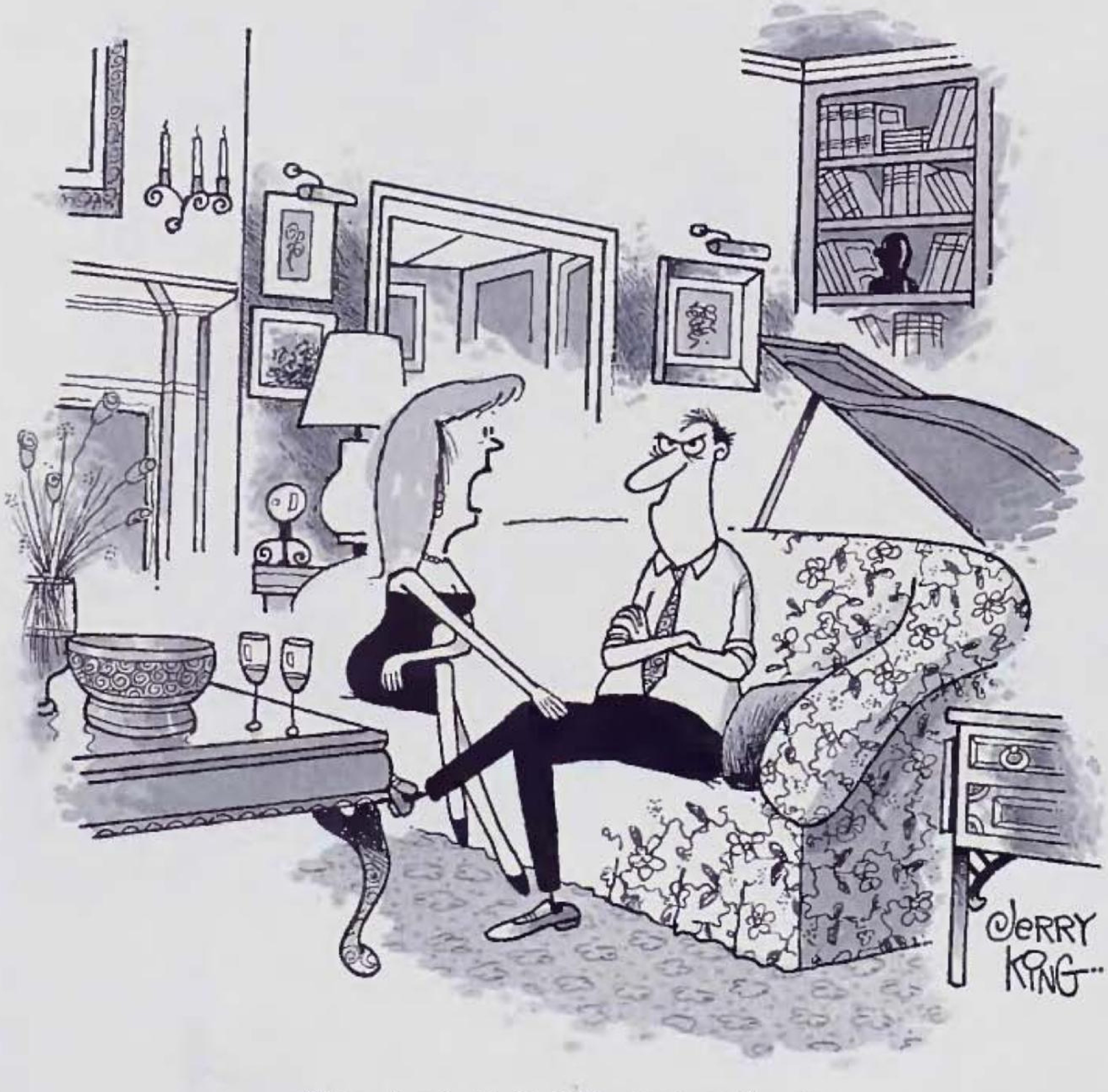
Investigators at the time interviewed 1106 street prostitutes and found six who claimed white slavery was the cause of their entry into prostitution. The Vice Commission of Chicago looked at 2241 juvenile delinquents (i.e., sexually active females) and found 107 self-described victims of white slavery.

Clearly, relatively few women were being forced into prostitution by white slavers. Some reformers looked at economic forces, even calculating the exact dollar value of purity. A woman could support herself without falling into sin if she made $8 to $10 a week. Unfortunately, most working girls—in factories, shops and offices—earned wages of $6 per week.

Suffragists used prostitution to argue for economic equality and a minimum wage for women, but they also recognized the emotional appeal of the white-slave myth. As one suffragist put it: "Remember, ladies, it is more important to be aroused than to be accurate. Apathy is more of a crime than exaggeration in dealing with this subject."

The Bureau of Investigation created a directory of brothels. Agents interviewed prostitutes, attempting to identify those being held against their will. They would report the arrival of prostitutes from other states. But the paperwork and moral accounting lacked the passion of a crusade. The national press began to express doubts that white slavery was more than hype and hysteria. Congress weighed cutting funds for the new bureau. Fearing a lost opportunity, a coalition of religious leaders called the World's Purity Association demanded greater appropriations.

In 1913 a minor scandal erupted



"Yes, I admit it, I fantasize about other men in bed. But if it makes you feel any better, they don't satisfy me either."

(Advertisement)

YOU CAN MAKE UP TO

$9,800 in 24 Hours!

Dear Friend,

I made $9,800 in 24 hours. You may do better!

My name is John Wright. Not too long ago I was flat broke. I was $31,000 in debt. The bank repossessed my car because I couldn't keep up with the payments. And one day the landlord gave me an eviction notice because I hadn't paid the rent for three months. So we had to move out. My family and I stayed at my cousin's place for the rest of that month before I could manage to get another apartment. That was very embarrassing.

Things have changed now. I own four homes in Southern California. The one I'm living in now in Bel Air is worth more than one million dollars. I own several cars, among them a Rolls Royce and a Mercedes Benz. Right now, I have a million dollar line of credit with the banks and have certificates of deposit at $100,000 each in my bank in Beverly Hills.

Best of all, I have time to have fun. To be me. To do what I want. I work about 4 hours a day, the rest of the day, I do things that please me. Some days I go swimming and sailing—shopping. Other days, I play racquetball or tennis. Sometimes, frankly, I just lie out under the sun with a good book. I love to take long vacations. I just got back from a two week vacation from—Maui, Hawaii.

I'm not really trying to impress you with my wealth. All I'm trying to do here is to prove to you that if it wasn't because of that money secret I was lucky enough to find that day, I still would have been poor or maybe even bankrupt. It was only through this amazing money secret that I could pull myself out of debt and become wealthy. Who knows what would have happened to my family and me.

Knowing about this secret changed my life completely. It brought me wealth, happiness, and most important of all—peace of mind. This secret will change your life, too! It will give you everything you need and will solve all your money problems. Of course you don't have to take my word for it. You can try it for yourself. To see that you try this secret, I'm willing to give you $20.00 in cash. (I'm giving my address at the bottom of this page.) I figure, if I spend $20.00, I get your attention. And you will prove it to yourself this amazing money secret will work for you, too!

Why, you may ask, am I willing to share this secret with you? To make money? Hardly. First, I already have all the money and possessions I'll ever need. Second, my secret does not involve any sort of competition whatsoever. Third, nothing is more satisfying to me than sharing my secret only with those who realize a golden opportunity and get on it quickly.

This secret is incredibly simple. Anyone can use it. You can get started with practically no money at all and the risk is almost zero. You don't need special training or even a high school education. It doesn't matter how young or old you are and it will work for you at home or even while you are on vacation.

Let me tell you more about this fascinating money making secret:

With this secret the money can roll in fast. In some cases you may be able to cash in literally overnight. If you can follow simple instructions you can get started in a single afternoon and it is possible to have spendable money in your hands the very next morning. In fact, this just might be the fastest *legal* way to make money that has ever been invented!

This is a very safe way to get extra cash. It is practically risk free. It is not a dangerous gamble. Everything you do has already been tested and you can get started for less money than most people spend for a night on the town.

One of the nicest things about this whole idea is that you can do it at home in your spare time. You don't need equipment or an office. It doesn't matter where you live either. You can use this secret to make money if you live in a big city or on a farm or anywhere in between. A husband and wife team from New York used my secret, worked at home in their spare time, and made $45,000 *in one year.*

This secret is simple. It would be hard to make a mistake if you tried. You don't need a college degree or even a high school education. All you need is a little common sense and the ability to follow simple, easy, step-by-step instructions. I personally know a man from New England who used this secret and made $2 million *in just 3 years.*

You can use this secret to make money no matter how old or how young you may be. There is no physical labor involved and everything is so easy it can be done whether you're a teenager or 90 years old. I know one woman who is over 65 and *is making all the money she needs* with this secret.

Here's what newspapers and magazines are saying about this incredible secret:

The Washington Times:
The Royal Road to Riches is paved with golden tips.

National Examiner:
John Wright has an excellent guide for achieving wealth in your spare time.

Income Opportunities:
The Royal Road to Riches is an invaluable guide for finding success in your own back yard.

News Tribune:
Wright's material is a MUST for anyone who contemplates making it as an independent entrepreneur.

Success:
John Wright believes in success, pure and simple.

Money Making Opportunities:
John Wright has a rare gift for helping people with no experience make lots of money. He's made many people wealthy.

California Political Week:
...The politics of high finance made easy.

The Tolucan:
You'll love...*The Royal Road to Riches.* It's filled with valuable information...only wish I'd known about it years ago!

Hollywood Citizen News:
He does more than give general ideas. He gives people a detailed A to Z plan to make big money.

The Desert Sun:
Wright's *Royal Road to Riches* lives up to its title in offering an uncomplicated path to financial success.

When you use this secret to make money you never have to try to convince anybody of anything. This has nothing to do with door-to-door selling, telephone solicitation, real estate or anything else that involves personal contact.

Everything about this idea is perfectly legal and honest. You will be proud of what you are doing and you will be providing a very valuable service.

It will only take you two hours to learn how to use this secret. After that everything is almost automatic. After you get started you can probably do everything that is necessary in three hours per week.

PROOF

I know you are skeptical. That simply shows your good business sense. Well, here is proof from people who have put this amazing secret into use and have gotten all the money they ever desired. Their initials have been used In order to protect their privacy, but I have full information and the actual proof of their success in my files.

'More Money Than I Ever Dreamed'

"All I can say—your plan is *great!* In just 8 weeks I took in over $100,000. More money than I ever dreamed of making. At this rate, I honestly believe, I can make over a million dollars per year.

A. F., Providence. RI

'$9,800 In 24 Hours'

"I didn't believe it when you said the secret could produce money the *next morning.* Boy, was I wrong, and you were right! I purchased your *Royal Road to Riches.* On the basis of your advice, $9,800 poured in, in less than 24 hours! John, your secret is incredible!"

J. K., Laguna Hills, CA

'Made $15,000 In 2 Months At 22'

"I was able to earn over $15,000 with your plan—in just the past two months. As a 22 year old girl, I never thought that I'd ever be able to make as much money as fast as I've been able to do. I really do wish to thank you, with all of my heart."

Ms. E. L., Los Angeles, CA

'Made $126,000 In 3 Months'

"For years, I passed up all the plans that promised to make me rich. Probably I am lucky I did—but I am even more lucky that I took the time to send for your material. It changed my whole life. Thanks to you, I made $126,000 in 3 months."

S. W., Plainfield, IN

'Made $203,000 In 8 Months'

"I never believed those success stories...never believed I would be one of them...using your techniques, in just 8 months, I made over $203,000...made over $20,000 more in the last 22 days! Not just well prepared but simple, easy, fast...John, thank you for your *Royal Road to Riches!*"

C. M., Los Angeles, CA

'$500,000 In Six Months'

"I'm amazed at my success! By using your secret I made $500,000 in six months. That's more than twenty times what I've made in any single year before! I've never made so much money in such short time with minimum effort. My whole life I was waiting for this amazing miracle! Thank you, John Wright."

R. S., Mclean, VA

As you can tell by now I have come across something pretty good. I believe I have discovered the sweetest little money-making secret you could ever imagine. Remember—I guarantee it.

Most of the time, it takes big money to make money. This is an exception. With this secret you can start in your spare time with almost nothing. But of course you don't have to start small or stay small. You can go as fast and as far as you wish. The size of your profits is totally up to you. I can't guarantee how much you will make with this secret but I can tell you this—so far this amazing money producing secret makes the profits from most other ideas look like peanuts!

Now at last, I've completely explained this remarkable secret in a special money making plan. I call it "The Royal Road to Riches". Some call it a miracle. You'll probably call it "The Secret of Riches". You will learn everything you need to know step-by-step. So you too can put this amazing money making secret to work for you and make all the money you need.

To prove this secret will solve all your money problems, don't send me any money, *instead postdate* your check for a month and a half from today. I guarantee not to deposit it for 45 days. I won't cash your check for 45 days before I know for sure that you are completely satisfied with my material.

$20.00 FREE!

There is no way you can lose. You either solve all your money problems with this secret (in just 30 days) or you get your money back *plus* $20.00 *in cash* **FREE!**

Do you realize what this means? You can put my simple secret into use. Be able to solve all your money problems. And if for any reason whatsoever you are not 100% satisfied after using the secret for 30 days, you may return my material. And then I will not only return your original UNCASHED CHECK, but I will also send you an extra *$20.00 cashiers check* just for giving the secret an honest try according to the simple instructions.

I GUARANTEE IT! With my unconditional guarantee, there is absolutely NO RISK ON YOUR PART.

To order, simply write your name and address on a piece of paper. Enclose your postdated check or money order for $29.95 and send it to:

JOHN WRIGHT
Dept. 296
3340 Ocean Park Blvd.
Suite 3065
Santa Monica, CA 90405

But the supply of my material is limited. So send in your order now while the supply lasts.

If you wish to charge it to your Visa, MasterCard or Discover—be sure to include your account number and expiration date. That's all there is to it. I'll send you my material right away by return mail, along with our unconditional guarantee.

SWORN STATEMENT:

"As Mr. John Wright's accountant, I certify that his assets exceed one million dollars." Mark Davis

© 1995 JOHN WRIGHT

Tin Pan Alley

TUNES OF THE TIMES

*In My Merry Oldsmobile * He'd Have to Get Under, Get Out and Get Under * Come, Josephine, in My Flying Machine * Wait Till You Get Them up in the Air, Boys*

♪

*Let Me Call You Sweetheart * I Want a Girl (Just Like the Girl That Married Dear Old Dad) * If You Were the Only Girl in the World * A Pretty Girl Is Like a Melody * Oh, You Beautiful Doll*

♪

*There's a Broken Heart for Every Light on Broadway * Heaven Will Protect the Working Girl * Poor Butterfly*

♪

*Everybody's Doin' It Now * If You Talk in Your Sleep, Don't Mention My Name * Naughty, Naughty, Naughty * Ballin' the Jack * At the Devil's Ball * Do It Again * Ain't Gonna Give Nobody None of This Jelly Roll*

♪

*Alexander's Ragtime Band * I've Got to Dance * Ragtime Cowboy Joe * Ragtime Jockey Man * 12th Street Rag * St. Louis Blues * Darktown Strutters' Ball*

♪

*There's a Little Bit of Bad in Every Good Little Girl * The Vamp * What Do You Want to Make Those Eyes at Me For? * I Want a Daddy Who Will Rock Me to Sleep*

♪

*I Didn't Raise My Boy to Be a Soldier * Over There * Goodbye Broadway, Hello France * If He Can Fight Like He Can Love, Goodnight Germany * Would You Rather Be a Colonel With an Eagle on Your Shoulder or a Private With a Chicken on Your Knee? * The Rose of No Man's Land * A Good Man Is Hard to Find * How Ya Gonna Keep 'Em Down on the Farm (After They've Seen Paree)? * Somebody Stole My Gal*

♪

*Prohibition Blues * What Are We Going to Do on a Saturday Night? (When the Town Goes Dry) * When the Moon Shines on the Moonshine * I'll See You in C-U-B-A*

♪

You Ain't Heard Nothin' Yet

♪

when a press release of suspect origin suggested that Attorney General James McReynolds had "issued instructions that no man is to be indicted and prosecuted [under the Mann Act] unless it is shown that he shared in the earnings of the woman."

The attorney general denied authorship of the memo, which seemed to target only pimps. But the damage was done. As David Langum points out, the church groups went wild:

> For the next eight months, church and purity groups denounced a directive that never had been made and in the process moved the federal government more and more toward a policy of vigorous prosecution of noncommercial violations. The Chicago Church Federation Council resolved on September 29, 1913 to "call upon Christian churches and reform organizations and all men who desire the safety of our homes and upon all good women and women's organizations to support this law in its prohibition of debauchery, whether for gain or for personal indulgence, and we protest the weakening of the Mann Act for the evil gratification of influential men."

The purity movement demanded that the law be used to punish "personal escapades." The movement had its law and a national sex police, and it wanted action. But a law designed for one purpose—the elimination of white slavery—was also subverted for another.

Jack Johnson, born in Texas in 1878, was the first black boxer to win the heavyweight championship of the world. In a bout fought in Reno on July 4, 1910, he knocked out Jim Jeffries in the 15th round. He became the most hated man in America—as one writer noted, "no longer the respectful darky, hat in hand." He had defeated a white man. Not entirely coincidentally, in the aftermath of the fight, race riots swept the country.

Johnson, an educated man who read Shakespeare and Victor Hugo, was a connoisseur who collected exotic cars. He threatened the old order in a more direct way—he married a white woman and kept several white mistresses scattered throughout the country.

Lucille Cameron was one of the latter. She had come to Chicago from Minneapolis, ostensibly to work at Johnson's Café de Champion. Cameron's mother reported Johnson to the feds. They arrested him in October 1912 on charges of abduction and violating the Mann Act.

Cameron refused to testify against Johnson, and upon her release from custody, she married the fighter. (Johnson's wife had committed suicide.) The case seemed closed, until the feds located Belle Schreiber, another of Johnson's former mistresses, also white. The black fighter was convicted in 1913 and sentenced to one year in jail for transporting Schreiber for "immoral purposes."

With racial tension high (the governor of South Carolina told fellow governors "the black brute who lays his hands upon a white woman ought not to have any trial"), Johnson fled the country. (He later returned and served his sentence.)

The law had another unanticipated consequence: The Mann Act created a whole industry of blackmailers who tracked wealthy men as they traveled with women who were not their wives. A member of the gang would pose as a federal agent, flash a badge, threaten arrest—and then collect hush money.

Women threatened reluctant suitors with arrest. Angry wives called on the state to arrest errant husbands who conducted reckless affairs.

Consider the case of Drew Caminetti and Maury Diggs. In 1912, the two Californians, both married, both the sons of wealthy parents, became captivated by a pair of young single women. The foursome ricocheted around the Sacramento area in an automobile, visiting roadhouses and having amorous picnics in the countryside and "champagne orgies" in their offices. As a result of their escapades, the four achieved an inevitable notoriety. In 1913, trying to avoid angry spouses and family members, the two men and their mistresses boarded a train in Sacramento. They crossed the state line into Nevada and took rooms in Reno. Four days later the men were arrested under the Mann Act.

The case went all the way to the Supreme Court. Did the statute's language—"debauchery" or "any other immoral purpose"—cover noncommercial sex? The court decided it did: "The prostitute may, in the popular sense, be more degraded in character than the concubine, but the latter nonetheless must be held to lead an immoral life, if any regard whatever be had to the views that are almost universally held in this country as to the relations which may rightfully, from the standpoint of morality, exist between man and woman in the matter of sexual intercourse."

Crossing state lines was not what mattered—it was crossing the line that keeps sex within marriage. The Mann Act sought to limit the movement of emancipated women, though mostly men were prosecuted. It was a direct challenge to the phenomenon of the automobile.

The *Free Ride* depicted in America's first stag film was now, and for decades to come, threatened by federal law.

SEX AND DRUGS

The moral panic surrounding the white-slave traffic extended into other areas associated with vice. Reformers noted that cocaine and morphine were connected with prostitution and the new nightlife. "Society requires late hours," explained one frequenter of nightclubs and cabarets.

H. Wayne Morgan's *Drugs in America: A Social History, 1800–1980* presents this testimony to Congress from a member of the Philadelphia pharmaceutical board, on the dangers of cocaine:

> The colored people seem to have a weakness for it. It is a very seductive drug and it produces extreme exhilaration. Persons under the influence of it believe they are millionaires. They have an exaggerated ego. They imagine they can lift this building if they want to, or can do anything they want to. They have no regard for right or wrong. It produces a kind of temporary insanity. They would just as leave rape a woman as anything else, and a great many of the Southern rape cases have been traced to cocaine.

Another committee heard that women were especially susceptible to the drug: "The police officers of these questionable districts tell us that the habitués are made madly wild by cocaine."

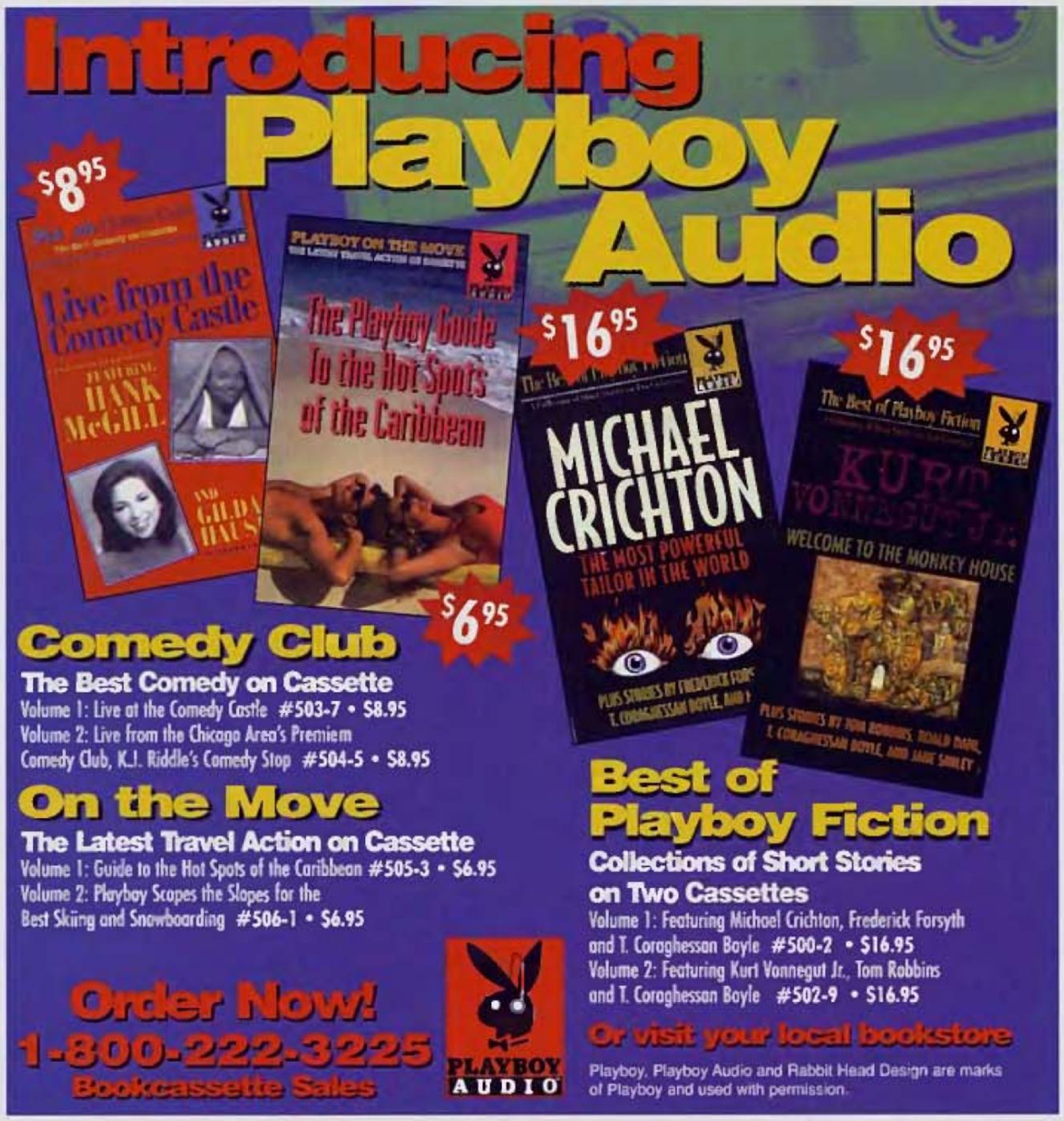
Concern was not limited to drugs. The Harrison Narcotic Act of 1914 and the Volstead Act of 1919 were largely attempts to remove all of the lubricants of vice. The Volstead Act was fueled by testimony from social workers about fallen girls whose ruination was summed up in one sentence: "I had a few drinks, then I don't remember what happened next."

Nothing shows the overlap between social purity groups, suffragists and temperance unions more than the phenomenon of dry states. Where women first got the vote—in Western states—prohibition immediately followed.

COMSTOCK AND THE WOMEN OF GREENWICH VILLAGE

If the dancehalls and movie theaters were creating a new kind of American woman, so were the salons and saloons of New York's Greenwich Village. Artists were struggling with personal freedom. Alfred Stieglitz, a photographer who ran the gallery 291, shocked his fellows by photographing his wife, painter Georgia O'Keeffe, in the throes of orgasm. An art show at the New York Armory had just introduced America to the work of Picasso and Marcel Duchamp.

Anthony Comstock, secretary of the New York Society for the Suppression of Vice, viewed art as another of Satan's


$8.95
$16.95
$16.95
$6.95
Live from the Comedy Castle
The Playboy Guide to the Hot Spots of the Caribbean
MICHAEL CRICHTON
The Most Powerful Tailor in the World
Kurt Vonnegut Jr.
Welcome to the Monkey House
PLAYBOY AUDIO
Introducing Playboy Audio

Comedy Club
The Best Comedy on Cassette
Volume 1: Live at the Comedy Castle #503-7 • $8.95
Volume 2: Live from the Chicago Area's Premiem Comedy Club, K.J. Riddle's Comedy Stop #504-5 • $8.95

On the Move
The Latest Travel Action on Cassette
Volume 1: Guide to the Hot Spots of the Caribbean #505-3 • $6.95
Volume 2: Playboy Scopes the Slopes for the Best Skiing and Snowboarding #506-1 • $6.95

Best of Playboy Fiction
Collections of Short Stories on Two Cassettes
Volume 1: Featuring Michael Crichton, Frederick Forsyth and T. Coraghessan Boyle #500-2 • $16.95
Volume 2: Featuring Kurt Vonnegut Jr., Tom Robbins and T. Coraghessan Boyle #502-9 • $16.95

Order Now!
1-800-222-3225
Bookcassette Sales

Or visit your local bookstore

Playboy, Playboy Audio and Rabbit Head Design are marks of Playboy and used with permission.

A BUYERS GALLERY OF FINE BOATS
duPont REGISTRY
Subscribe Today!
REMEMBER YOUR FIRST?

JOIN US FOR OUR FIRST - FREE!

Receive The Charter Issue FREE!

When we receive your paid order by Feb 15, 1997.
7 issues for the price of 6.
Only $19.95
Call (800) 233-1731
Local: (813) 573-9339
or send your order to:
P.O. Box 25237 • Tampa, FL 33622
http://www.dupontregistry.com

*Payment must accompany order. Florida residents add 7% sales tax. Canada add $15.00/yr (includes GST), foreign add $40.00/yr. All payments in U.S. funds. First copy will be mailed in 4-6 weeks.

Hundreds of Luxury Boats and Accessories For Sale

Damaged Goods

In 1913 Eugène Brieux's play *Damaged Goods* opens on Broadway. The drama (turned into a movie in 1915) charts the downfall of a man infected with syphilis who passes the disease to his wife, his newborn child and a wet nurse. The outraged father of the bride, a lawmaker named Loches, confronts the man's physician, who responds:

DOCTOR: Well, there is one last argument, which, since I must, I will put to you. Are you yourself without sin, that you are so relentless to others?

LOCHES: I have never had any shameful disease, sir!

DOCTOR: I was not asking you that. I was asking you if you had never exposed yourself to catching one. [*He pauses. Loches does not reply.*] Ah, you see! Then it is not virtue that has saved you; it is luck. Few things exasperate me more than that term "shameful disease," which you used just now. This disease is like all other diseases: It is one of our afflictions. There is no shame in being wretched—even if one deserves to be so. Come, come, let us have a little plain speaking! I should like to know how many of these rigid moralists, who are so choked with their middle-class prudery that they dare not mention the name syphilis, or when they bring themselves to speak of it do so with expressions of every sort of disgust, and treat its victims as criminals, have never run the risk of contracting it themselves! It is those alone who have the right to talk. How many do you think there are? Four out of a thousand? Well, leave those four aside: Between all the rest and those who catch the disease, there is no difference but chance.

traps. While the public seemed to support his attempts to ban obscene books, it began to view Comstock as unsophisticated and an embarrassment when it came to art. In 1906 he had arrested a young woman who worked for the Art Students' League for sending him a catalog containing a study of nudes. A subsequent flurry of satirical cartoons made Comstock the butt of jokes and almost cost him his position as special agent for the Post Office. When Comstock protested a play about prostitution written by George Bernard Shaw, the playwright coined the term "comstockery" to indicate such censorship. The controversy surrounding *Mrs. Warren's Profession* assured its success. In fact, the seal of Comstock's disapproval became a mark of distinction in society.

In 1912 the Paris Spring Salon awarded a medal of honor to artist Paul Chabas for his painting *September Morn*. In May 1913 a manager put a copy of the innocent nude in the west window of Braun and Co., on West 46th Street in New York. Comstock called the store and ordered the picture removed. "It is not a proper picture to be shown to boys and girls," he said. "There is nothing more sacred than the form of a woman, but it must not be denuded. I think everyone will agree with me that such pictures should not be displayed where schoolchildren passing through the streets can see them."

The manager refused to remove the picture and, indeed, kept it in the window for two weeks, until he realized that the crowd gathering daily kept customers away. The print sold millions of copies. *September Morn* became the flag of the new freedom.

In his annual report to the society, Comstock wrote about his campaign against paintings "which had been exhibited in the saloons of Paris."

Thanks to Dr. Freud, we have a term for such a revealing slip.

Comstock was a clown to the art world, but he was a serious threat to individuals fomenting change. He kept his own enemies list, and if someone mocked him, he or she would have reason to fear.

In Greenwich Village, anarchist Emma Goldman, born in Russia in 1869, was an articulate champion for the new woman—and a harsh critic of the old order. She had heard Freud speak at Clark University and had taken to heart his message that too much repression was destructive. Goldman discussed free love from a libertarian position: Individuals had the right to choose sexual partners on the basis of love, not law. She viewed marriage as a form of prostitution. "It is merely a situation of degree whether she sells herself to one man, in one marriage, or to many men."

Goldman argued for contraception—not as a means to weed out imbeciles and madmen, as most social Darwinists and eugenicists wanted, but simply as a way to free women from the trap of biology. Yet, when she wrote letters to her longtime lover, Ben Reitman, she had to use a code for fear of giving Comstock cause to arrest her.

Candace Falk, author of *Love, Anarchy and Emma Goldman*, gives a sample of the code: "Skirting the laws prohibiting obscenity in the mails, they relished the defiance of their euphemisms and abbreviations. From the few times that they dared spell out their code, it can be deciphered. Her treasure box longed for his Willie, and she longed to have his face between her joy mountains—Mount Blanc and Mount Jura. She wanted to suck the head of his fountain of life which stood over her like a mighty specter. Both lovers reveled in an orally focused sex that particularly emphasized clitoral-area stimulation. She once wrote, 'I press you to my body close with my hot burning legs. I embrace your precious head.'"

Another quote: "But one condition I must make: No whiskers, no, the t-b cannot stand for that."

•

Into this radical environment came Margaret Sanger, a former nurse and mother of three. Goldman gave her the works of pioneer sexologist Havelock Ellis to digest. Soon Sanger was holding forth on the beauties of sex and orgasm at Mabel Dodge's Greenwich Village salon, listening to other radicals attack the slavery of marriage.

At the request of a fellow radical organizer, Sanger started lecturing workers' groups on the facts of life. She later collected this information in a pamphlet called *What Every Girl Should Know*. What she preached would bring her the unwanted attention of Anthony Comstock.

To demonstrate how radical was Margaret Sanger's frank discussion of sex, consider how *Good Housekeeping* suggested imparting the facts of life to a teenager: "Mother and Father love each other very much. All our friends know that. Where love is there God is, and God wants little ones to be. When God wants to send a little child into a home, he fits up just beneath the mother's heart a snug nest not unlike the nests birds live in. Then out of two tiny eggs the father and mother bring together in the nest, a little child is hatched just like a little bird. It is all very wonderful. No fairy tale is half so beautiful. And best of all, the story is true, every word of it."

Sanger was aware that birth was not a fairy tale. In 1912 she attended a poor patient, Sadie Sacks, who was recovering from trying to abort her umpteenth pregnancy. Sanger listened as the woman pleaded with a doctor for information on how to prevent conception. "Oh ho," laughed the doctor. "You want your cake

WHOLESALE
Dart &
Billiard
Supplies

Discover all the pool and dart supplies you need in our bigger-than-ever 164-page color catalog. Save money on our huge selection of supplies, clothing and gift items, all at wholesale prices!
Shop and save in the comfort of your home, 24 hours a day, 7 days a week!

Call today for your free catalog:
800-627-8888

MUELLER
Sporting Goods INC.
Or send requests to:
Dept. 7
4825 S 16
Lincoln NE 68512

Great Gift Idea!
The Original Firefighters Calendar

The 1997 16-month **"Face The Fire"** Calendar has twenty-six sensuous girls in delightful lingerie and sizzling swimwear together with magnificent fire equipment and action adventure rescue scenes taken at the nations top museums and fire rescue companies.

1997 "Face The Fire" Calendar
FC-97 $13.95 + $3.00 S/H

PB Special-
Face The Fire 50 Photo/Trivia Card
Collector Set for $5.00
a $15.00 retail value.
FC-97 + cards $18.95 + $3.00 S/H

FACE THE FIRE
P.O. Box 111225
Pittsburgh, PA 15238
1-800-628-8795 or 412-782-5801
mc/visa
Canadian/Foreign orders add 6.00 mc/visa only.

MEN: BE TALLER!!

Tired of being short? Try our quality footwear. **HIDDEN** height-increasing feature **INSIDE** shoe. **NO OVERSIZED HEELS!** Will make you **2"-3" TALLER** depending on style. **OVER 100 STYLES AVAILABLE**. Extremely comfortable. Sizes: 5-12. Widths: B-EEE. In business over 55 years. **MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE**. Call or write for **FREE** color catalog.

ELEVATORS®
RICHLEE SHOE COMPANY, DEPT. **PB72**,
P.O. Box 3566, Frederick, MD 21705

1-800-290-TALL

while you eat it, too, do you? Well, it can't be done. I'll tell you the only sure thing to do. Tell Jake to sleep on the roof."

Three months later the telephone rang. Sadie Sacks was dying. Finding herself pregnant, she had tried again to self-abort. She died within ten minutes of Sanger's arrival.

Sanger says that on that night she vowed to fight abortion by finding ways of controlling conception.

She attempted in 1912 to serialize *What Every Girl Should Know* in the *Call*, a radical newsletter published by friends in the Village. When the editors told readers that the final installment would discuss venereal disease, the line was crossed. Comstock ordered the Post Office to revoke the *Call*'s mailing permit if it ran the article.

In exasperation Sanger wrote a three-line replacement:

"What Every Girl Should Know—Nothing.

"By Order of the Post Office."

What Every Girl Should Know may have been radical, but it was also a reflection of the prejudice of the time, in some ways no different than the vile antimasturbation handbooks of the turn of the century.

"Let us take a sane and logical view of this subject," Sanger wrote. "In my personal experience as a trained nurse while attending persons afflicted with various and often revolting diseases, no matter what their ailments, I never found anyone so repulsive as the chronic masturbator."

She then tells of a young boy she had attended during a bout of measles. She discovers that he is a masturbator, and considers it a triumph when, after she has given him a lecture, he asks his brother to tie his hands to the bedpost during the night to help him overcome his struggle.

Sanger, revealing a prejudice against male desire, warned against a specific danger:

> In the boy or girl past puberty we find one of the most dangerous forms of masturbation, i.e., mental masturbation, which consists of forming mental pictures or thinking of obscene or voluptuous pictures. This form is considered especially harmful to the brain, for the habit becomes so fixed that it is almost impossible to free the thoughts from lustful pictures. Every girl should guard against the man who invariably turns a word or sentence into a lustful or, commonly termed, smutty channel, for nine times out of ten he is a mental masturbator.

Other self-appointed sex experts at the time called flirtation "a form of mutual onanism."

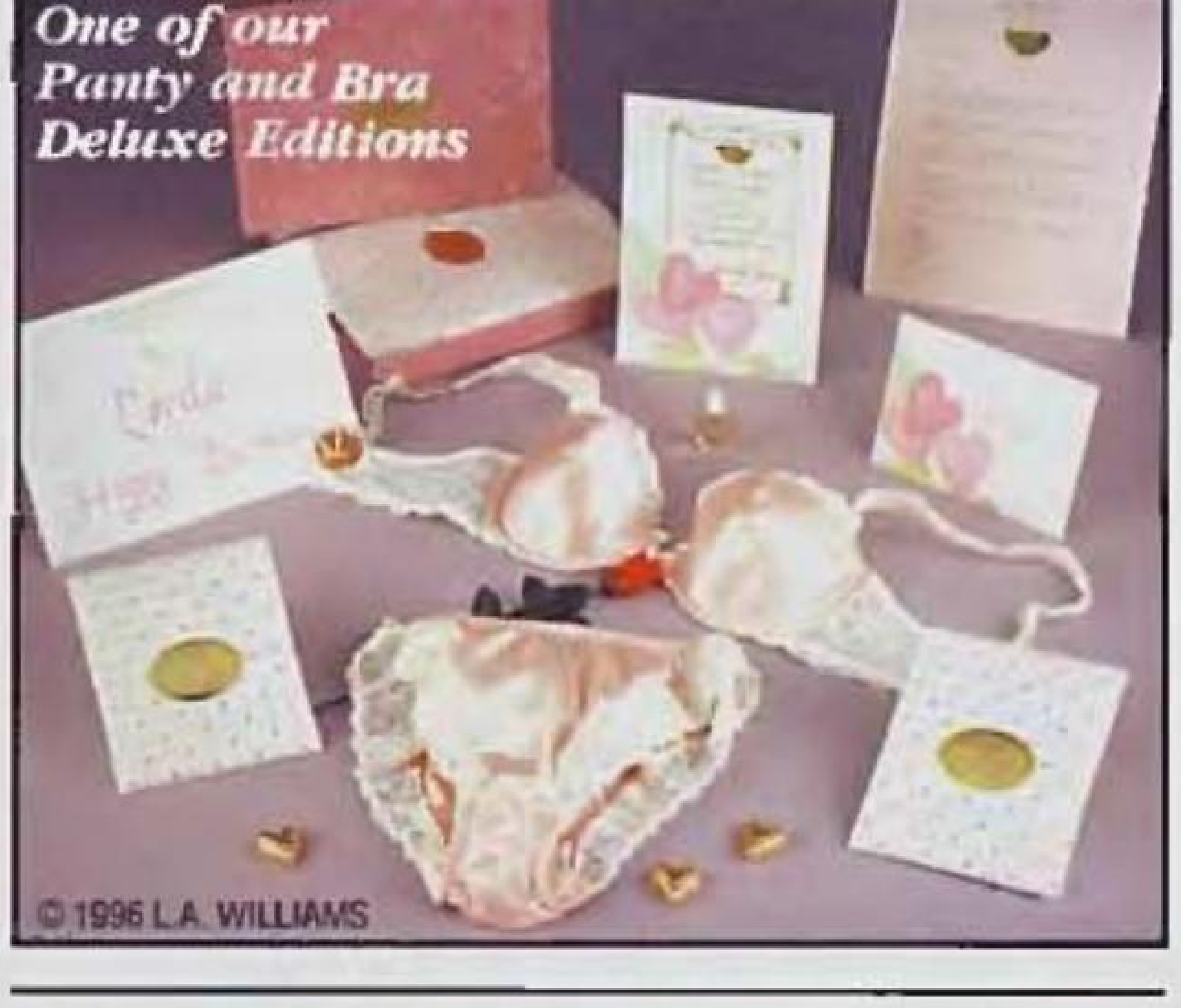
Sanger's discomfort with male sexual-

Panty of the Month®
FOR ST. VALENTINE'S DAY
...because lingerie is the gift that touches her when you can't℠

Enroll for 3, 6, or 12 months and cupid will send one designer panty each month to her doorstep —perfumed, gift-wrapped, and enclosed with a personal note.

This delightful gift of romance has been profiled by CNN, MTV, *USA Today* and *Newsweek*. Just give us a call for a gorgeous FREE color brochure. Valentine orders taken through February 12th.

24-hour recorded information hotline
1-515-469-6800
http://www.panties.com



One of our Panty and Bra Deluxe Editions
© 1996 L.A. WILLIAMS

Shower Her For Valentine's Day!

With a gorgeous long-stemmed real rose that is preserved and dipped in 24-karat gold that comes nestled in a lovely gift box...Simply spectacular! Price: $60.00 each plus $7.00 for shipping and handling.
FL residents add appropriate sales tax.

Please mail your check or money order to:
SORRELL ENTERPRISES, P.O. Box 630187
Miami, FL. 33163-0187. Call 1-305-787-1100.

ity was about to undergo a radical change. She vacationed in Provincetown, Massachusetts and socialized with the artists who made up the Provincetown Players. Her circle of friends included John Reed, the journalist who later covered the Russian revolution. She began to experiment with the free-love theory espoused by her friends—more on principle than desire, it would seem. She took lovers. When her husband, William, objected, she told him to take mistresses of his own. He refused, writing her: "I will let my name be associated with no other woman. I would be amiss to all the fine emotion that surges within me if I fell from grace. It cannot be, that's all. I still hold that intercourse is not to be classed with a square meal, to be partaken of at will, irrespective of the consequences. You speak, dear love, that in our life together you have given me the best and deepest love—yes, and I have felt it—that you were the only woman who cared to understand me. But you have advanced sexually—you once said that you need to be in different relations (with men) as a service for the women of your time. To all this I have no answer."

In 1913 Sanger raised money to start her own newsletter, *The Woman Rebel*. She promised subscribers that the paper would deliver facts about the prevention of conception.

At one Village meeting, a writer named Robert Parker suggested she call her issue "birth control." She took the words as her own.

On August 25, 1914 two agents from the federal government arrived to tell her that she had violated the Comstock Act. Four issues of *Woman Rebel* had been suppressed; seven separate articles had been deemed obscene. Sanger faced 45 years in prison. Planning to leave the country rather than appear in court, she printed a pamphlet called *Family Limitation*, outlining what she knew of birth control. The text is a straightforward description of condoms, pessaries, douches and spermicidal suppositories. Her comments about the pleasure of sex are limited to: "A mutual and satisfied sexual act is of great benefit to the average woman, the magnetism of it is health-giving." Failure to give a woman an orgasm might lead to a "disease of her generative organs, besides giving her a horror and repulsion for the sexual act."

For Sanger, birth control was a liberation from sexual slavery—the duty to procreate. She told the poor: "While it may be troublesome to get up to douche, and a nuisance to have to watch the date of the menstrual period, and to some it may seem sordid and inartistic to insert a pessary or a suppository in anticipation of the sexual act, it may be far more sordid and the condition far worse than inartistic a few years later for the mother to find herself burdened down with half a dozen accidental children, unwanted, helpless, shoddily clothed, sometimes starved or undernourished, dragging at her skirt, while she becomes a worn-out shadow of the woman she once was."

Sanger arranged to have *Family Limitation* privately printed, 100,000 copies, to be sold for 25 cents apiece. Rather than face trial, she took a train to Canada and, armed with a false passport, made her way to England.

Comstock would not be deterred. He ordered a decoy to pose as a woman in distress. The agent called on William Sanger and asked for a copy of the pamphlet. Arrest followed immediately, along with a suggestion that if William would tell the whereabouts of the author, he would go free.

William refused. He went to trial, was found guilty of distributing obscene literature and was sentenced to 30 days by a judge who thundered: "Persons like you who circulate such pamphlets are a menace to society. There are too many now who believe it is a crime to have children. If some of the women who are going around advocating equal suffrage would go around and advocate women having children, they would do a greater service. Your crime violates not only the laws of the state but also the laws of God."

In England, Margaret Sanger met Havelock Ellis. She was 31, he was 55. He became a mentor. He told her to focus on one cause—birth control—and directed her research in the British Museum. The two became lifelong friends, possibly lovers.

She traveled from England to Holland and Spain before finally returning to the U.S. As a result of publicity, the atmosphere had changed. She succeeded in having the charges against her dismissed.

Comstock had died from pneumonia—reportedly from a chill caught at William Sanger's trial. It was the end of an era—or so it seemed. Comstock was gone, but his laws were still on the books, and there were still many zealots willing to persecute the unwary. Police arrested Emma Goldman for delivering lectures on "a medical question." Ben Reitman was arrested for merely announcing he would distribute a pamphlet on birth control.

In 1916 Sanger opened the first U.S. birth-control clinic, in Brooklyn. Staffed by her sister and a co-worker named Fania Mindell, the clinic dispensed advice

BRIAN SAVAGE

"I'm very flattered, really, but can I take a rain check?"

to the hundreds of women who lined up. It remained open ten days. A police decoy asked for information. The next day three plainclothesmen from the vice squad arrived and arrested all three women. Sanger went to trial and received a sentence of 30 days in the workhouse. Upon her release, she was picked up by a limousine and taken to a luncheon of influential women. She had become a national figure. The cause of birth control had a martyr and a bible. *Family Limitation* would be translated into 13 languages; some 10 million copies would be distributed over the next few years.

THE GREAT WAR

America was undergoing a great social upheaval, but Europe was engaged in a bloodbath. Separated by an ocean, America wrapped itself in isolationism. That changed with the sinking of the *Lusitania*. On April 2, 1917 President Woodrow Wilson called on Congress to declare war against Germany: "We have no selfish ends to serve. We desire no conquest, no dominion." This was the war that would make the world safe for democracy. On the recruiting posters that followed, Democracy was often depicted as a vulnerable, flag-draped woman in the arms of Uncle Sam. On a single day, 10 million American men registered for the draft.

The war also represented a great opportunity for women. Thousands entered the armed forces; a million more took factory jobs. Fashions changed almost immediately; soon there were as many women visiting barbershops as there had been men. (Historian Mark Sullivan pointed out that nurses found long hair couldn't be tended in the trenches, while women working in ammunition factories found that long hair attracted gunpowder dust.) Women even donated the metal strips from their corsets—enough steel, it was said, to build two battleships.

The war put steel into the suffragist movement. President Wilson became a champion of woman's suffrage, appealing to Congress to pass a resolution for a Woman's Suffrage Amendment:

> The strange revelations of this war having made many things new and plain to governments as well as to peoples, are we alone to ask and take the utmost that our women can give, service and sacrifice of every kind, and still say that we do not see that they merit the title that gives them the right to stand by our side in the guidance of the affairs of their nation and ours? We have made partners of the women in this war.

•

The war provoked a puritan crisis. It achieved in a matter of months what the antivice crusade had struggled toward for more than a decade. In 1917 Secretary of War Newton Baker ordered the closing of all bawdy houses within five miles of a naval base. New Orleans' Storyville was shuttered; the Barbary Coast in San Francisco had received the same treatment earlier. Baker banned the sale of alcohol on military bases. Local purity movements forced dancehalls to close in town after town.

A member of New England's Watch and Ward Society—the blue-blooded equivalent of the New York Society for the Suppression of Vice—called for the formation of an Army Corps of Moral Engineers. He got his wish. As America's entry into World War One drew near, the government turned to the social hygienists. Dr. Prince Morrow's followers—devoted to raising awareness about venereal disease—had a remarkable decade. They joined forces with the American Vigilance Association to become the American Social Hygiene Association. It pushed for the suppression of prostitution and persuaded seven states to pass laws requiring blood tests before marriage. The ASHA enlisted the aid of doctors to create fear- and purity-based sex-education programs.

According to Allan Brandt, author of *No Magic Bullet: A Social History of Venereal Disease in the U.S. Since 1880*, resistance from the community was strong. In Chicago, for instance, the school board rejected one course, explaining: "While there are certain things children ought to learn, it is far better they should go wholly untaught than that the instruction should be given to them outside the family circle. There are some kinds of knowledge that become poisonous when administered by the wrong hands, and sex hygiene is among them."

Another claimed that sex education itself was an insidious form of pornography: "Each venereologist has met psychopaths to whom each curve in nature or art suggests female breasts, napes or genitalia. For such not even the slightest education would be advisable. Indeed it would be harmful, because every step thereof would to them contain lubricious suggestions."

In 1917 Secretary of War Baker created a Commission on Training Camp Activities. Information about sex that had once been deemed obscene would henceforth be policy. Reformers celebrated the rise to power of the social hygiene experts. "Rejoice with us that the growing movement for social morality is showing results in this important way." One social hygienist noted: "The government is putting into the hands of social experts a million picked men to do with them in compulsory regimen, protection and education what no so-called sane government would dare force upon

"Feel around. I lost a nipple ring."

the same men in time of peace."

The social experts came up with an avalanche of slogans. Secretary of the Navy Josephus Daniels proclaimed: "Men must live straight if they would shoot straight."

The CTCA wrote pamphlets such as *Keeping Fit to Fight.* They produced photo exhibits showing the "most devastating effects of untreated syphilis: twisted limbs, open lesions and physical deformities." A case of gonorrhea, recruits were told, was more devastating than a German bullet.

The CTCA had to deal with patriotic prostitutes, or charity girls. According to social workers, teenage girls flocked to military training camps, meeting soldiers in the woods, sometimes giving themselves to eight soldiers in a night. The traditional division between good girls and bad girls was blurred, but the CTCA found a new way to characterize sexual women: "Women who solicit soldiers for immoral purposes are usually disease spreaders and friends of the enemy."

War had a profound effect on the body politic, but the effect on individuals varied. The chaos unleashed a ragged sexual energy.

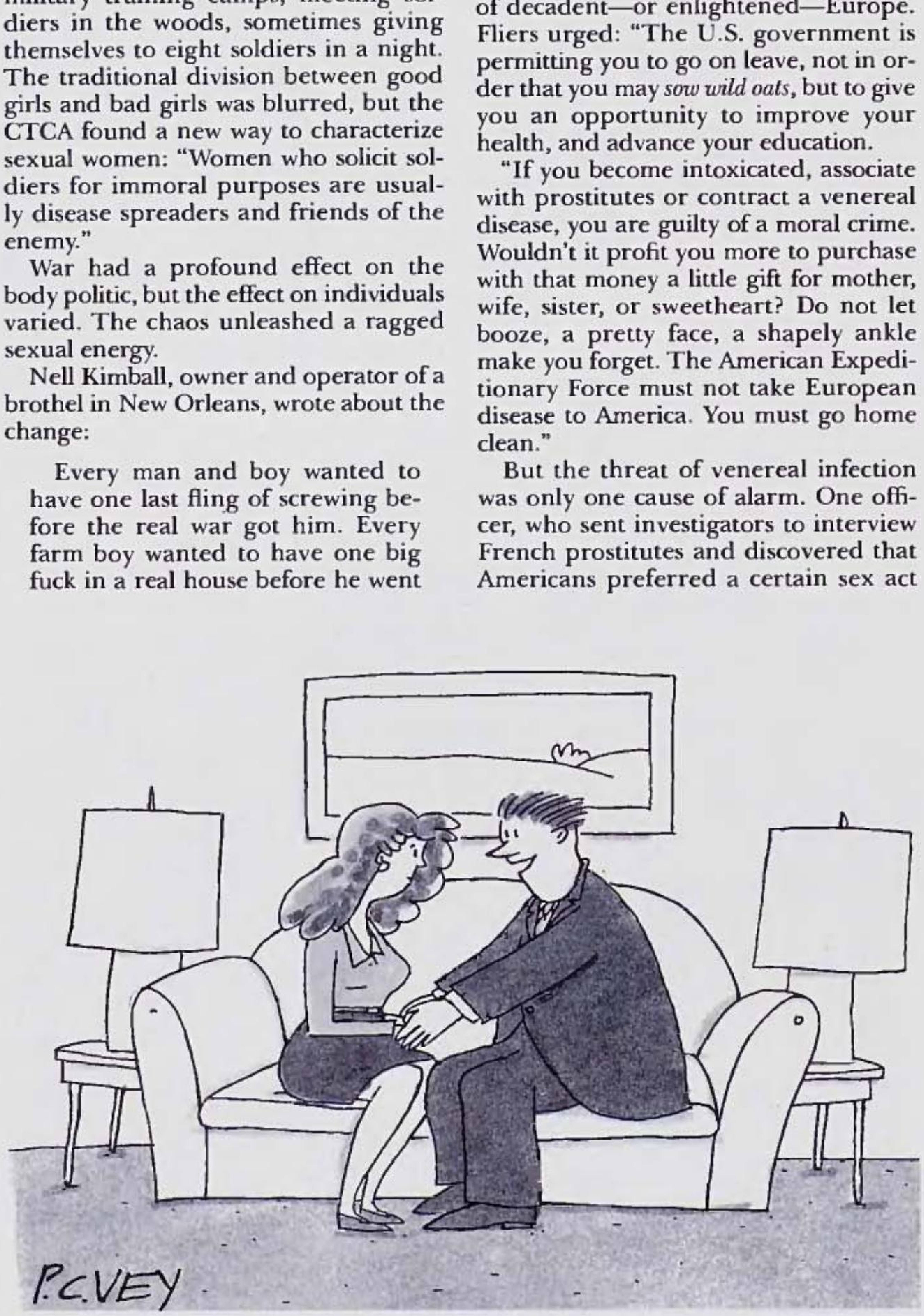
Nell Kimball, owner and operator of a brothel in New Orleans, wrote about the change:

> Every man and boy wanted to have one last fling of screwing before the real war got him. Every farm boy wanted to have one big fuck in a real house before he went off and maybe was killed. I have noticed it before, the way the idea of war and dying makes a man raunchy, and wanting to have it as much as he could. It wasn't really pleasure at times but a kind of nervous breakdown that could be treated only with a girl between him and the mattress. Some were insatiable and wrecked themselves, and some just went on like the barnyard rooster after every hen in sight. I dreamed one night the whole city was sinking into a lake of sperm.

Once the Yanks arrived in Europe a new problem appeared. Americans came into direct contact with the sexual mores of decadent—or enlightened—Europe. Fliers urged: "The U.S. government is permitting you to go on leave, not in order that you may *sow wild oats,* but to give you an opportunity to improve your health, and advance your education.

"If you become intoxicated, associate with prostitutes or contract a venereal disease, you are guilty of a moral crime. Wouldn't it profit you more to purchase with that money a little gift for mother, wife, sister, or sweetheart? Do not let booze, a pretty face, a shapely ankle make you forget. The American Expeditionary Force must not take European disease to America. You must go home clean."

But the threat of venereal infection was only one cause of alarm. One officer, who sent investigators to interview French prostitutes and discovered that Americans preferred a certain sex act above all others, deplored the twisted impulse known as "the French way" (a euphemism for oral sex): "When one thinks of the hundreds and hundreds of thousands of young men who have returned to the U.S. with those new and degenerate ideas sapping their sources of self-respect and thereby lessening their powers of moral resistance, one is indeed justified in becoming alarmed."



"What would you say if I asked you to marry me? But wait! Don't answer yet! With me, you also get a spacious five-room co-op on the East Side, a brand-new luxury sedan and two dogs. Now what would you say?"

•

Years later, writer Malcolm Cowley would put the war into perspective. As one of the many who volunteered as a driver for the French army, he summed up his experience: "They carried us to a foreign country, the first that most of us had seen; they taught us to make love, stammer love, in a foreign language. They taught us courage, extravagance, fatalism, these being the virtues of men at war; they taught us to regard as vices the civilian virtues of thrift, caution and sobriety; they made us fear boredom more than death."

But even more important was the impact of the war on those at home:

"The war itself was the puritan crisis and defeat," he wrote. "All standards were relaxed in the stormy sultry wartime atmosphere. It wasn't only the boys my age, those serving in the Army, who were transformed by events: Their sisters and younger brothers were affected in a different fashion. With their fathers away, perhaps, and their mothers making bandages or tea-dancing with lonely officers, it was possible for boys and girls to do what they pleased. For the first time they could go to dances unchaperoned, drive the family car and park it by the roadside while they made love and come home after midnight, a little tipsy, with nobody to reproach them in the hallway. They took advantage of these stolen liberties—indeed, one might say that the revolution in morals began as a middle-class children's revolt."

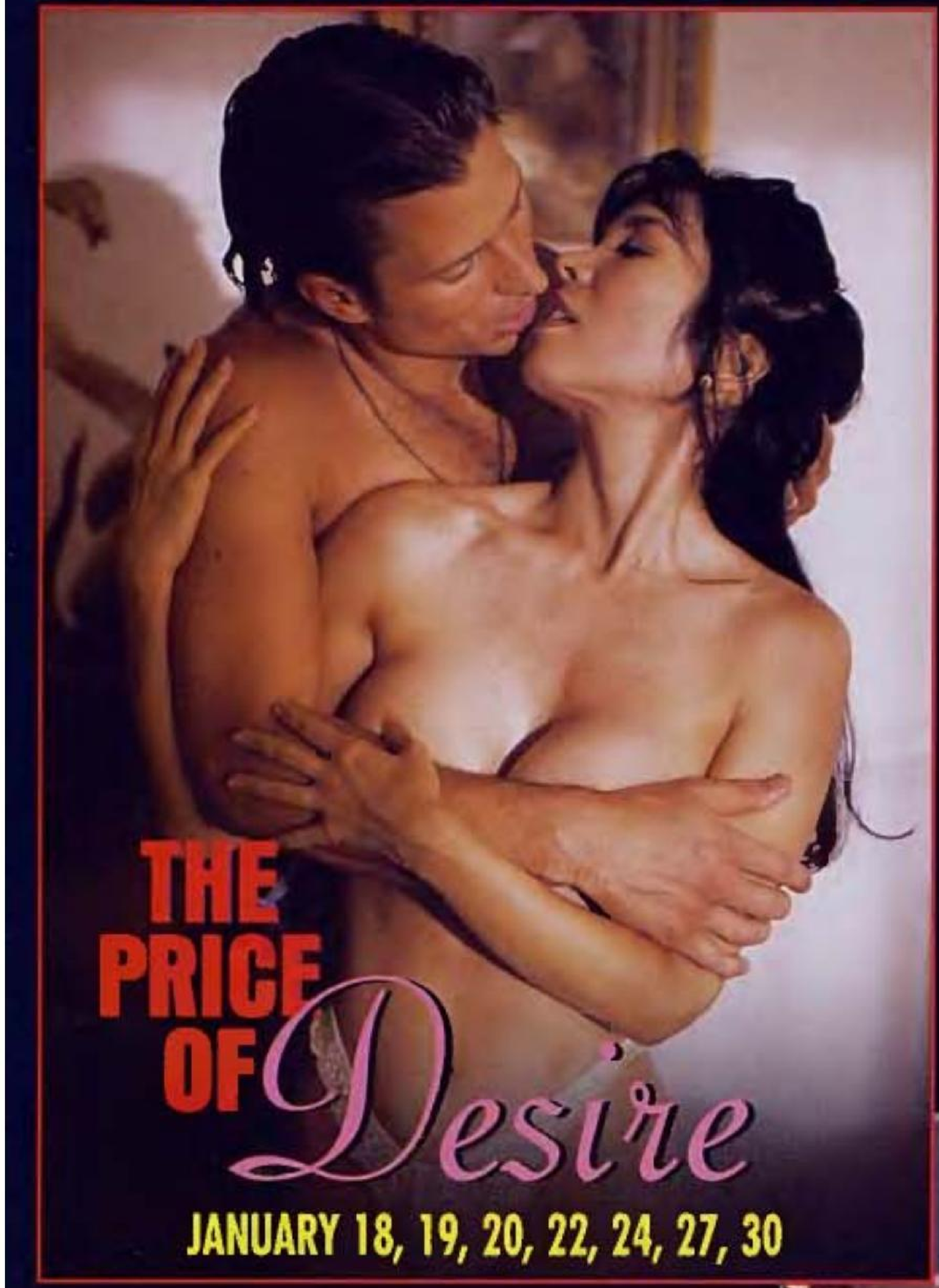
Cowley was not absolutely correct: The puritan ethic survived the war. The social experts ushered in national prohibition in 1919; the federal government—watching the machinations of the Russian Revolution—deported radicals, many of them on trumped-up vice charges. A young lawyer named J. Edgar Hoover oversaw the expulsion of Emma Goldman, calling her the most dangerous anarchist in America.

But Cowley was correct in assessing the impact of what would be known as the Lost Generation, the youth who were the first to be raised in the modern age, who had never seen puritan America, who, as Fitzgerald would say, had "grown up to find all gods dead, all wars fought, all faiths in man shaken."

more than you ever imagined...

Celebrate the New Year with two sexy Playboy Original Movies in January. An actress sheds her inhibitions for the sake of her heart in *Allyson Is Watching*, and an adventurous couple finds a third partner to flesh out a threesome in *The Price of Desire*. Keep ringing in the New Year with the *Bad Wives* miniseries, where ravenous shoppers get what they crave. Toast the spirit of adventure with *Playboy's Stripsearch: Toronto* and explore the wild, untamed nightspots of the northern frontier! Then make memories every week with *Monday Night Splash* and enjoy an invigorating dip with Playmates in the *Wet & Wild* series, featuring the premiere of *Wet & Wild: Bottoms Up!* Resolve to order Playboy TV's unforgettable 24-hour programming, one promise you'll want to keep all year.

PLAYBOY ORIGINAL MOVIE PREMIERE


THE PRICE OF Desire
JANUARY 18, 19, 20, 22, 24, 27, 30

PLAYMATE HOSTS

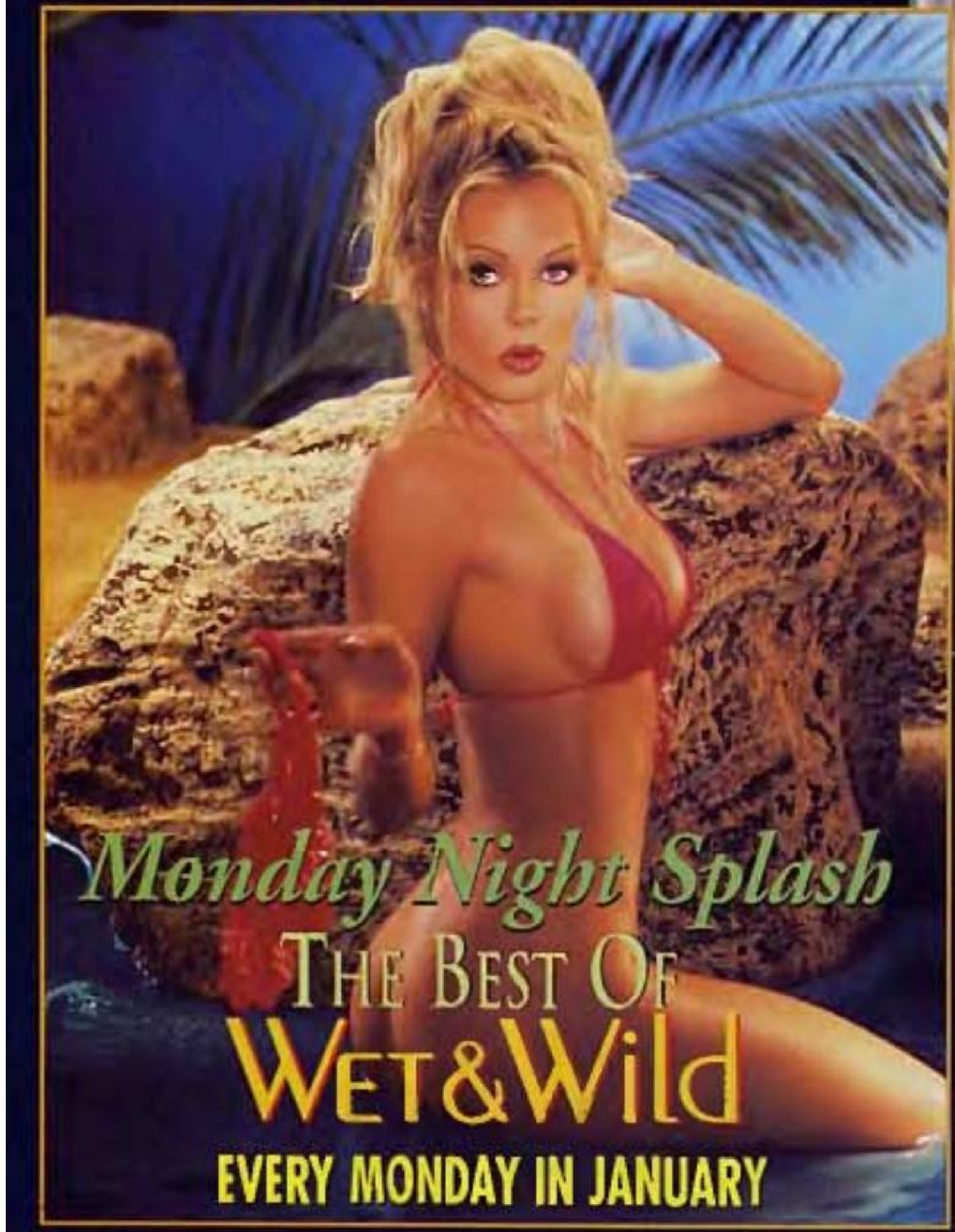
Jami Ferrell
Miss January

Kimber West
Miss February

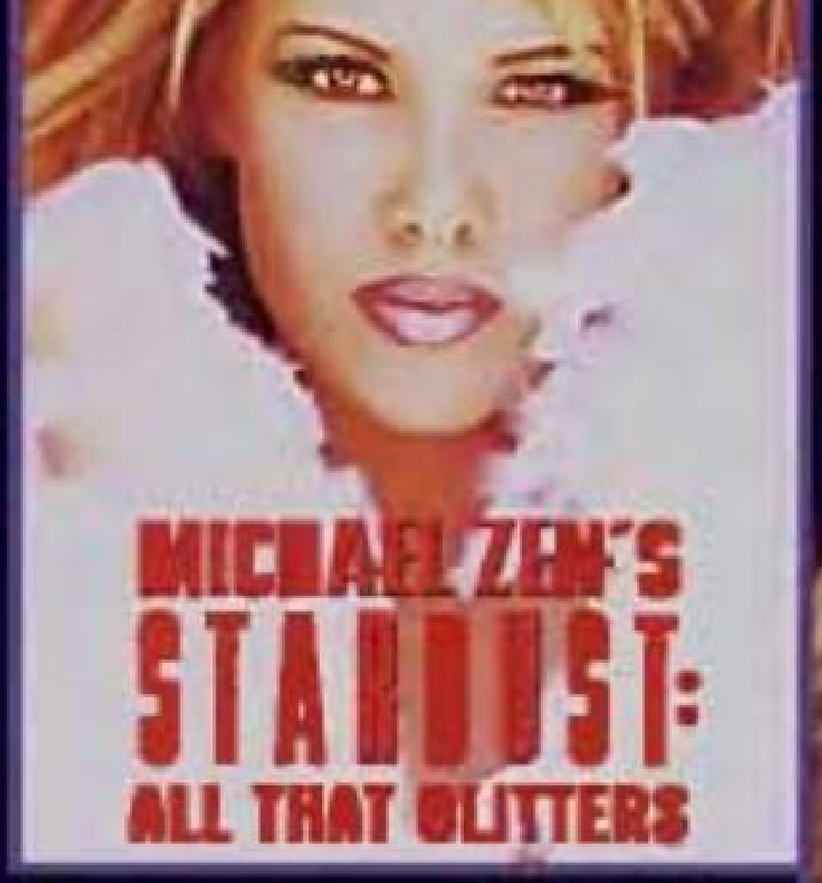
PLAYBOY ORIGINAL MOVIE

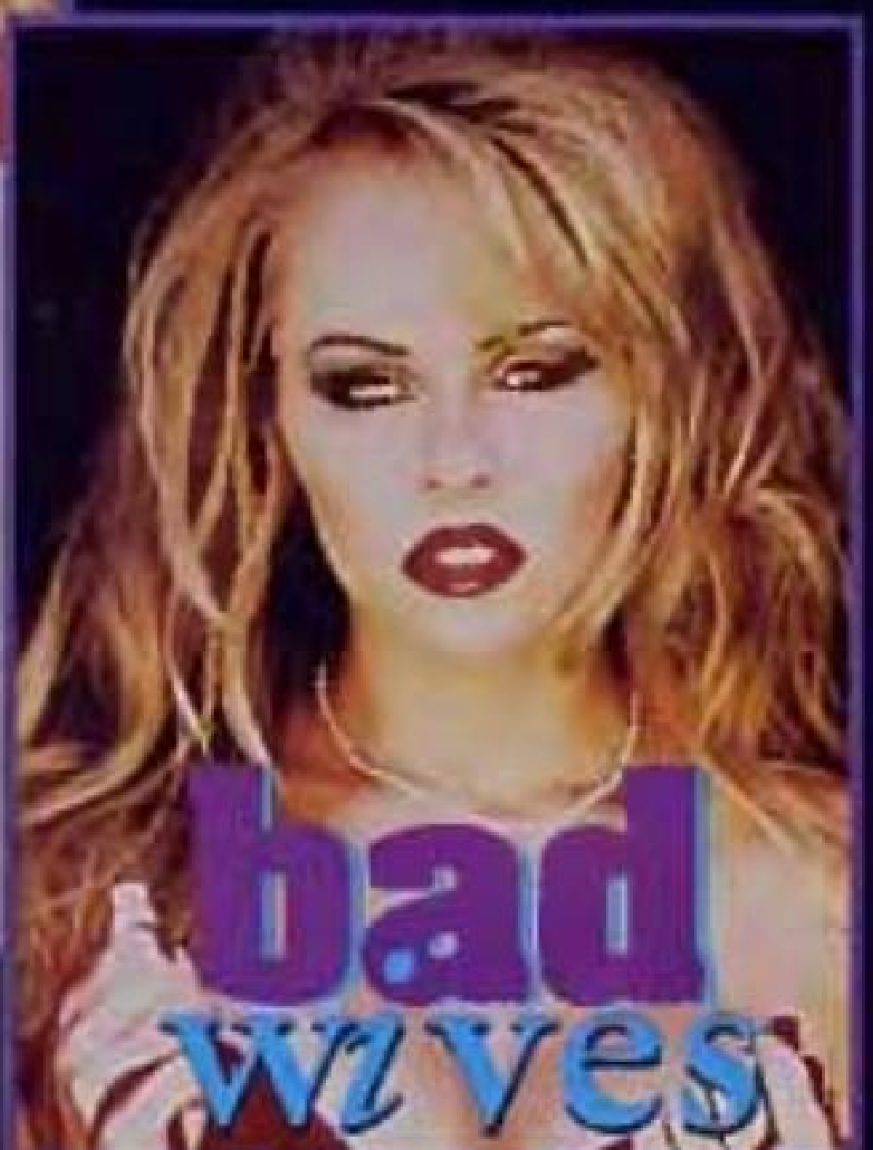
ALLYSON IS WATCHING
JANUARY 4, 5, 10, 13, 15, 16, 22, 27

PLAYBOY TV SPECIAL


Monday Night Splash
THE BEST OF
WET&WILD
EVERY MONDAY IN JANUARY

ADULT MOVIES


MICHAEL ZEN'S
STARDUST:
ALL THAT GLITTERS



erotic entertainment at its best

PLAYBOY TV

Visit our website:
www.playboy.com

Playboy TV is available from your local cable television operator or home satellite, DirecTV, PrimeStar or AlphaStar dealer.

©1997 Playboy

LAWRENCE SCHILLER

(continued from page 52)

a defense attorney?

SCHILLER: Barry Scheck. Definitely. If he believes in something, he believes in it honestly. He doesn't have hidden agendas. He will be realistic. If he took your case, he'd be working.

PLAYBOY: As opposed to?

SCHILLER: Bailey would be out partying. Shapiro would be at concerts or boxing matches. Cochran would be out speaking about it and making enormous amounts of money—I think he made close to three quarters of a million dollars giving speeches.

PLAYBOY: In the course of your research, did you interview Marcia Clark?

SCHILLER: I never interviewed her or had any direct conversation with her. I wound up in an elevator with her once, on the day the Fuhrman tapes were being played. I said "Hi," but she didn't lift her eyes. She was going up and the elevator arrived for her. Although I was going down, I got on—what reporter wouldn't? But she never lifted her eyes nor her head. She never said a word.

PLAYBOY: Is she responsible for the not-guilty verdict? Could another prosecutor have stood up to that defense team?

SCHILLER: She blew the case. I think she blew it because she became emotionally involved with the relatives of the victims. That worked against her. When we would arrive in the mornings, she'd be sitting in seats with relatives of the victims. Because of that, she thought this should be a case like others she had tried that involved stalkers and spousal abuse. She thought O.J. was just another one of those. If Bill Hodgman had handled the case, it would have been different. He was dispassionate and very clever. When he got sick, it gave her too much control of the case. Marcia's arguments were very persuasive. She's a good orator. But all her emotion did not win the jury. She made a critical mistake thinking that the case was a slam dunk based on blood evidence. She didn't realize the blood evidence could be unraveled, and Scheck unraveled it. He convinced the jury there was reasonable doubt. She thought the blood evidence was a sure thing. She said the blood matched Simpson's. But Scheck said you can't use the word "match"—it's not like fingerprints. All you can say is that the blood is similar. It was the first thing he did. Well before that, she turned off the jury.

PLAYBOY: How?

SCHILLER: There was an arrogance that came through. And all her prick-teasing with Johnnie Cochran.

PLAYBOY: Prick-teasing?

SCHILLER: All the eyes and giggling and whispering in his ear. I thought, When is she going to put her tongue into his ear? That's what seemed like the next step. At one point she whispered to someone that she was wearing crotchless panties. She was joking, but she still said it. There seemed to be a miniskirt competition going on between her and Jo-Ellan Dimitrius [a defense jury consultant]—who could wear shorter skirts. But all the sex stuff just didn't work. It stopped when Johnnie's wife, Dale, put her foot down. Johnnie stopped engaging her. Before that, they would almost hold hands walking up to a sidebar. I felt it was repulsive. She tried to use her sexuality in every way she could—to engage Cochran on that level and have it work for her. But it didn't work.

PLAYBOY: How could it have worked?

SCHILLER: Maybe to distract him. Her big mistake was that she didn't understand this trial at all. She didn't listen to her jury consultants. The jury consultants for both sides said the same thing: That middle-aged black women looked at Nicole in a negative way and O.J. in a positive way. Marcia Clark never understood that.

PLAYBOY: Do you have a higher opinion of Christopher Darden?

SCHILLER: No. Everyone talks about Darden's brooding. But what was he brooding about? He just went out half-cocked. Look at his attack on screenwriter Laura Hart McKinny—practically accusing her of having a love affair with Fuhrman. I felt he was desperate. That may be to Johnnie's credit. I think Johnnie was successful in disarming Darden. Darden never felt comfortable in the courtroom as far as I could see. He never had strength, security or confidence. Johnnie not only rattled Ito, he also rattled Darden. Johnnie won every battle with Darden. Even Bailey got Darden. He taunted him once: "You've got the balls of a stud field mouse." Darden's book was great because it had his real anger in it. Real, believable anger. He took the high road in his book about Marcia Clark—said they didn't have an affair, that they bonded because she was supporting him while his brother was dying of AIDS. I don't think she'll take the high road in her book.

PLAYBOY: Was the defense team contemptuous of the prosecution?

SCHILLER: The defense always felt the prosecution was lying and cheating. They also felt that the prosecution never developed a scenario of what actually happened the night of the killings. They never had a clear story. And they never really knew what triggered the murders. What triggered the murders? That helped lose the case. If they could have convinced the jury that something triggered O.J., they might have won. The closest they came was that he was mad because he hadn't been invited for dinner. That was no trigger. Why didn't they tell the story of O.J. showing up at the house and watching through the window while Nicole was giving head to this guy when the kids were upstairs, with the bedroom door open? Because if that hadn't triggered a flip-out and caused him to murder Nicole, nothing would.

PLAYBOY: At what point did the prosecution team feel it had won?

SCHILLER: After LAPD criminalists Collin Yamauchi and Dennis Fung got off the stand, the defense felt that they had a hung jury at the minimum [as a result of sloppy police work]. At that point, as Shapiro put it many times, all they had to do was "be sure we don't step on our dick." In other words, "Don't mess up."

PLAYBOY: Did the defense lawyers feel that the prosecuting lawyers were in their league?

SCHILLER: No. They felt they were up against amateurs. The prosecution became so defensive that their prosecution case was a rebuttal to the defense from the beginning. Every single witness was a rebuttal to the defense. They were starting to anticipate the defense so much that they lost sight of an affirmative prosecution.

PLAYBOY: How did Cochran rattle Ito?

SCHILLER: He did it all the time. He drove Ito from the bench twice—got him so mad he had to take a break. Throughout, Cochran was able to push Ito's buttons. Ito left the bench so disgusted and Cochran would never back down.

PLAYBOY: What was the defense team's view of Ito?

SCHILLER: Alan Dershowitz and Scheck had disdain for him, looked down on him. Shapiro was afraid to offend him. Cochran couldn't give a fuck. Cochran was in control. He couldn't give a fuck.

PLAYBOY: Have you spoken with Cochran since your book came out?

SCHILLER: No. But I heard he said I should retitle it *The Enemy Within*.

PLAYBOY: Did you interview him after the trial?

SCHILLER: Never on the record. But often during my interviews with Carl Douglas, Johnnie came into the office. He never interrupted. When he talked, it was always off the record. He said he couldn't talk as part of his book deal.

PLAYBOY: Did the defense team feel that the Fuhrman tapes assured the not-guilty verdict?

SCHILLER: Yes. They assured an acquittal. They knew they would at least have a hung jury without tapes. Reasonable doubt had already been proved. Stalking had not been proved. Neither had spousal abuse. The tapes sealed it.

PLAYBOY: Why were you entrusted with such important evidence?

SCHILLER: Because I was there. I offered to do it. I was, once again, the right man in the right place at the right time. It was not that they trusted me. There were goddamn bodyguards on me. The tapes were probably worth $2 million to $3 million at that time. Here is another example of me thinking about the future of the project, not just the moment. I wasn't going to do anything to blow my access. I kept thinking about Norman Mailer and *The Executioner's Song*. The fact that I stayed friendly with my sources was crucial.

PLAYBOY: But many members of Gary Gilmore's family think that you ripped them off.

SCHILLER: I told every one of them to get their own representatives and attorneys. I didn't deal with them directly. I wanted them protected so they'd never feel they were taken advantage of.

PLAYBOY: Your plan didn't work—some clearly feel you cheated them.

SCHILLER: Some expected more money than they got.

PLAYBOY: One, Vern Damico, Gilmore's uncle, still says you owe him money.

SCHILLER: Yes, but we agreed that he and the others would be paid with what was left after defending any lawsuits that were brought. One was brought by the insurance companies that paid the victims' families. I paid to defend that suit. Still, Vern says I owe him $157,000. I don't. There's something else that happened with Vern. I stayed close to Nicole Baker [Gilmore's girlfriend] and several other people for a number of years because I felt I couldn't just walk in and out of their lives. I felt responsible for them. But Vern was a shoemaker, a family man whose children had grown. He seemed self-assured. I pulled away from him because it didn't seem as if he needed anything more from me. Maybe I pulled away from him too fast. I think he was resentful.

PLAYBOY: Lenny Bruce's widow, Honey, charged that you not only owed her money but that you also got her strung out on drugs in order to get her story.

SCHILLER: It was her lawyer, trying to get money in a lawsuit. Honey was dead broke and needed money. I didn't hold that against her. I never once blinked.

PLAYBOY: Do you deny supplying her with drugs?

SCHILLER: Do I look like someone who's involved with drugs? I never dropped acid in my life. Timothy Leary held that against me until the day he died. I don't smoke and I don't drink. I've never been involved in drugs. But Honey was dead broke. She asked me for money. I turned her down because of the way she asked and because the amount she asked for was utterly obscene. There was a settlement for $8000. And it wasn't me who paid. Those people complained, but the work that came from those experiences is brilliant. The Gilmore story led to *Executioner's Song*. It won Mailer a Pulitzer. *Lenny* was just brilliant work on my part. Who else would have moved Honey Bruce into his house for six months to get her story? Once she was sitting with my daughter Suzanne, teaching her about sea horses. She said she had to go to the bathroom. Two hours later she came out of the bathroom. She shot up in there, came out and continued talking about sea horses without missing a beat.

PLAYBOY: Let's go back to the Gary Gilmore story. How did you become involved that time?

SCHILLER: I was in the middle of producing *The Trial of Lee Harvey Oswald* and picked up the paper and read an article about this girl—Nicole—who had been persuaded to attempt to kill herself by a convict who had been sentenced to death. She had two children. What attracted me was the question, "How could one human being have the power to persuade another to take her life when she had two small children?"

PLAYBOY: You headed to Utah. But so did swarms of media. Why were you able to get to Gilmore and his family when no one else could?

SCHILLER: Because I was the Fuller Brush man. I was the Avon salesman. I was able to knock on the door, get my foot in. Once again, I walked in and ingratiated myself.

PLAYBOY: In order to ingratiate yourself in this or other instances, does anything go? Do you lie?

SCHILLER: No. I just figure out what is required. I don't know why people trust me and open up to me, but they do. I sometimes am surprised at how much people tell me. Women seem to respond in particular. Nicole told about when Gilmore was able to respond to her sexually, when they played together in the bathtub, when he shaved her pubic hair. She cried after she told me how her husband felt she was unable to satisfy him sexually. She felt she was such a bad lay he must have thought it was like fucking the wind. It was devastating to her. Why would she tell me that? Why would Marina Oswald write to me and my wife asking if she should have a hysterectomy? I guess it's almost like talking to a girlfriend, not talking to a guy. I feel like a rabbi sometimes. Someone you can cry to. I never go for the jugular in my interviews. I take my time. I tell stories about my own life. Sometimes I adapt my life so it works better to make a point. I react with a certain innocence.

PLAYBOY: Is it genuine or rehearsed?

SCHILLER: I don't know the difference.

PLAYBOY: You have said the fact that you could get into the jail to see Gilmore helped persuade him to trust you. You said, "The fact that I got in showed that I could buck the system, and that impressed him."

SCHILLER: There's no question about it. But I could never have gotten in without Gilmore's help from the inside. He told me when to come—what shift. He told me which guards would look the other way. Guys on death row make friends with their captors very quickly. Some of O.J. Simpson's closest friends now are his former jailers. They go to his house all the time. I'm not going to give you the names of the officers, but I know them.

PLAYBOY: You witnessed Gilmore's execution. How did it affect you?

SCHILLER: The execution was just like a

Choose A Better Long-Distance Provider

batteries included!

Solo $199.95
world's smallest cordless

Courier $249.95
world's longest cordless

new! ESCORT Solo®
Cordless radar/laser detector

- Cordless with corded option
- First true on-board computer keeps settings in memory even when the batteries are changed
- Five sensitivity levels
- DPR™ anti-falsing circuitry
- Smartshield™ VG2 resistance
- AutoOff turns Solo off if you forget
- Long battery life

new! ESCORT Courier®
900 MHz Extended Range cordless phone

- World's longest cordless phone range (up to sixteen times more)
- 100 channels ensures superior clarity
- Patented technology prevents eavesdropping
- Auxiliary power backup and spare battery charger in base
- 4-day talk time and 4-day standby
- Handset locator

ESCORT® Shipping and handling is extra. Ohio residents add 6% sales tax.
Call toll-free: 1-800-433-3487
or order online: http://www.escortstore.com/
ESCORT • 5200 Fields-Ertel Road • Cincinnati, Ohio • 45249 • Department 500727
24 hours a day, 7 days a week

military operation. It was detached, cold. He was a cold-blooded killer. He wanted to die. He didn't want to be butt-fucked in jail for the rest of his life. So he was a partner with the State of Utah in his execution. I had no problem with it.

PLAYBOY: How did you persuade Norman Mailer to write the Gilmore story?

SCHILLER: I knew that what was going on around Gilmore had tremendous social impact. There were conflicts between religion and capital punishment. I saw the power of Gilmore's personality, that he could control Nicole to the extent she would try to kill herself for him. I saw this world of Mormons and Jack Mormons in Utah. But I've always had this problem: I am unable to express myself. I knew that a writer such as Mailer had the ability not only to absorb the material but also to filter it in a way that would mean something to society. I didn't think twice about making the approach. He was convinced because of the material.

PLAYBOY: Describe your relationship with Mailer.

SCHILLER: Over the years, Norman and I developed a language. He no longer was a writer to me. He was a rabbi. He gave me guidance, encouragement. He never put me down. Sometimes we fought, sometimes we didn't speak for months, but there was respect. He respected the work I did for him. No one else could have gotten him *Executioner's Song*.

PLAYBOY: You first worked together on *Marilyn*. How did that come about?

SCHILLER: I was in L.A. on the set of *The Misfits*, photographing for *Paris Match*. Another photographer and I were the only ones on the set, shooting side by side. The night before, Marilyn's publicist told us she was going to do a seminude swimming scene. The next day, there she was. Marilyn almost nude, wearing nothing except a pair of panties. So we shot the pictures. I immediately went to the telephone and made two calls, to *Paris Match* and *Life*. I said, "You won't believe it. We have Marilyn Monroe in the nude." The only previous nudes of her were the ones that appeared in the first issue of PLAYBOY. The other photographer walked by the phone and I stopped him. I convinced him that two sets of pictures of Marilyn would drive the price down and we should become 50–50 partners. Marilyn had approval of the pictures. I went over to her house in the evening. She said, "Let's go to Schwab's." She drove—I think it was a T-Bird convertible—and ran into the store. She came out and asked for the pictures. Out of a paper bag, she took a pair of shears she had bought at Schwab's. She held my 35mm strips of film and, with only the light of a streetlight, began cutting through the shots she didn't like. Thank God I didn't bring them all, because not many survived.

PLAYBOY: You didn't bring them all? But you had an agreement with her.

SCHILLER: I guess I was more worried about the pictures than the agreement. I went down to the printing plant and waited for the first issue of the magazine to come off the press. I took it to Marilyn to show her. Back to her house, late at night, she sat there with Dom Pérignon, looking at the magazine. She loved it and started talking and talking. Finally, I said, "Marilyn, I've gotta go home. My wife is going to fucking kill me." She asked where I lived and I told her the address. Then she left the room and didn't come back for 25 minutes. I didn't know what was going on, but I didn't feel as if I could get up and walk out of the house. I sat there for all that time. Finally, she came back. We're schmoozing. I don't know if she wants to be fucked or what. I wasn't so fat then as I am now, but I was still a little heavy. But it was just Marilyn and me. I'm a chickenshit. I don't make a move. Finally, I leave. She gives me a kiss. I say, "Thanks for making me famous." I drive home and I'm ready to start making apologies to my wife, but she wasn't mad at all. She wasn't mad because Marilyn had sent her two dozen red roses. The note said something like, "Sorry for keeping Larry." That's what she had done in the 25 minutes.

PLAYBOY: Your photographs of Monroe appeared in PLAYBOY soon afterward. Were they from the same session?

SCHILLER: Yes. One was one of those we never showed Marilyn—a black-and-white—which I knew would be valuable to Hefner. It wasn't the best picture of her, but it was the only shot that showed her nipple. I had the photo colored and offered it to Hef. I told him that the pictures were worth $25,000 or worth nothing. I wouldn't negotiate. He agreed to buy them. I was told that that was the highest price he had ever paid for photography at that time. After that, Marilyn agreed to pose for the cover of the magazine, but she died before we were able to shoot it.

PLAYBOY: Were the Monroe pictures your first in PLAYBOY?

SCHILLER: I had shot Playmates. My pictures of Paula Kelly, the dancer, were the first ones that showed pubic hair in the magazine. I persuaded her to do the spread by telling her I wanted to do dignified, artistic nudes. She liked the idea, but was worried you would see her genitals. She wanted to wear a patch over them until I explained that it could pick up a light that you might see in the pictures. Since her pubic hair was black against her dark skin and we were using rim lighting, I said that you'd never see anything. She was very cooperative; she threw away the patch. The staff loved the pictures. I got a call from Vince Tajiri, the photo editor, who said, "It's the first time we've gotten away with pubic hair in the magazine!" I said, "What pubic hair?" I was worried because I had promised Paula there would be none. I went and looked closely and for the first time saw it. You could definitely see the black pubic hair in three of seven exposures. It was a breakthrough, but I thought Paula would go ballistic. Yet she never said a word to me about it.

I also did sports and celebrities for the magazine. One time, Paula Prentiss and Elliott Gould were doing *Move* and I got them to agree to a nude shot in a bathtub to promote the movie. We were all set up. Elliott was in the bathtub and Paula was supposed to come out, but she wouldn't. Elliott went in and tried to convince her to come out and then I tried. No way. I noticed that she was completely flat-chested, but I had no idea this had anything to do with it. Dick Benjamin, her husband, finally went in and talked with her and came out and said, "She just can't do it today." I said, fine. Three or four weeks later, they told me she would do it. This time Paula walked out of the dressing room without any coaxing. I'll tell you: She had the biggest fucking set of knockers in the world. Now, I can't swear to you that she didn't have the knockers the first time around, but she looked pretty flat-chested to me. I don't know what changed, but she was a fucking knockout when she walked out the second time.

PLAYBOY: At what point did you cross over from photographer to interviewer and journalist?

SCHILLER: I began doing interviews for spoken-word record albums. I did an essay for *Life* magazine on LSD culture and that started me doing a record. I also did ones on homosexuality and the American male, one on JFK and the one on Lenny Bruce that was the basis for the book. Those interviews were all for record albums. Three became books.

PLAYBOY: What was the story behind your book with Charles Manson follower Susan Atkins?

SCHILLER: I was called by Paul Caruso, a famous divorce attorney, with a tip. "A buddy of mine who's a public defender has a client by the name of Susan Atkins who is in jail for a series of murders. She told her lawyer that she was involved in the Tate–LaBianca murders. Would you like to talk with her?" I interviewed her. I wrote a book under her name, set up a trust for her child and took half the money. The publishers chose the title, which was terrible, the worst exploitation: *The Killing of Sharon Tate*. But it was sold all over the world. Before the article about the book was published, I was with President Nixon in the White House shooting a campaign commercial. Afterward, we sat around and talked. The president asked me what I was up to and I told him about the Atkins interview, that she confessed to the Manson murders. I never imagined he would take this information and make this incredible statement that was a front-page headline the next day: The president said Manson was guilty of those murders. It was because I had lunch with Nixon and I was bragging! It threw the trial into a tizzy.

PLAYBOY: Was it a coincidence that you were in Dallas when President Kennedy was shot?

SCHILLER: I wasn't in Dallas at the time. I was there within 3½ hours of the assassination. They kicked off all the passengers on the next plane there from Los Angeles and it became the first press flight. I was working for the *Saturday Evening Post*. I was in the basement when Lee Harvey Oswald was being moved. He came out and somebody stepped in front of me and there was a flash, a flash, and then a pop and then another flash. Somewhere in there, I saw somebody shooting somebody, but I never got the fucking picture. Oswald immediately was picked up and taken away, and they're all on top of this guy who did it. I realized one or two photographers had the picture and I didn't. There were two labs being used in Dallas and I raced to one. Someone walked out of the darkroom with the picture: the famous Bob Jackson photograph of Jack Ruby shooting Oswald. I asked what rights were available. I offered $10,000 for world magazine rights and got the original print. I sent it to the *Post* and we made sales to *Paris Match*, *Stern* and other magazines around the world and made five times the $10,000. Jackson won the Pulitzer Prize for that picture. I have the original print framed at home.

PLAYBOY: You met up with Ruby again, conducting the final interview of his life before he died in the hospital in 1967. How did you get it?

SCHILLER: I had been in contact with his brother and sister over the years. I was doing the record of JFK when I got a call and was asked if I wanted to see him. It was a pure coincidence.

PLAYBOY: What revelations came from that last interview?

SCHILLER: Most of all, that he stuck to his story on his deathbed. He had acted alone. There was no conspiracy.

PLAYBOY: Yet you visited the conspiracy theory again, both with *The Trial of Lee Harvey Oswald* and your research for Norman Mailer's book *Oswald's Tale*. Why the preoccupation with that story?

SCHILLER: It is probably the greatest unsolved mystery of our time. Particularly with *Oswald's Tale*, I had access to incredible information—all the KGB files.

PLAYBOY: How did you get them?

SCHILLER: I had a name in Russia. I was invited to Mikhail Gorbachev's peace conference and then to be a negotiator on the bilateral talks in Russia between the U.S. government and the U.S. Information Agency. I couldn't believe it. So I went back to Russia a second time as a delegate of the U.S. government under President Reagan. This time I looked up Ludmilla Peresvetova, a translator whom I had met but had not worked with. She was one of the most skilled translators in Russia. Although she denied it, I knew from others that she also had worked in some context for the KGB.

PLAYBOY: She became your third wife.

SCHILLER: Yes, but it was not a sexual relationship yet. I was invited back the second year by the government to negotiate. This time it was held in Washington and we brought Ludmilla to be my translator. Finally, I decided to do a film based on the Chernobyl disaster. I convinced the Russians. I hired J.P. Miller, who wrote *Days of Wine and Roses*, an Emmy Award–winning screenwriter. I always surround myself with the best people. Ludmilla is helping me again. I put a lot of my own money into it, almost $600,000. My wife—still my second wife—and I were just ready to kill each other. I told her that we were going to have to go into bankruptcy in 1991. That was the greatest humiliation for her. The lawyers told me how to do it to protect my family, but my wife wouldn't accept it. It was the end of our marriage. Six

THE WOMEN OF PLAYBOY WANT YOU TO BE THEIR VALENTINES!

PLAYMATES COAST TO COAST

LIVE!

PLAYMATE LINGERIE

KIMBER WEST, MISS FEBRUARY

UNDERCOVER OPERATIVE!

1-900-740-5588
Only $3 a min. 18 yrs. or older
OR CALL
1-800-949-6000
AMERICAN EXPRESS

Join Kimber West, nine Lingerie motes and our ex-CIA undercover guest on the 24-hour Super Hotline, to share romance, excitement and trade voice-mail Valentine messages! Then call the Playmates' live Coast-to-Coast conference line and be a Playmate Valentine! Ask them questions and have fun when you call during their special weeknight hours!

NOW WE'RE LIVE!
"LIVE! Coast-to-Coast Conference"*

10PM-2AM ET MON-FRI
1-900-737-6565
Only $3.95 a min. 18 yrs. or older
OR CALL
1-800-677-PBOY
AMERICAN EXPRESS

PLAYBOY SUPER HOTLINE © 1997 Playboy. A product of Playboy. 680 N. Lake Shore Dr., Chicago IL 60611. Not available in OR.

*Topics will include Playmate background, interests and entertainment. Playmate availability subject to change.

months later, Ludmilla showed up in the U.S. to visit her daughter. Gorbachev by then had gone far in hacking his own window to the West. I was having many problems with *Chernobyl*—my backers fell out. There was one problem after another. But I knew there were other great stories in Russia. I was interested in three: Alger Hiss, the Rosenbergs and Lee Harvey Oswald. One night, I asked Ludmilla to talk with her friends in the KGB about them. She returned to Moscow and then called me. Come to Moscow. She introduced me to a former KGB agent who told me there was nothing in their files on Alger Hiss except news clippings. He said there was a lot about the Rosenbergs, but nothing more than the West already knew. "What about Lee Harvey Oswald?" "There's a lot." I asked, "How do I get it?"

PLAYBOY: How did you?

SCHILLER: More negotiating. I told them I wanted to bring in a writer. I called him the American Tolstoy. I had to sell them on Mailer even though I hadn't yet sold Mailer on the project. I knew this was a story for Norman, but I had to convince him.

PLAYBOY: How did you?

SCHILLER: I went back to New York and told him I felt I could get the KGB files. I said, "It's the one part of the mystery that nobody knows anything of. They bugged him." I said, "Nobody has ever seen Oswald interacting with people. Here are his fights, depressions, it's all in there." I said, "Here is a chance to be flies on the wall inside Lee Harvey Oswald's life. Nobody else is ever going to have that."

PLAYBOY: Why were you given those extremely valuable files? Did you bribe the officials?

SCHILLER: From the beginning I was told that I would have to pay with shoes and sardines, not money. That meant that I would pay with whatever goods they couldn't get. But I had to convince many people who were not bribed. The Supreme Soviet learned what we were doing and attempted to stop it. They wanted to know why a Western writer should get them. The FBI heard about it through the American Embassy and made a push for the files. Ludmilla in the meantime was getting so fucking scared that the government might swing back [to the Communist regime] and she would be put in jail for working for Americans. One time the KGB showed us a report on us conducted by the local KGB which said that Mailer was working for the CIA and Ludmilla was an operative. She became even more scared then. Now it was in the KGB files that she was working for the CIA. It became obvious that I had to marry her. I'm not saying I didn't love her, but we got married for that reason. We went to the U.S. and got married and returned to Russia to work. The marriage was a tough one. It was not a marriage based on real love or devotion or understanding. When the project was over, the marriage was annulled—after she got her green card. She now lives in Washington, D.C. and is a translator for the Securities and Exchange Commission. Living a happy life.

PLAYBOY: Years earlier, you had interviewed Marina Oswald, most extensively, for *The Trial of Lee Harvey Oswald*. Did she have to be persuaded to talk again?

SCHILLER: Yes. And it was very difficult. Of all the people I have interviewed who feel betrayed by me, she feels the most betrayed.

PLAYBOY: Was she?

SCHILLER: I didn't betray her. But in Russia we had learned a lot about her early life. She had relations with many men. I wanted to get her to talk about it. I convinced her. "What does it matter?" she wanted to know. But, I said, if something as small or as large as this affected Oswald, it gives us a better understanding. In the hands of Mailer, perhaps society will learn something. So she talked to me, but she despised the book. She says Mailer depicted her as a whore. But she is not depicted as a whore. She is depicted as someone who had a horrible experience with a stepfather. She was thrown into the street and locked out. She feels betrayed by everybody.

PLAYBOY: Does that make you feel bad?

SCHILLER: I don't lose any sleep over it, but I feel bad because she does not accept the fact that the best has been done with truth we know, and that society does learn. Again, Schiller is in the middle of history. We filled in a piece of history with that book, just as we had with *Executioner's Song*.

PLAYBOY: You clearly are obsessed with making a mark on history. Have you analyzed why?

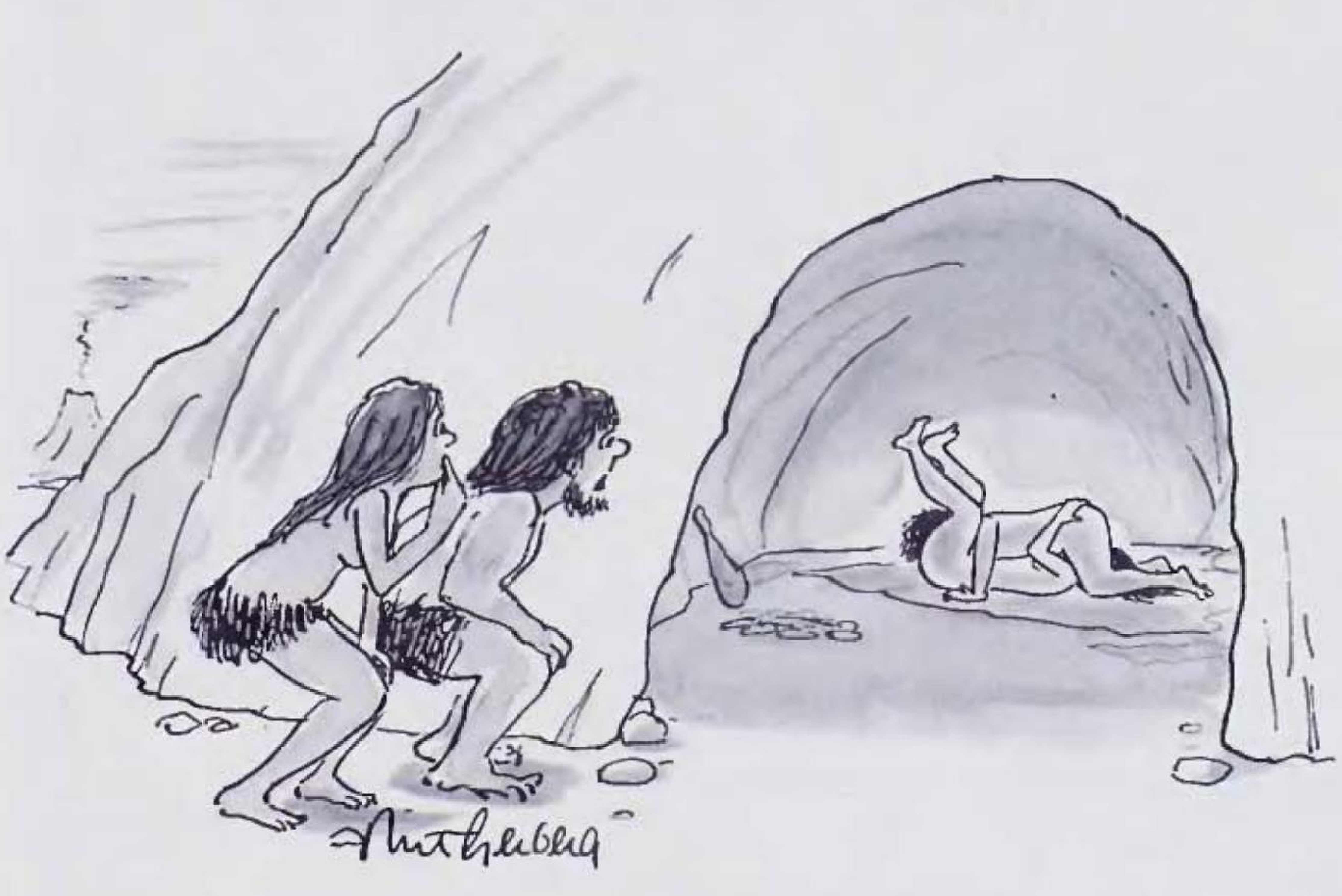
SCHILLER: It is doing something important, something my children can look to proudly. When I was a child, my father was very proud of my brother, who was an incredible athlete. When he beat me in the 11-and-under category in tennis, that was the end of my tennis career—and my brother is two years younger. My father was a marathon runner. I couldn't compete in that arena, but I found other ways to compete. I participated in athletics when I was a child by being a photographer. It was my way of participating. Maybe everything comes from this.

PLAYBOY: Did the accident that hurt your vision in one eye affect your decision to become a photographer?

SCHILLER: I don't think so. My father was a portrait photographer. He owned a camera store on 42nd Street. We went to California and he opened another store, this time selling sporting goods, cameras and appliances. So he had more to do with it than anything else, I think. And photography is what opened doors for me. It got me to college. I never had the grades, but I got a journalism scholarship for my photographs.

PLAYBOY: Do you think that most of what you've tried to prove in your life goes back to your father?

SCHILLER: It's not only my father. My children and ex-wife and I once went to see *The Mosquito Coast*. There's a scene in the film where Harrison Ford tries to explain to his wife and one of his sons what he's all about—why he's brought the family to this hellhole in the middle of the jungle. He explains his dream, for the first time communicating who he is to his family. His wife and son look at him in the worst way. You can see by their faces that they are horrified. When



"Boy, are they evolving fast. We've barely gotten the hang of the missionary position."

I saw that, I broke down and cried in the theater. It was so much about me at that moment in my life. My wife was so embarrassed that she took my children and moved to another part of the theater. She wouldn't sit next to me. That was the end of my marriage as far as I was concerned. She didn't know it, but it was. We had a big fight that night.

PLAYBOY: What exactly did you relate to in the movie?

SCHILLER: How misunderstood he was. And when my wife moved away, it proved how much I was misunderstood, too. I see things a certain way. I've made a lot of mistakes in my life. I've done things that are wrong for which I deserve to be criticized and torn apart. But the story of Schiller is not only those things.

PLAYBOY: Yet like it or not, along with all of your accomplishments come the labels: you as a carrion bird, as "O.J.'s sleazy friend" and as an exploiter. Do these bother you?

SCHILLER: They no longer bother me. I used to be concerned for my children, but they and those who know me are used to it. This new book is something they can be proud of. The reviews that have come in—from *The New York Times*, the *Los Angeles Times*, *Time* magazine—are all a vindication. I mean, I cried when I read the *New York Times* review. I was in a restaurant with Kardashian on my left and Kathy on my right and I just started to cry.

PLAYBOY: Why exactly did you cry?

SCHILLER: It was an acknowledgment by a stranger who is considered to be important. It acknowledged all the work I put in.

PLAYBOY: Did you feel legitimized on your own at last, independent from Mailer?

SCHILLER: Maybe. Yes.

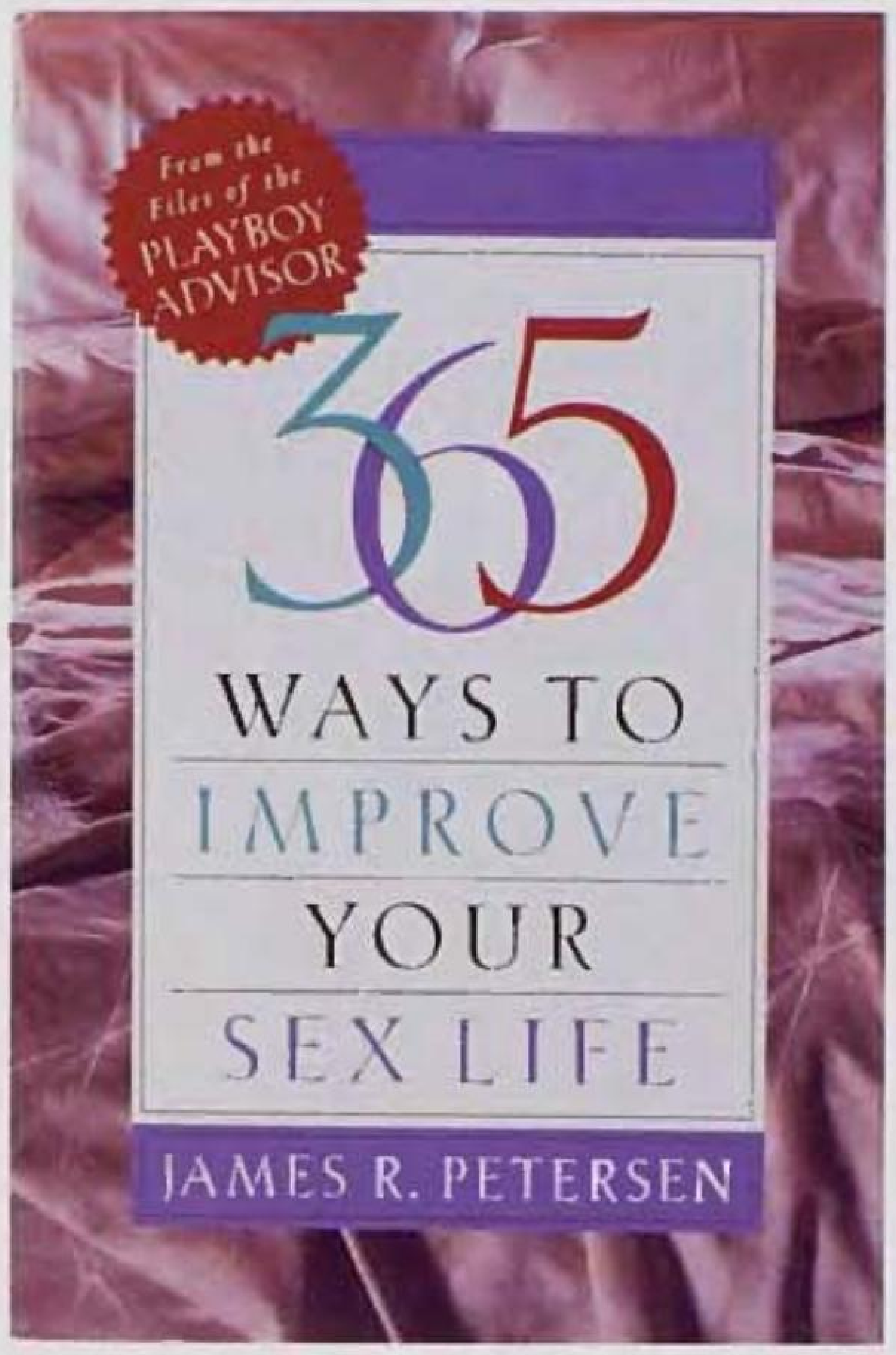
PLAYBOY: For that you have O.J. Simpson to thank.

SCHILLER: But I pulled it off myself. I pulled it off.

PLAYBOY: Yours is the 40th or so book about O.J. Will the interest in this case ever subside?

SCHILLER: The obsession with the case will die down, although it will reappear whenever big events in O.J.'s life come along. It will reappear when he gets married again, especially when it is to a white blonde; when he has another child. The biggest news will be when his wife ends up dead again. A knife. Blood. A glove. [*Smiles*] Actually, the biggest news will be when they find the knife and the real killers. Imagine: Somebody confesses and everything finally fits together. A killer with blood so close to O.J.'s or something. Think about what that would do to America. I know it's unlikely, but that would be something, wouldn't it?

365 WAYS TO IMPROVE YOUR SEX LIFE BOOK
From the Files of the PLAYBOY ADVISOR



Discover the pleasures of the Erotic Tool Kit, the Venus Butterfly, Multiple Personality Masturbation and 362 others! The Playboy Advisor's veteran columnist offers this stimulating collection of sex tips and sensual tricks for each day of the year. Keep this inventive and informative sexual resource book on the bedside table and watch your sex life heat up! Paperback. 320 pages.

Order Toll-Free 800-423-9494

Charge to your Visa, MasterCard, American Express or Discover. Most orders shipped within 48 hours. (Source code: 60354)

Order By Mail

Use your credit card and be sure to include your account number and expiration date. Or enclose a check or money order payable to Playboy. Mail to Playboy, P.O. Box 809, Dept. 60354, Itasca, Illinois 60143-0809.

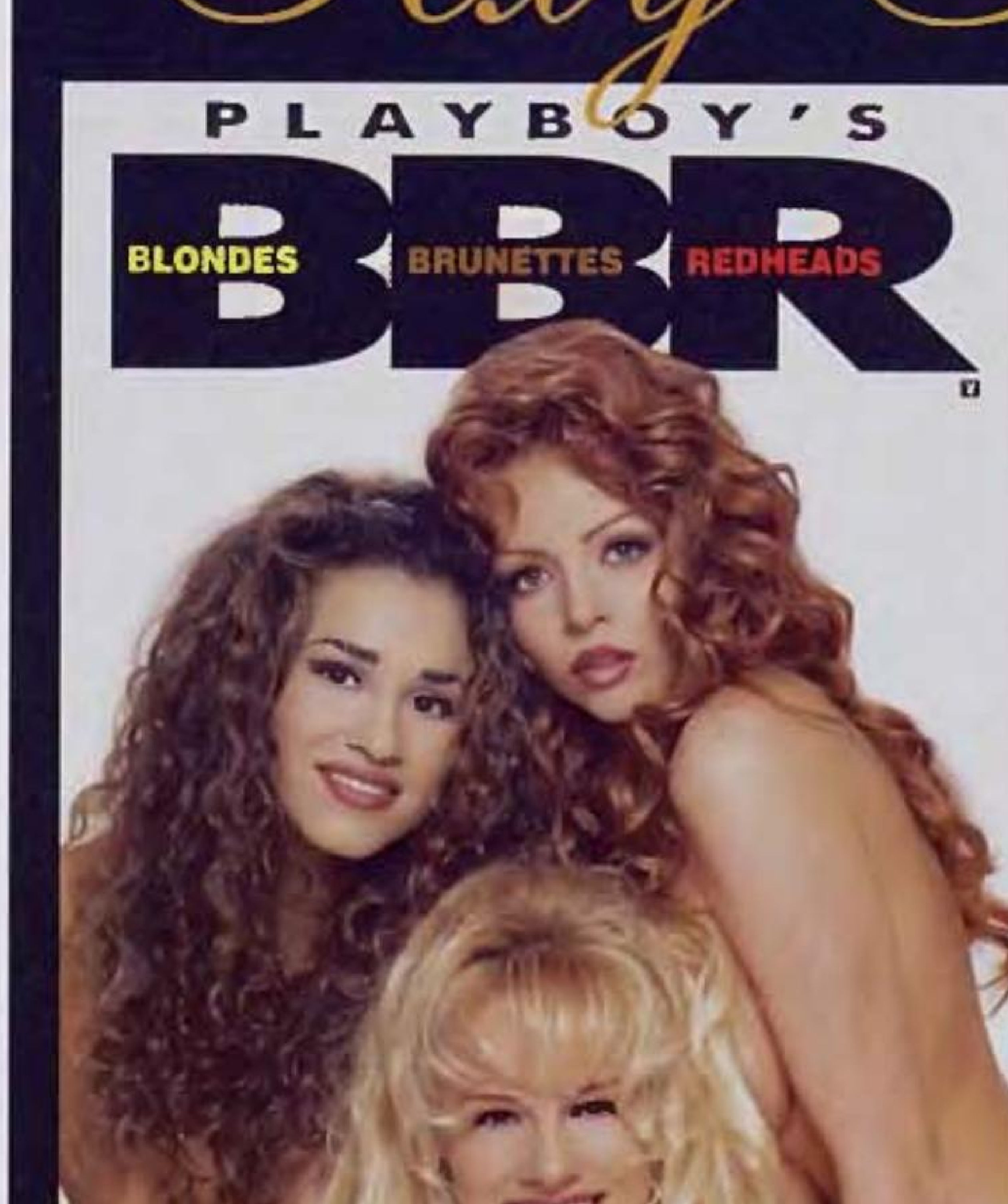
Book #LF4835 $13.95

There is a $3.00 shipping and handling charge per total order. Illinois residents include 6.75% sales tax. Canadian residents please include an additional $3.00 per item. Sorry, no other foreign orders or currency accepted.

Also available at your local book store.

Plume
© 1997 Playboy

Sexy Tresses



Blondes have more fun...redheads are fiery...and brunettes are sultry. Decide for yourself if these clichés ring true with our fabulous collection of models wearing nothing but their lovely locks. Isn't it time for a good hair day?

Book #LSFT9706 $6.95

Order Toll-Free 1-800-423-9494

Charge to your Visa, MasterCard, American Express or Discover. Most orders shipped within 48 hours. Ask for book #LSFT9702 (Source code: 60365).

Order By Mail

Use your credit card and be sure to include your account number and expiration date. Or enclose a check or money order payable to Playboy. Mail to Playboy, P.O. Box 809, Dept. 60365, Itasca, Illinois 60143-0809.

There is a $2.00 shipping-and-handling charge per total order. Illinois residents include 6.75% sales tax. Canadian residents please include an additional $3.00 per item. Sorry, no other foreign orders.

© 1997 Playboy

AT NEWSSTANDS NOW

Slings of Desire

(continued from page 110)

God, I love breakfast. I'll give you my top 13. First, obviously, chop de porc, cru, à la muesli.

CLEESE: Not as fine as mine.

CURTIS: No, and I have a lot more of it.

CLEESE: Last time I told my daughter I was going to the barber, she said, "Daddy, is it really worth it?" What she does not realize is that I am not bald at all. I have, in fact, a great deal of hair, but it's too fine for most people to see. You might call it a fine head of hair.

PLAYBOY: What gets your vote as the strongest desire? Is it hunger? Thirst? Passion?

CURTIS: Well, for me it would be sleep. I'm completely exhausted; my son hasn't been sleeping.

CLEESE: Poor pussycat.

CURTIS: It's a difficult time, but we will weather it.

CLEESE: And if not, you can always kill yourself.

CURTIS: I suppose that's an option.

CLEESE: It's the best part about believing in reincarnation. It cheers me up to realize that if I find things too disappointing, I can just top myself and start again. "I'm fed up with this life, so I'll have another one, please."

CURTIS: If my husband walked in with the keys to a new car, the most delicious food and a beautiful bottle of red wine on a tray, a stunning outfit hanging on his arm and an alarm clock, I would choose the alarm clock. I would say, "Thanks, Chris," and set it for about eight hours from now and go to sleep. That's my desire.

CLEESE: Actually, the desire for sleep has been badly undervalued—almost ignored—throughout the history of Western philosophy. Sleep is quite wonderful in and of itself. This is, as Jefferson would have put it, self-evident. The great thing about sleep is that you just lie down and go to it. If you're awake, you have to think, What should I do now? This explains the point of death. Hasn't it ever struck you that most of the best people are dead? There must be something to it. And it's this: You don't have to make any more decisions. Or do any more annoying interviews.

PLAYBOY: OK, after sleep, what's next on the desire chart?

CURTIS: Breakfast.

PLAYBOY: Breakfast?

CURTIS: Right. When you wake up.

CLEESE: My favorite meal, breakfast!

CURTIS: This is the explanation for our friendship. I mean, John and I have nothing else in common. He's this arthritic, bald, elderly Englishman who happens to be very boring. And I'm this youthful, vibrant, vital, terribly modest California supermom. But we have one common link—we're both breakfast freaks.

PLAYBOY: Does this mean you've had breakfast together?

CLEESE: Yes. But only at lunchtime.

PLAYBOY: Why didn't you have lunch?

CURTIS: Because we prefer breakfast, you dolt.

PLAYBOY: Do you have breakfast at dinnertime, too?

CURTIS: Only if I'm hungry. I have been a proponent of breakfast for years. Cereals are my favorite foods.

PLAYBOY: Any specific kind?

CURTIS: I go all over the map. Apple Jacks and shredded wheat and Cheerios and Rice Chex and Kix and Golden Grahams and frosted flakes and Corn Pops and——

PLAYBOY: Froot Loops?

CURTIS: No. No Froot Loops. One has to draw the line somewhere. But Wheaties and, of course, Rice Krispies, Quaker Oats, raisin bran and cornflakes. Breakfast food is truly my comfort food. If there were nobody around to see me, it's basically all I would eat for the rest of my life. And muesli. Mustn't forget muesli.

CLEESE: Ah, yes. muesli. A heaping spoonful of muesli on top of a nice raw pork chop—that is my ideal breakfast.

CURTIS: When you die, John, I'll sprinkle muesli over your grave. And maybe even throw in a pork chop.

CLEESE: What more could one ask? God, I love breakfast. I'll give you my top 13 breakfasts. First, obviously, chop de porc, cru, à la muesli. Second, chop de porc, very rare, à la muesli. Third, chop de porc, well done, à la muesli. Four, muesli and ham. Five, muesli and bacon. Six, muesli with anything else derived from pigs. Seven, muesli plain. Eight, ham—plain—and eggs. Nine, bacon—plain—and eggs. Ten, trotters and eggs.

Eleven would be any other combination derived from pigs and hens. Like kidneys and wattles. Or spleens and beaks. Or snouts and claws.

Twelve: cornflakes.

And, finally, lucky 13: battered badgers' brains. It's very English. Incidentally, it's not the brains that are battered. It's the badgers. That's how you get their brains. They obviously aren't just going to hand them over. They're quite fond of them even though they hardly use them.

PLAYBOY: What about muesli and eggs?

CLEESE: Don't be silly. They don't go together at all.

PLAYBOY: Speaking of things going together, what about sex and desire? Can you have one without the other?

CLEESE: Ah, you see, Jamie, I was right.

CURTIS: Absolutely.

PLAYBOY: Right about what?

CURTIS: John warned me that if we did an interview with PLAYBOY about desire, sooner or later the question of sex would arrive. He's very intuitive.

PLAYBOY: OK. So the sex card has been played. Any thoughts on sexual desire?

CURTIS: Sure. But you have to understand that I've been married a long time. Happily married, I might add. So my idea of sexual desire is very different from when I was single. There's an element of fidelity that is pretty important.

CLEESE: I, too, am happily married. And have been many, many times.

PLAYBOY: And fidelity?

CLEESE: It's very important. I'm sure of it.

PLAYBOY: Why?

CLEESE: Because I once got a fortune cookie that read: "Fidelity is very important." It was this kind of blinding flash. I guess it was my particular road from Damascus. Or road to Damascus. Or road in Damascus. It was definitely Syrian in feeling. Ever since then fidelity has been very important to me. As simple as that. But I am prepared to talk about my sexual proclivities in my early years. And during the intervals between my many marriages.

PLAYBOY: How many marriages have there been, exactly?

CLEESE: I forget. My secretary probably knows. Otherwise, if it's important, I suppose I could go back through my diaries. Every wife was an American. I do remember that. Good on energy, bad on geography. Not one of them could read a map. No spatial sense whatsoever. But I digress.

PLAYBOY: We were actually getting to the subject of sex and——

CLEESE: I'll tell you an odd thing about sex. Because of it, you discover that you're two different people. There you are, feeling almost uncontrollably—what do Americans say? Libidinous? Concupiscent? Cupidinous?

PLAYBOY: Horny?

CLEESE: Yes. But that's a bit on the nose, isn't it? Anything a touch more lyrical?

CURTIS: Frisky.

CLEESE: Frisky. Good. So there you are with a female friend, feeling almost unbearably frisky. With a strong intuition that if you don't frisk soon, you may explode. And an hour later you're lying there, wondering why it had seemed so important at the time, thinking, I may never need to do that again. And then a few hours pass, and you're back to being the first person again, thinking, All I need to do to achieve the purpose of my existence is to frisk one more time. Immediately. Right now.

So you're these two completely different beings. Different raisons d'être. Different value systems. Different metabolisms. Occupying the same skin. And each one of you is unaware of the other's existence. Which makes planning your life rather difficult.

PLAYBOY: It was simpler before puberty.

CURTIS: But not as much fun.

PLAYBOY: Still, there are desires or passions from youth that carry over into adulthood.

CURTIS: Like what?

PLAYBOY: Like Citizen Kane's fondness for Rosebud, his boyhood sled.

CURTIS: Well, when I was about six, I had this little dildo. A *Lost in Space* dildo. Now, whenever I see June Lockhart or hear somebody say, "Danger, Will Robinson, danger," it takes me back to that time. I found it in J.J. Newberry's, in the dildo section.

CLEESE: There is a very fine dildo department in Harrods. It takes up over half a floor, but, still, you have to know where to look.

PLAYBOY: What about you, John? Any youthful passions?

CLEESE: I grew up in Weston-super-Mare, a seaside resort. Actually, a seaside last resort. And there was no sex there. None at all. There was a field hockey festival at Easter, but that was as far as body contact went. The births were all by parthenogenesis, which is why I found much of the New Testament so credible.

CURTIS: What did you do for excitement?

CLEESE: I played snooker a lot.

CURTIS: I beg your pardon.

CLEESE: Snooker. It's like pool, only it requires a degree of accuracy.

CURTIS: I know what snooker is, John. I thought you were using it as a code word for something seamy.

CLEESE: There was nothing you'd call seamy at Weston-super-Mare. But I did get really excited once a year.

CURTIS: I can't wait to hear about this.

CLEESE: Actually, I'm talking about Christmas. Do you remember how hard it was to fall asleep on Christmas Eve and how you'd wake up extremely early for no other reason than the insatiable desire to be given things? This is because children are into materialism in a way that makes yuppies seem monkish.

CURTIS: It's so in the genes, it's a wonder any of us grow out of it, even a little.

CLEESE: Is there anything now, Jamie, that would make you really excited materialistically?

CURTIS: No. Actually, it's the lack of materialism that makes me happy. I desire a divesting of stuff. The less I've got, the happier I am.

CLEESE: I feel the same way, but I thought that was something that came with middle age—when you begin to look at all these things you've surrounded yourself with and find that most of them are clutter. You're much too young for that.

CURTIS: It was the last big earthquake that did it for me. We were hit pretty hard and so many things that I'd been hanging on to were damaged. It was surprising how quickly I realized I didn't need or want any of them anymore.

CLEESE: I used to desire many, many things, but now I have just one desire, and that's to get rid of all my other desires. Still, I suppose you always want what you haven't got. But at least it's a kind of simplification.

CURTIS: I think if you were unattached and unencumbered by material things, the strongest desire would be passion.

CLEESE: Sexual passion?

CURTIS: Yes. If you could boil it down, get rid of materialism, especially if you were on your own in the world, what you'd look for would be a sexual connection with someone.

CLEESE: I don't agree.

CURTIS: At your age, you wouldn't.

CLEESE: Do you know the talking frog joke? A middle-aged man is walking down the street, and he sees a little frog. The frog looks up at him and says, "Hi. Pick me up and kiss me. I will turn into a beautiful blonde woman and we will make love all night."

The man picks up the frog and puts it in his pocket. The frog complains, "Hey, you didn't kiss me."

"No," the man says.

"Don't you want me to turn into a blonde and have a passionate night?"

And the man says, "No. At my age, I'd rather have a talking frog."

CURTIS: OK, that's your desire joke. Here's mine: A guy walks into a bar and

Sensual Products

How to order them without embarrassment.
How to use them without disappointment.

Today, you know that wanting the most from your sex life is natural and healthy. Look through the new Xandria Gold Collection catalogue and discover a wide array of sexual products for giving you, and your partner, even greater pleasure.

Trust our experience.
Men have delighted in the Xandria Collection for more than twenty years. It is a very special collection of sensual aides including lotions and lubricants, personal stimulators, massage products, and informational books and videos.

Rely on our 100%, three-way Guarantee.
If you've been reluctant to purchase sexual products through the mail, consider the Xandria Guarantee:

1. We guarantee your privacy.
Everything we ship is plainly and securely wrapped with no clue to its contents from the outside. All transactions are strictly confidential, and we *never* sell, rent, or trade any customer's name.

2. We guarantee your satisfaction.
If a product is unsatisfactory, simply return it for replacement or refund within 60 days.

3. We guarantee that the product you choose will keep giving you pleasure.
Should it malfunction, just return it to us for a replacement.

Order today and see.
Send for your catalogue now, and we'll apply its $4.00 price to your first order. You have absolutely nothing to lose and an entirely new world of enjoyment to gain.

The Xandria Collection, Dept. PB0297
P.O. Box 31039, San Francisco, CA 94131-9988
Please send me, by first class mail, the **Xandria Gold Edition Catalogue.** Enclosed is a check or money order for $4, applied to my first purchase. ($5 Canada, £3 UK)

Name ______________________

Address ______________________

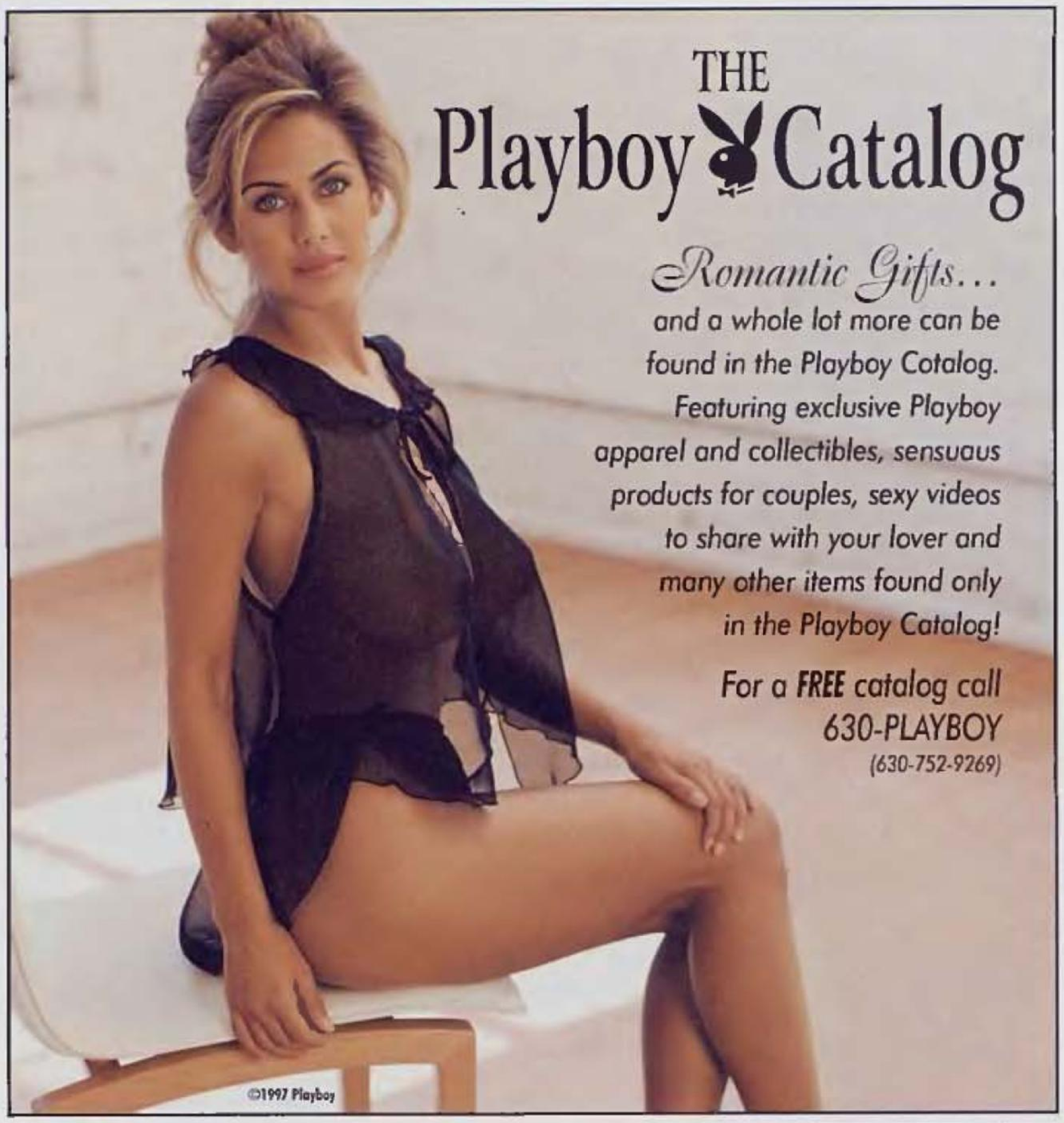
City ______________________

State/Zip ______________________

I am an adult over 21 years of age.

Signature required ______________________

Xandria, 165 Valley Dr., Brisbane, CA 94005-1340. Void where prohibited by law


THE Playboy Catalog

Romantic Gifts...
and a whole lot more can be found in the Playboy Catalog. Featuring exclusive Playboy apparel and collectibles, sensuous products for couples, sexy videos to share with your lover and many other items found only in the Playboy Catalog!

For a **FREE** catalog call
630-PLAYBOY
(630-752-9269)

©1997 Playboy

HIS & HERS HOTEL PLAYBOY ROBE
Two front pockets and matching belt. Mid-length. Three-quarter sleeves. Embroidery on left chest. White. Unisex. 70% cotton/30% polyester. USA. One size. **LM3767 $54.00**

HOTEL PLAYBOY WRAP
Elastic waist with velcro closure. Embroidery on left front pocket. White. 100% cotton. Imported. One size. **LM3768 $36.00**

Escape to HOTEL PLAYBOY!

Pamper yourself. Soft white terry velour envelops your body in exquisite comfort. Hotel Playboy logo is embroidered in royal blue.

Order Toll-Free
800-423-9494
Charge to your Visa, MasterCard, American Express or Discover. Most orders shipped within 48 hours. (Source code: 60360)

Order By Mail
Use your credit card and be sure to include your account number and expiration date. Or enclose a check or money order payable to Playboy. Mail to Playboy, P.O. Box 809, Dept. 60360, Itasca, Illinois 60143-0809.

There is a $5.95 shipping-and-handling charge per total order. Illinois residents include 6.75% sales tax. Canadian residents please include an additional $3.00 per item. Sorry, no other foreign orders or currency accepted.

©1997 Playboy

he sees a man and a dog, and the dog is telling his owner he'd like today's newspaper. The guy is stunned. He sits down next to them and says, "Wow, is that a talking dog?"

The owner nods.

"That's incredible. I've never seen a talking dog before."

"Well, now you have," the owner says.

"But it's so fantastic."

"Get over it," the owner says. "It's a talking dog. Look, I've got to go to the rest room. Do me a favor and watch him for me."

The guy says, "Sure." And as soon as the owner is gone, he asks the dog to speak.

The dog stares at him and says, "Got a buck for a newspaper?"

The guy looks in his wallet. "All I've got is a five."

"I'll bring you change." The dog bites the five dollar bill and heads out of the bar with it.

The owner comes out of the bathroom, looks around and asks, "Where's my dog?"

"He went out to get a paper."

"He what? You let my one-of-a-kind-in-the-whole-world talking dog walk out of here by himself? Anything could happen to him. He could get hit by a car. Anything."

The owner runs out of the bar and the guy follows. They look up and down the street, but they don't see the dog anywhere. Then they hear this noise and go down an alley. There at the end of the alley is the talking dog, fucking like a—I was going to say like a dog.

The owner runs up to the dog and screams at it, "What the heck are you doing?"

And the dog answers, "What does it look like I'm doing?"

"I've had you ten years, and you've never done anything like this before."

And the dog says, "Yeah, but I never had any money before."

PLAYBOY: With all due respect to the way the talking dog handled his passion, what do you do when you feel a strong desire for someone?

CLEESE: I think there are a lot of things to consider before pressing ahead. First, you have to think: If I consummate this desire, will I acquire a disease that will kill me? Second, if I don't actually die, will I nevertheless acquire a disease that will incapacitate me for the rest of my life? Third, if I consummate this, will I fall in love with the person? Fourth, will they fall in love with me? And fifth, if you live in Britain, will they sell the story to the papers?

CURTIS: Sixth, will they buy dinner?

CLEESE: Yes, I forgot that. So if you meet, say, 4 million women, this process winnows them down to about five. Then you ask the big question: How easy is it going to be to get my wife to go along with this?

Will she say, "Fine, darling, 'cause I do have a busy evening. So you just go ahead, and don't worry about coming in late." Or will she get a bit miffed and beady-eyed? Anything to add, Jamie?

CURTIS: Add to what? I'm sorry, I wasn't listening. I was thinking about breakfast.

PLAYBOY: We were discussing being consumed by an overwhelming passion for someone.

CURTIS: Someone other than my husband? Forget it.

CLEESE: Overwhelming passion. Well, if it were truly overwhelming, I suppose the only honorable thing to do would be to have your spouse killed, so that you'd be free of moral obligation.

PLAYBOY: A bit extreme.

CLEESE: It's sort of lateral thinking.

PLAYBOY: Let's suppose you opted for a less lethal approach. How would you get rid of the desire?

CURTIS: Well, there's a 12-step program for sexaholics. Why not one for desireaholics? One of the steps could be the watching of a truly awful movie, over and over again. Maybe *Showgirls*. Make the poor desireaholic watch *Showgirls* four or five times.

CLEESE: Once might do it.

CURTIS: It would probably extinguish any desire you've ever had or ever will have.

PLAYBOY: If that didn't work, one could always try dancing the macarena.

CURTIS: Or listening to political speeches.

CLEESE: Or looking at stereopticon slides of skin diseases.

CURTIS: Or watching the Russian female weight-lifting team work out.

CLEESE: I'd have to think about that one.

PLAYBOY: To return to an earlier question: What about the relationship of sex to desire? Can you, for example, have sex without desire?

CLEESE: I thought that's what marriage was.

CURTIS: That's nice, John. Your wife will read that, and she's going to hate you.

CLEESE: It's OK. My wife can't read. She's from Oklahoma, you see. Though she tells people she's from Texas.

CURTIS: Why?

CLEESE: Because if you're from Oklahoma, you think it's sophisticated to be from Texas.

CURTIS: Well, to get back on track, of course you can have sex without desire. I imagine that hookers do it all the time. I doubt they're in ecstasy with every grunting, sweating pig who buys their time. I can't imagine they somehow find these heaving, hairy, smelly, disgusting men enjoyable.

CLEESE: Could you be just a bit more graphic for us, dear?

CURTIS: I could, but I need not.

PLAYBOY: Samuel Coleridge wrote that "the desire of the man is for the woman, but the desire of the woman is for the desire of the man." Any thoughts?

CLEESE: I'm not sure that the desire of the man is for the woman. Often, I suspect, the desire of the man is for his friends to know that he's had the woman. As for the woman's desire being for the desire of the man, that makes a lot of sense to me because I think women treasure stable relationships more than men do. Therefore, if a woman knows she arouses the desire of a man, that is a promise of stability.

PLAYBOY: Do men and women react differently to the fulfillment of desire?

CLEESE: My God, yes. Don't men always go to sleep——?

CURTIS: And women get on the phone.

CLEESE: In my experience, women are more energetic than that. You're lying on the bed, poleaxed, and they're up there putting new slates on the roof. It's extraordinary. This is part of my theory, which is that men only pretend to want sex because immediately after we can go to sleep.

CURTIS: I love the image of the man waking up in this kind of sweaty heap in the wet spot and the woman, wearing a tool belt and humming *Put on a Happy Face*, pounding away at tiles on the roof. And there's no food left in the house. She's eaten everything.

CLEESE: To give her energy for the roof. I have a question, Jamie. What qualities do women desire in men? Money and power?

CURTIS: Oh, fuck off. Hairlessness. That's what we look for. Hairlessness and good breath.

CLEESE: Hairlessness? Does invisible hair count?

CURTIS: No, no. Not on the head. On the body. We like a nice, smooth body, that kind of lovely 17-year-old body. Not particularly muscular, just sort of smooth, hairless and delicious. And nice breath.

PLAYBOY: What do you look for in a woman, John?

CLEESE: I like long-waisted women with pointy noses and short top lips. Who are punctual. And who can read maps. Who know where Nigeria is.

CURTIS: And who have great tits.

CLEESE: That's one thing—two things, actually—I can't stand in a woman. Call me old-fashioned if you like, but great, beautiful, exquisite, firm, succulent breasts—where was I? Oh, yes, great breasts—are a big turnoff for me.

PLAYBOY: Which is more preferable: to desire or to be desired?

CURTIS: Being desired doesn't feel like anything. That's the biggest misconception people have about actors—that you get this wonderful feeling because a lot of people fancy you. It's a real nothing.

CLEESE: On the other hand, Jamie, given that it's a nothing, it might still be preferable to desiring someone.

CURTIS: Being desired is simply too passive.

CLEESE: I disagree. I would much rather

PRIME
TROJAN-ENZ
LifeStyles
SAXON GOLD
GOLD CIRCLE COIN
TROJAN
Rough Rider

75
CONDOMS BY MAIL
ONLY $9.95

Adam & Eve offers you a full line of high quality condoms with discreet, direct-to-your door delivery.

Our deluxe 75 condom collection offers you the unique luxury of trying over 14 world-class condom brands including **Gold Circle Coins, Saxon Gold, Trojan, Lifestyles, Prime,** plus some of the finest Japanese brands.

As a special introductory offer, you can get the ***Super 75 Collection*** (a full $29.95 value if purchased individually) for ONLY $9.95. That's a savings of over 60%! Or try our 38 Condom Sampler for only $5.95. Usa the coupon below to claim your savings now!

Money-Back Guarantee: You must agree that Adam & Eve's condoms and service are the best available anywhere, or we'll refund your money in full, no questions asked.

VISA & MasterCard orders Call Toll Free
1-800-274-0333
24 Hours A Day / 7 Days A Week
Adam & Eve
P.O. Box 900 • Carrboro, NC 27510

CLIP AND MAIL WITH PAYMENT

Send Check or Bank Money Order To:
Adam & Eve, Dept. **PB192** P.O.Box 900, Carrboro, NC 27510

☐ ***YES!** Please rush my CONDOM COLLECTION in plain packaging under your money-back guarantee.*

CODE#	ITEM	QTY.	PRICE	TOTAL
#5554	Super 75 Collection	______	$9.95	______
#6623	38 Condom Collection	______	$5.95	______

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED!
Postage & Handling $3.00
RUSH Processing - $2.00 ______
TOTAL ______

Name ______
Address ______
City ______ State ______ Zip ______

And the Winner Is...

READERS' CHOICE SUPERMODELS
PLAYBOY'S BOOK OF
LINGERIE
© 1997 Playboy

We asked you for your favorites, and boy did you tell us! Now here they are—your picks for the hottest Book of Lingerie models in our Second Annual Reader's Choice Supermodels Issue. Find out who got top honors as the model of the year!
Book #KNFT9617 $6.95

Order Toll-Free 1-800-423-9494
Charge to your Visa, MasterCard, American Express or Discover. Most orders shipped within 48 hours. Ask for book #KNFT9617 (Source code: 60286).

Order By Mail
Use your credit card and be sure to include your account number and expiration date. Or enclose a check or money order payable to Playboy. Mail to Playboy, P.O. Box 809, Dept. 60286, Itasca, Illinois 60143-0809.

There is a $2.00 shipping-and-handling charge per total order. Illinois residents include 6.75% sales tax. Canadian residents please include an additional $3.00 per item. Sorry, no other foreign orders.

Now you can subscribe to *Playboy's Book of Lingerie*. For just $39.95 ($49.17 in Canada—Inc. GST), you'll get six issues delivered to your door. You'll also receive *Playboy's Sexy, Steamy, Sultry* video free with your paid subscription. Order by Phone: Call 1-800-863-3100 and use our credit card. Order by Mail: Send check or money order to *Playboy's Book of Lingerie*, P.O. Box 3266, Harlan, Iowa 51593 (include special code HBF7000).

AT NEWSSTANDS NOW

Good Housekeeping Seal

This monk seal was once on the verge of extinction but now is doing better in its only home on Earth. Its success proves that careful attention can reverse some extinction trends. • Whether it's shorebirds in California, bats in Pennsylvania or rain forest plants in Peru, The Nature Conservancy protects the lands and waters that rare species need to survive. A world that can sustain its wildlife will be a healthier and happier place for our children and their great-grandchildren.

Please join us. Call us at **1-800-628-6860**. It's a question of proper housekeeping in the only home we've got.

Or write: The Nature Conservancy, Box PSA, 1815 N. Lynn Street, Arlington, VA 22209
Or visit our website at: http://www.tnc.org

Hawaiian Monk Seal
Photograph ©1994 Susan Middleton & David Liittschwager from the book and exhibit *WITNESS: Endangered Species of North America*

The Nature Conservancy®

be desired. Although it's not an experience I've ever had.

CURTIS: I was about to say——

CLEESE: But I'm entirely sure if I ever were desired, it would make no demands on my time. Whereas, if you desired someone, you'd probably have to start rearranging your day.

CURTIS: But isn't that the whole point of desire?

CLEESE: Exactly.

PLAYBOY: What about passion?

CLEESE: Passion, like desire, stands in the way of getting on with your life. I think that's why a lot of people have these turbulent relationships where they're scrabbling and making up and having great sex and then fighting a lot and then making up. And having great sex——

CURTIS: The way you describe it, John, it sounds really fun.

CLEESE: I knew it would appeal to you, Jamie.

CURTIS: Not the reality, just the way you describe it. It sounds like a really great way to spend your life.

CLEESE: If you haven't got anything better to do. That's the point. People like that haven't. Otherwise they might just have to sit down and read a book or make a fretwork model of St. Patrick's Cathedral or something. But if you're always either desperate about how you're going to repair a relationship or enjoying the delights of having just repaired it, or hating the other person and trying to figure out how on earth you're going to get rid of them before you make up again, that just fills the days.

PLAYBOY: Do the British deal with desire differently from Americans?

CLEESE: We're both equally immature as people, but Americans make no pretense whatsoever that they're not. They readily admit that their desires have to be immediately satisfied or they'll fly into a rage and start saying "Make my day" or "Get a life." Whereas we British pretend that we are more mature and therefore constantly postpone gratification despite the fact that it makes us depressed and irritable. Basically, once you've seen *Brief Encounter*, you understand everything.

PLAYBOY: Could you desire someone who didn't desire you?

CLEESE: When I was young and inexperienced, I could watch people from afar and think how attractive they were. Now, by and large, if there isn't some kind of mutual buzz going on, I don't find I'm attracted.

CURTIS: Well, I've never let myself get into a situation of pining away for someone or something I couldn't have. And actually, if I've really wanted something, I've gotten it.

PLAYBOY: And once you've gotten it?

CURTIS: I like having it again. I don't mind a whole meal of it. I'm kind of repetitive by nature. A creature of habit. You might even say I'm addictive on

PLAYBOY ONLINE

The world's best-selling men's magazine is now the hottest hub in the digital world.

Just a click and you get:

- Sexy images of the world's most beautiful women.
- Fascinating excerpts and photos from current and classic issues of *Playboy.*
- The buzz on Playboy TV and video here and abroad.
- Cool stuff to buy for material guys and girls.

Check out why we get more than 5 million hits a day at
http://www.playboy.com

Playboy. A hit. As always.

One Call Will Give You Over 300 Places To Get Help.

There are more than 300 joints in the human body. And at any time, one or more of them can be affected by arthritis.

If you have arthritis, or if someone you love has arthritis, call the Arthritis Foundation.

You'll get information on ways to cope, where you can go for help, and how to get your hands on all the facts you need.

ARTHRITIS FOUNDATION®
Your source for help and hope™

1-800-283-7800

some level. I usually get what I want and then get it again. And again. And again.

PLAYBOY: When you say you've always gotten everything you've desired, does that include roles in films?

CURTIS: That's a little different. There have been things I haven't gotten, but never anything I *had* to have. The idea of striving for the unattainable has never interested me.

PLAYBOY: Regarding movies, how well do they handle the subject of desire?

CURTIS: Badly. That's how they handle it. Look at *Four Weddings and a Funeral*, generally perceived as being one of the best movies about romantic desire. It was a big hit. People loved it. I hated it because I didn't believe any of it. I simply couldn't stand the Hugh Grant character. I'm totally uninterested in that sort of unrealistic, thin-ankled, sloppy-socked, baggy-shorted guy quoting David Cassidy songs. He doesn't exist in real life. Real people don't act the way people do in that movie. They don't make out in the rain; they make out inside, where it's comfortable.

CLEESE: I love it when you go off on rants like this.

CURTIS: But it's true. You want to yell, "Get out of the fucking rain."

PLAYBOY: But you do like action-adventure movies, which don't have a lot of reality.

CURTIS: I don't like action-adventure movies!

CLEESE: I thought *True Lies* was autobiographical.

CURTIS: *True Lies* is funny. It does not pretend to be real. It's a domestic comedy blown up to epic proportions. It's hilarious, just as *Fierce Creatures* is hilarious. This is a movie about what happens when an American conglomerate takes over a London zoo with the idea of making it much more commercial.

CLEESE: With hilarious consequences. And, to bring us back on point, the movie is positively brimming with desire. Because Kevin Kline won the Academy Award for *Wanda*, we had to give him two roles—one character desires high status without responsibility, while the other craves nothing less than world conquest. Jamie's character desires success, but has to settle for mere happiness. My character desires, well, Jamie's character, as usual.

PLAYBOY: Do you get her?

CLEESE: Of course. I wrote the script.

CURTIS: On that note, I really do have this tremendous desire that I can no longer resist.

CLEESE: Really?

CURTIS: I've got to get to sleep. Goodnight, all.

CLEESE: Sweet dreams, pussycat. When I polish off my morning pork chop and muesli, I'll be thinking of you.

Term Paper Blues?
Our 26th Year!

TERM PAPER ASSISTANCE
Catalog of 20,000 research papers
Order Catalog Today with Visa/MC or COD
TOLL FREE HOT LINE 1-800-351-0222
or (310) 477-8226 Mon. - Fri. 9am - 5pm (Pacific time)
Or send $2.00 with coupon below

Our 280-page catalog contains detailed descriptions of 20,000 research papers, a virtual library of information at your fingertips. Endnote and bibliographic pages are free. Ordering is as easy as picking up your phone. Let this valuable educational aid serve you throughout your college years.

EXAMPLES OF CATALOG TOPICS. . .

21589 - HUMAN INTELLIGENCE. Analyzes conflicting theories & argues that IQ is not only inherited, but also created by environment, social and contextual forces. 16 citations, 5 sources, 10 pages.

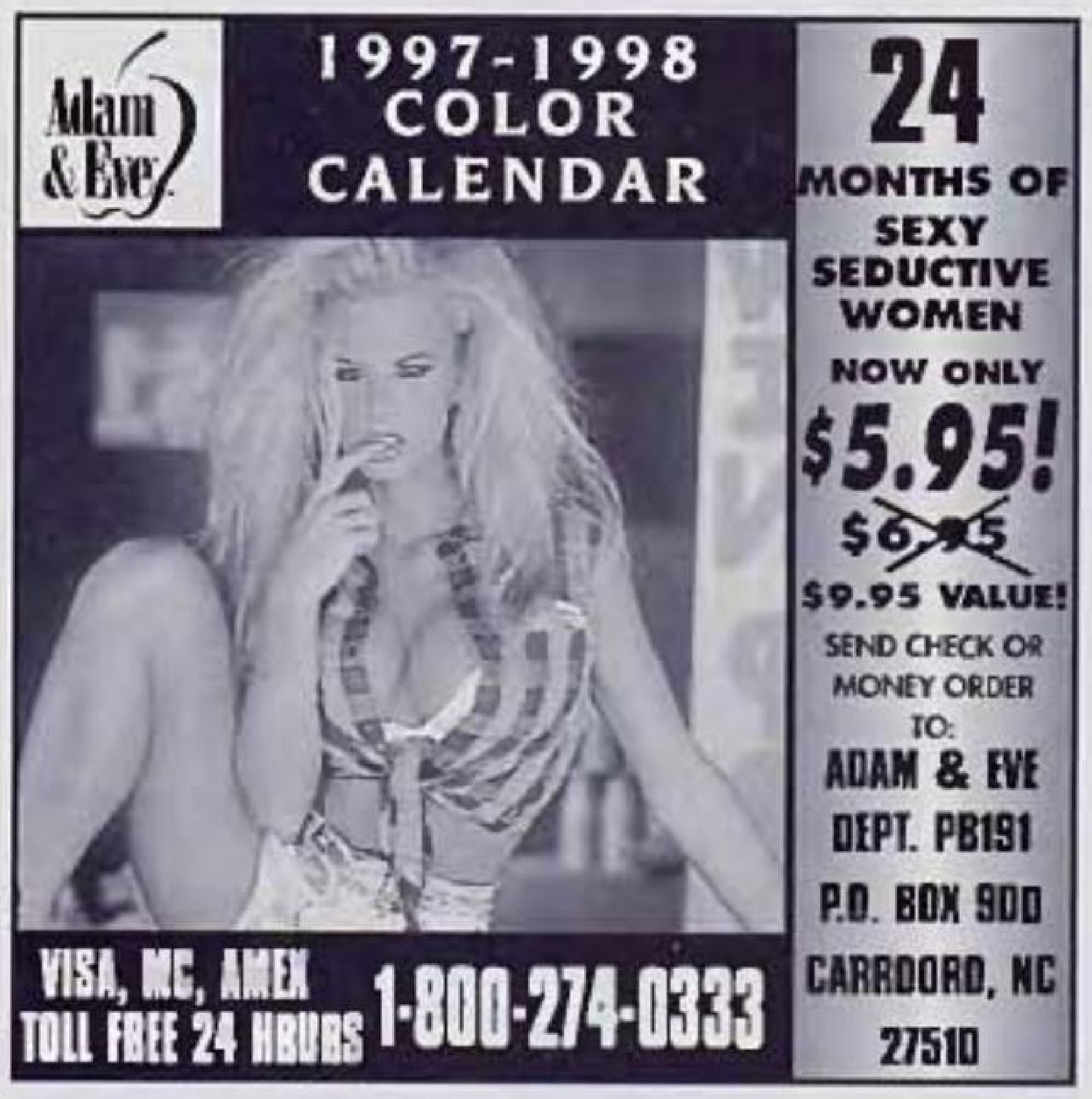
21940 - DRUG USE & ADOLESCENT SUICIDE. Incidence, connections, abuse, at-risk teenagers, family dysfunction, self-esteem, past & future research. 22 citations, 15 sources, 6 pages.

Research Assistance also provides custom research and thesis assistance. Our staff of professional writers, each writing in their fields of expertise, can assist you with all your research needs.

Visit our Web Site at http://www.research-assistance.com

RA since 1970
RESEARCH ASSISTANCE
11322 Idaho Ave., Suite 206-KP
West Los Angeles, California 90025

Please rush my catalog. Enclosed is $2 to cover postage
Name ______________________
Address ______________________
City ______________ State ____ Zip ____



SMOKING VIDEOS!
Georgeous female models, elegantly dressed and smoking cigarettes and cigars!

Visit us on the web: http://www.SmokingVideos.com
Or send SASE: VSI - PO Box 3245 - Cary, NC 27519

AN OFFICE ROMANCE

(continued from page 78)

Her red-tipped fingers pulled her little French underpants to one side. <Mary!> he said.

<The only problem with Easter Eggs,> Mary said, <is that they are always the same. Whoever designed this one obviously had a case of arrested development.>

<I like always the same,> Ken replied.

•

As he left for the weekend, Ken678 scanned the crowd of office regulars filing down the long steps of City Hall. Which woman was Mary97? There was, of course, no way of knowing. They were all ages, all nationalities, but they all looked the same with their blank stares, neural-interface gold earrings, and mesh marks from their net gloves.

The weekend seemed to last forever. As soon as the week restarted, Ken raced through his Calls and Tasks, then cruised the Corridors until he found Mary at "their" spot, the open Window between Copy and Verify.

<Isn't it romantic?> she said, looking out into April in Paris.

<I guess,> said Ken impatiently. He was thinking of her hands behind her back, unfastening.

<What could be more romantic?> she asked, and he could tell she was teasing.

<A red brassiere,> he said.

<Then come with me,> she said.

They met in the Browser three times that week. Three times Ken678 heard the horse, three times he watched the red lace brassiere falling away, falling away. That week was the closest to happiness he would ever come.

•

<Do you ever wonder what's under the third card?> Mary97 asked. They were standing at the Window between Copy and Verify. A new week had barely restarted. In April in Paris the chestnuts were in bloom above the cobblestones. The cafés were empty. A few stick figures in the distance were getting in and out of carriages.

<I guess,> Ken678 said, though it wasn't true. He didn't like to wonder.

<Me too,> said Mary.

When they met a few cycles later in the Windowless room off the Browser, Mary put her red-fingernailed hand on the third card and said, <There's one way to find out.>

Ken didn't answer. He felt a sudden chill.

<We both have to do it,> she said. <You turn up the queen and I'll turn up the third card. Ready?>

<I guess,> Ken said, though it was a lie.

The third card was the ace of spades. As soon as it was turned up, Ken knew something was wrong.

Something felt different.

It was the cobblestones under his feet.

It was April in Paris and Ken678 was walking down the boulevard. Mary97 was beside him. She was wearing a low-cut, sleeveless peasant blouse and a long, full skirt.

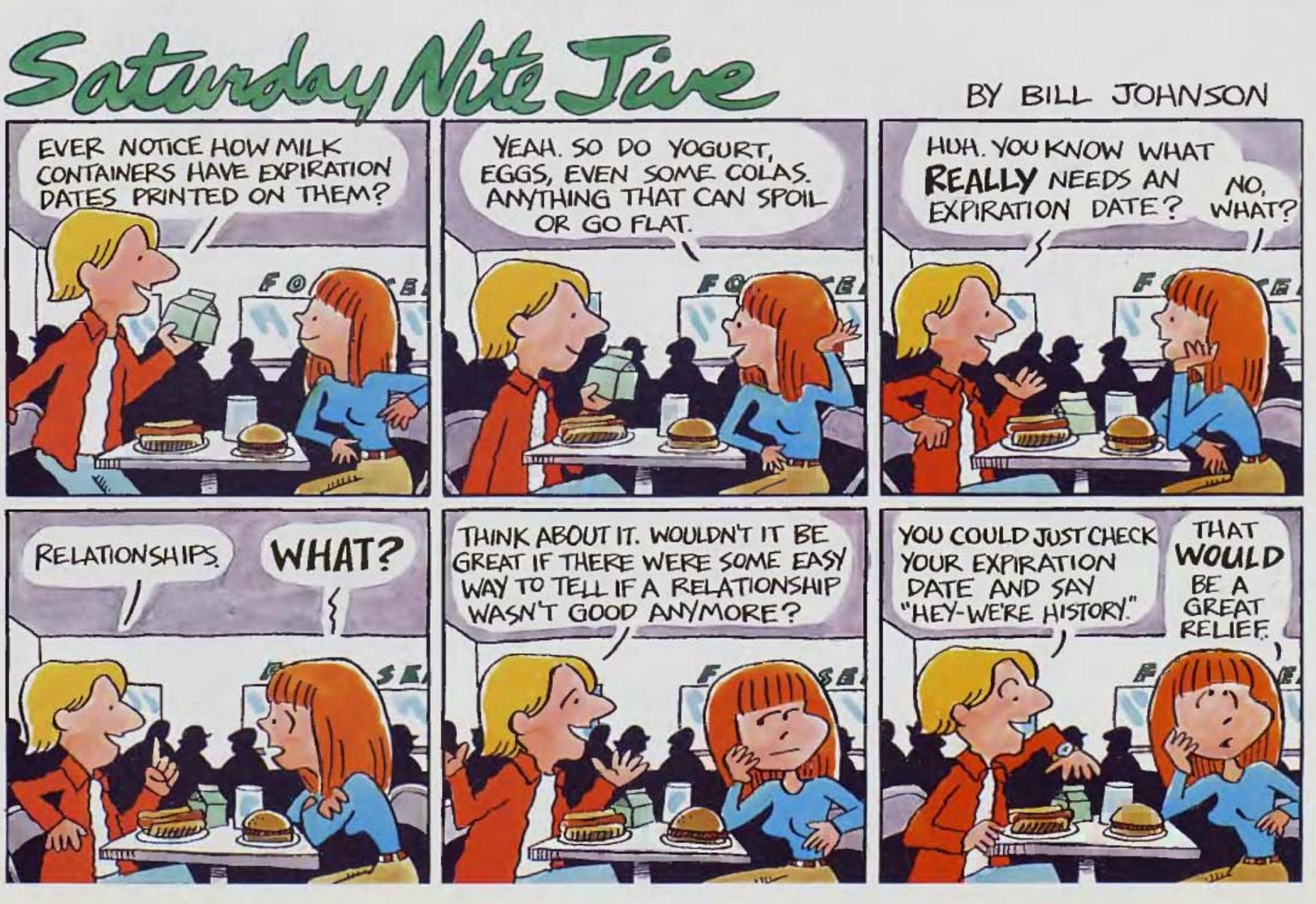
Ken was terrified. Where was the Window? Where was the Windowless room? <Where are we?> he asked.

<We are *in* April in Paris,> Mary said. <*In*side the exvironment! Isn't it exciting?>

Ken tried to stop walking, but he couldn't. <I think we're stuck,> he said. He tried to close his eyes to avoid panic, but he couldn't.

Mary just smiled the Mary smile and they walked along the boulevard, under the blooming chestnut trees. They passed a café, they turned a corner; they passed another café, turned another corner. It was always the same. The same trees, the same cafés, the same cobblestones. The carriages and stick figures in the distance never got any closer.

<Isn't it romantic?> Mary said. <And


Saturday Nite Jive
BY BILL JOHNSON
EVER NOTICE HOW MILK CONTAINERS HAVE EXPIRATION DATES PRINTED ON THEM?
YEAH. SO DO YOGURT, EGGS, EVEN SOME COLAS. ANYTHING THAT CAN SPOIL OR GO FLAT.
HUH. YOU KNOW WHAT REALLY NEEDS AN EXPIRATION DATE?
NO, WHAT?
RELATIONSHIPS.
WHAT?
THINK ABOUT IT. WOULDN'T IT BE GREAT IF THERE WERE SOME EASY WAY TO TELL IF A RELATIONSHIP WASN'T GOOD ANYMORE?
YOU COULD JUST CHECK YOUR EXPIRATION DATE AND SAY "HEY-WE'RE HISTORY."
THAT WOULD BE A GREAT RELIEF.

don't say you guess.>

She looked different somehow. Maybe it was the outfit. Her peasant blouse was cut very low. Ken tried to look down it but couldn't.

They passed another café. This time Mary97 turned in, and Ken was sitting across from her at a small sidewalk table.

<Voilà!> she said. <This Easter Egg is more interactive. You just have to look for new ways to do things.> She was still smiling that Mary smile. The table was heart-shaped, like the table in the Windowless room. Ken leaned across it but still couldn't see down her blouse.

<Isn't it romantic!> Mary said. <Why don't you let me order?>

<It's time to head back,> Ken said. <I'll bet our Folders——>

<Don't be silly,> Mary said, opening the menu.

<——are blinking like crazy,> he finished because it was already in his buffer.

A waiter appeared. He wore a white shirt and black pants. Ken tried to look at his face, but he didn't exactly have one. There were only three items on the menu:

WALK
ROOM
HOME

Mary pointed at ROOM, and before she had closed the menu they were in a wedge-shaped attic room with French doors, sitting on the edge of a bed. Now Ken could see down Mary97's blouse. In fact he could see his two hands reach out and pull it down, uncovering her two plump, perfect breasts. Her nipples were as big and as brown as cookies. Through the French doors Ken could see the Eiffel Tower and the boulevard.

<Mary,> he said as she helped him pull up her skirt. Smiling that Mary smile, she lay back with her blouse and skirt both bunched around her waist. Ken heard a familiar *clippety-clop* from the boulevard below as Mary spread her plump, perfect thighs wide.

<April in Paris,> she said. Her red-tipped fingers pulled her little French underpants to one side and

He kissed her sweet mouth. <Mary!> he said.

Her red-tipped fingers pulled her little French underpants to one side and

He kissed her sweet red mouth. <Mary!> he said.

Her red-tipped fingers pulled her little French underpants to one side and

He kissed her sweet red cookie mouth. <Mary!> he said.

A gendarme's whistle blew and they were back at the sidewalk café. The menu was closed on the heart-shaped table. <Did you like that?> Mary asked. <And don't say you guess.>

<Like it? I loved it,> Ken said. <But shouldn't we head back?>

<Back?> Mary shrugged. Ken didn't know she could shrug. She was holding a glass of green liquid.

Ken opened the menu and the faceless waiter appeared.

There were three items on the menu. Before Mary could point, Ken pointed at HOME, and the table and the waiter were gone. He and Mary97 were in the Windowless room, and the cards were facedown except for the ten of diamonds.

<Why do you want to spoil everything?> Mary said.

<I don't——> Ken started, but he never got to finish. His Folder was blinking, waitstate interrupt, and he was gone.

•

<It *was* romantic,> Ken678 insisted a few cycles later when he joined Mary97 in their usual spot, at the Window in the Corridor between Copy and Verify. <And I did love it.>

<Then why were you so nervous?>

<Was I nervous?>

She smiled that Mary smile.

<Because I just get nervous,> Ken said. <Because April in Paris is not really part of Microserf Office 6.9.>

<Sure it is. It's the exvironment.>

<It's just Wallpaper. We're not supposed to be *in* there.>

<It's an Easter Egg,> Mary97 said. <We're not supposed to be having an office romance, either.>

<An office romance,> Ken said. <Is that what we're having?>

<Come with me and I'll show you,> Mary said, and he did. And she did.

•

And he did and she did and they did. He met her three times that week and three times the next week, every spare moment, it seemed. The cobblestones and the cafés still made Ken678 nervous, but he loved the wedge-shaped attic room. He loved Mary's nipples as big and as brown as cookies; loved her blouse and skirt bunched around her waist as she lay on her back with her plump, perfect thighs spread wide; loved the *clippety-clop* and her red-tipped fingers and her little French underpants pulled to one side; loved her.

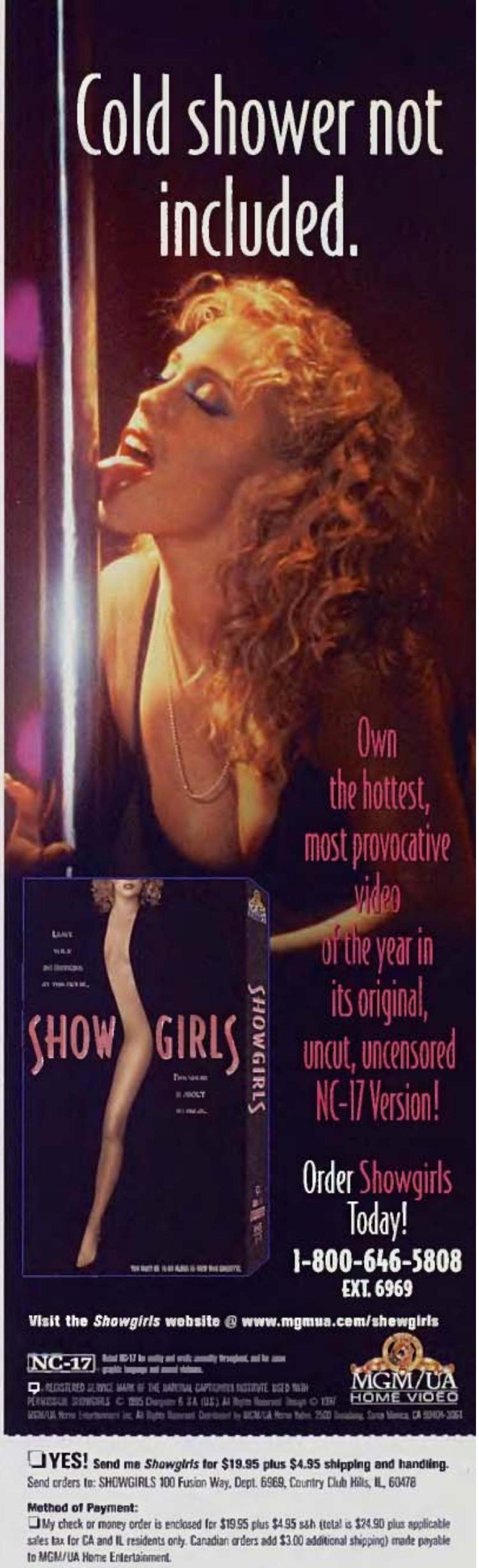
It was, after all, a love affair.

The problem was, Mary97 never wanted to go back to Microserf Office 6.9. After the wedge-shaped room she wanted to walk on the boulevard under the blooming chestnut trees, or sit in a café watching the stick figures get in and out of carriages in the distance.

<Isn't it romantic?> she would say, swirling the green liquid in her glass.

<Time to head back,> Ken would say. <I'll bet our Folders are blinking like crazy.>

<You always say that,> Mary would always say.


Cold shower not included.
Own the hottest, most provocative video of the year in its original, uncut, uncensored NC-17 Version!
SHOWGIRLS
Order Showgirls Today!
1-800-646-5808
EXT. 6969
Visit the Showgirls website @ www.mgmua.com/showgirls
NC-17
MGM/UA HOME VIDEO

☐ **YES!** Send me *Showgirls* for $19.95 plus $4.95 shipping and handling.
Send orders to: SHOWGIRLS 100 Fusion Way, Dept. 6969, Country Club Hills, IL, 60478

Method of Payment:
☐ My check or money order is enclosed for $19.95 plus $4.95 s&h (total is $24.90 plus applicable sales tax for CA and IL residents only. Canadian orders add $3.00 additional shipping) made payable to MGM/UA Home Entertainment.

Charge my ☐ VISA ☐ MASTERCARD ☐ AMERICAN EXPRESS

Card # ____________________

Signature ____________________ Exp. Date ____/____

Name ____________________

Address ____________________

City ____________________ State ____ Zip ________

I certify by my signature that I am at least 18 years of age, and that my birthdate is ___/___/___. I understand that this order will not be filled without the foregoing information and certification.

Signature ____________________

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED

•

Ken678 had always hated weekends because he missed the warm electron buzz of Microserf Office 6.9, but now he missed it during the week as well. If he wanted to be with Mary97 (and he did, he did!) it meant April in Paris. Ken missed "their" Window in the Corridor between Copy and Verify. He missed the busy streaming icons and the Folders bulging with files and blinking with Calls and Tasks. He missed the red brassiere.

<What happens,> Ken asked late one week <if we turn over just the queen?>

He was turning over just the queen.

<Nothing,> Mary answered. <Nothing but the red brassiere.>

She was already turning over the ace.

•

<We need to talk,> Ken678 said finally. It was April in Paris, as usual. He was walking with Mary97 along the boulevard, under the blooming chestnut trees.

<What about?> she asked. She turned a corner, then another.

<Things,> he said.

<Isn't it romantic?> she said as she turned into a café.

<I guess,> he said. <But——>

<I hate it when you say that,> Mary said.

<——I miss the Office,> Ken finished because it was already in his buffer.

Mary97 shrugged. <To each his own.> She swirled the green liquid in her glass. It was thick as syrup; it clung to the sides of the glass. Ken had the feeling she was looking through him instead of at him. He tried to see down her peasant blouse but couldn't.

<I thought you wanted to talk,> Mary said.

<I did. We did,> Ken said. He reached for the menu.

Mary pulled it away. <I'm not in the mood.>

<We should be getting back, then,> Ken said. <I'll bet our Folders are blinking like crazy.>

Mary shrugged. <Go ahead,> she said.

<What?>

<You miss the Office. I don't. I'm going to stay here.>

<Here?> Ken tried to look around. He could look in only one direction, toward the boulevard.

<Why not?> Mary said. <Who's going to miss me there?> She took another drink of the green liquid and opened the menu. Ken was confused. Had she been drinking it all along?

And why were there four items on the menu?

<Me,> Ken suggested.

But the waiter had already appeared; he, at least, was still the same.

<Go ahead, go for it,> Mary said, and Ken pointed at HOME. Mary was pointing at the new item on the menu: STAY.

•

That weekend was the longest of Ken678's life. As soon as the week restarted, he hurried to the Corridor between Copy and Verify, hoping against hope. But there was no Window open and, of course, no Mary97.

He looked for her between Calls and Tasks, checking every queue, every Corridor. Finally, toward the middle of the week, he went to the Windowless room off the Browser by himself, for the first time.

Mary97's Folder was gone. The cards on the tiny, heart-shaped table were facedown, except the ten of diamonds.

He turned up the queen of hearts, but nothing happened. He wasn't surprised.

He turned up the ace of spades and felt the cobblestones under his feet. It was April in Paris. The chestnuts were in bloom, but Ken678 felt no joy. Only a sort of thick sorrow.

He turned into the first café and there she was, sitting at the heart-shaped table.

<Look who's here,> she said.

<Your Folder is gone,> Ken said. <It was in the room when I got back, blinking like crazy. But that was before the weekend. Now it's gone.>

Mary shrugged. <I'm not going back there anyway.>

<What happened to us?> Ken asked.

<Nothing happened to us,> Mary said. <Something happened to me. Remember when you found what you were looking for? Well, I found what I was looking for. I like it here.>

Mary pushed the glass of green liquid toward him. <You could like it here, too,> she said.

Ken didn't answer. He was afraid if he did he would start to cry, even though Kens can't cry.

<But it's OK,> Mary97 said. She even smiled her Mary smile. She took another sip and opened the menu. The waiter appeared, and she pointed to ROOM, and Ken knew somehow that this was to be the last time.

In the wedge-shaped attic room, he could see down Mary's blouse perfectly. Then his hands were cupping her plump, perfect breasts for the last time. Through the French doors he could see the Eiffel Tower and the boulevard. <Mary!> he said, and she lay back with her blouse and skirt both bunched around her waist, and he knew somehow it was the last time. He heard a familiar *clippety-clop* from the boulevard as she spread her perfect thighs and said <April in Paris!> Her red-tipped fingers pulled her little French underpants to one side and Ken knew somehow it was the last time.

He kissed her sweet red cookie mouth. <Mary!> he said. She pulled her little French underpants to one side and he knew somehow it was the last time.

<Mary!> he said.

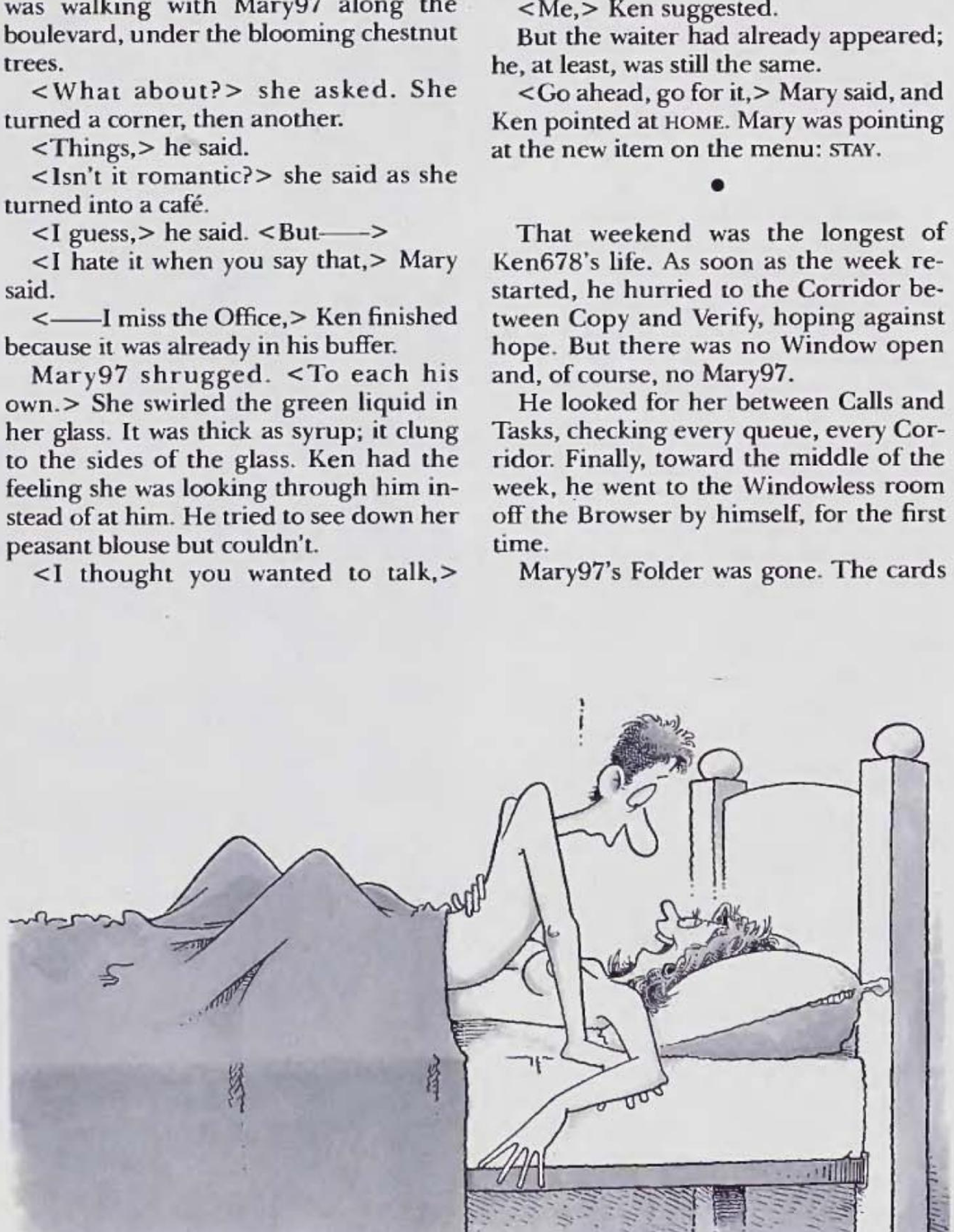
It was the last time.

A gendarme's whistle blew and they were back at the sidewalk café. The menu was closed on the heart-shaped table. <Are you flirting with me?> Mary asked.

What a sad joke she is making, Ken678 thought. He tried to smile even though Kens can't smile.

<You're supposed to answer, What if I am?> Mary said. She took another drink of the green liquid. She swirled it jauntily. No matter how much she drank there was always plenty left.

<Time to head back,> Ken said. <My



"Wow! That was a first! I've never had to fake a multiple orgasm before."

HOW TO PICK UP GIRLS!

Eric Weber's world famous classic. Over 2 million copies in print. Featuring interviews with 25 beautiful girls who tell you exactly what it takes to pick them up. Learn: • *Why a man doesn't have to be good looking.* • *How to make shyness work for you* • *Best places to meet girls* • *50 great opening lines* • *World's greatest pickup technique* • *How to get women to approach you* — *HOW TO PICK UP GIRLS* is not available in bookstores. Send only $19.95 + $5 ship. VISA/MC/AMEX accepted. See address below.

Win With Women

ERIC WEBER
HOW TO WIN THE WOMAN OF YOUR DREAMS
A MAN'S GUIDE TO ROMANCE

Most Men think they will have to undergo a major personality overhaul to be successful with women. Yet all it takes is a 5% increase in guts. And this extraordinary new book will show you exactly how to unleash your natural confidence. Soon you'll be: • Transforming platonic relationships into sizzling romances • Dressing with sex appeal • Standing out from the crowd of ordinary men. • And much, much, more. To order "How to Win the Woman of Your Dreams" send $19.95 + $5 ship. VISA/MC/AMEX accepted.

☐ Both books only **$37.90** plus $5 shipping.
A savings of $7.00

SYMPHONY PRESS INC. Dept. PB27
P.O. Box 608, Tenafly, NJ 07670 Canadians please add 20%.
MC/VISA/AMEX Phone **1-800-631-2560** /Fax **1-201-387-2068**
Allow 1-3 weeks delivery. Money Back Guarantee.

A Fuller Head of Hair in 2 Minutes!

It's Hollywood's best kept secret. With a scientifically advanced lotion-compound called COUVRé, nobody will ever notice that you are losing your hair. Whether you are thinning in the front, at the crown, or anywhere else, COUVRé will eliminate the problem— instantly. Simply dab COUVRé on with its easy-to-use applicator. COUVRé will darken your scalp to the color of your hair and visibly thicken your surrounding hair.

The special formulation also makes it highly durable and completely undetectable. And COUVRé comes in 7 different shades to match every hair color. It's not greasy or sticky, and won't rub off when a hand caresses your hair. It won't ever embarrass you when you are exercising, perspiring, or even swimming. But when you want to remove it, simply shampoo. With COUVRé, all you see is hair.

Works for thousands of men and woman. 4 months supply is only $19.95 plus $4.50 S&H. (CT res. add 6% sales tax). **Unconditional 30 Day Money Back Guarantee.**
Send check or money order, or Visa, MasterCard, Amx. or Discover. Give card number and expiration date. Enclose name, address and telephone number. Specify your hair color choice.

Hair Color:
_Black _Drk Brn.
_Med Brn _ Light Brn/Blond
_Red/Brn _Grey
_Grey/White

SPENCER FORREST, INC. Dept. 1B6
10 Bay St., Westport, CT 06880
CREDIT CARD ORDERS CALL TOLL FREE:
1-800-358-2147

Folder will be blinking like crazy.>

<I understand. It's OK. Come and see me sometime,> she said. <And don't say, I guess.>

Ken678 nodded even though Kens can't nod. It was more like a stiff bow. Mary97 opened the menu. The waiter came and Ken pointed to HOME.

•

Ken678 spent the next two weeks working like crazy. He was all over Microserf Office 6.9. As soon as his Folder blinked he was off, on Call, triple Tasking, burning up the Corridors. He avoided the Corridor between Copy and Verify, though, just as he avoided the Browser. He almost paused at an open Window once. But he didn't want to look at April in Paris. It was too lonely without Mary.

Four weeks passed before Ken678 went back to the Windowless room in the Browser. He dreaded seeing the cards on the heart-shaped table. But the cards were gone. Even the table was gone. Ken saw the scuff marks along the wall, and he realized that the Optimizer had been through. The room had been erased again and was being overwritten.

When he left the room he was no longer lonely. He was accompanied by a great sorrow.

The next week he went by the room again and found it filled with empty Folders. Perhaps one of them was Mary97's. Now that the Easter Egg was gone, Ken678 no longer felt guilty about not going to see Mary97. He was free to love Microserf Office 6.9 again, free to enjoy the soft electron buzz, the busy streaming icons and the long, silent queues. But at least once a week he stops by the Corridor between Copy and Verify and opens the Window. You might find him there even now, looking out into April in Paris. The chestnuts are in bloom, the cobblestones shine, the carriages are letting off stick figures in the distance. The cafés are almost empty. A lone figure sits at a tiny table, a figure that might be her.

They say you never get over your first love. Then Mary97 must have been my first love, Ken678 likes to think. He has no interest in getting over her. He loves to remember her red fingernails, her soft Mary voice and her Mary smile, her nipples as big and as brown as cookies, her little French underpants pulled to one side—her.

The figure in the café must be Mary97. Ken678 hopes so. He hopes she is OK in April in Paris. He hopes she is as happy as she once made, is still making, him. He hopes she is as wonderfully sad.

But look: His Folder is blinking like crazy, a waitstate interrupt, and it's time to go.

barbi twins
World's #1 Pin-Ups
1997

SIGNED COLLECTOR CALENDAR/POSTER
(24" X 36") Only $9.99 ea. plus $3.99 S&H.
VISA/MC orders or to receive a FREE catalog call
TOLL-FREE **1-888-972-2724**
OR SEND CHECK OR MONEY ORDER to: **H&H GLOBAL**
P.O. BOX 1106, WARREN, OH 44482
Not available in stores. Allow 4-6 weeks for delivery.

FREE Stereo Catalog

You'll find exactly what you're looking for — and save money too!

CRUTCHFIELD
The Perfect Home Theater

Over 100 pages of the latest in home audio, car stereo, video and home theater. Virtually every major brand. Plus detailed product descriptions, exclusive comparison charts, and helpful buying advice that makes it easy to find exactly the right model. All in the comfort of your living room!

Discounts on major brands. Plus tons of information to help you shop and compare!

So don't wait! Call now for your FREE copy!

1-800-955-9009
8 a.m. to Midnight (Eastern time), 7 days a week
CRUTCHFIELD
1 Crutchfield Park, Dept. PL, Charlottesville, VA 22906
Check out our Web site at http://www.crutchfield.com

CONAN O'BRIEN

(continued from page 114)

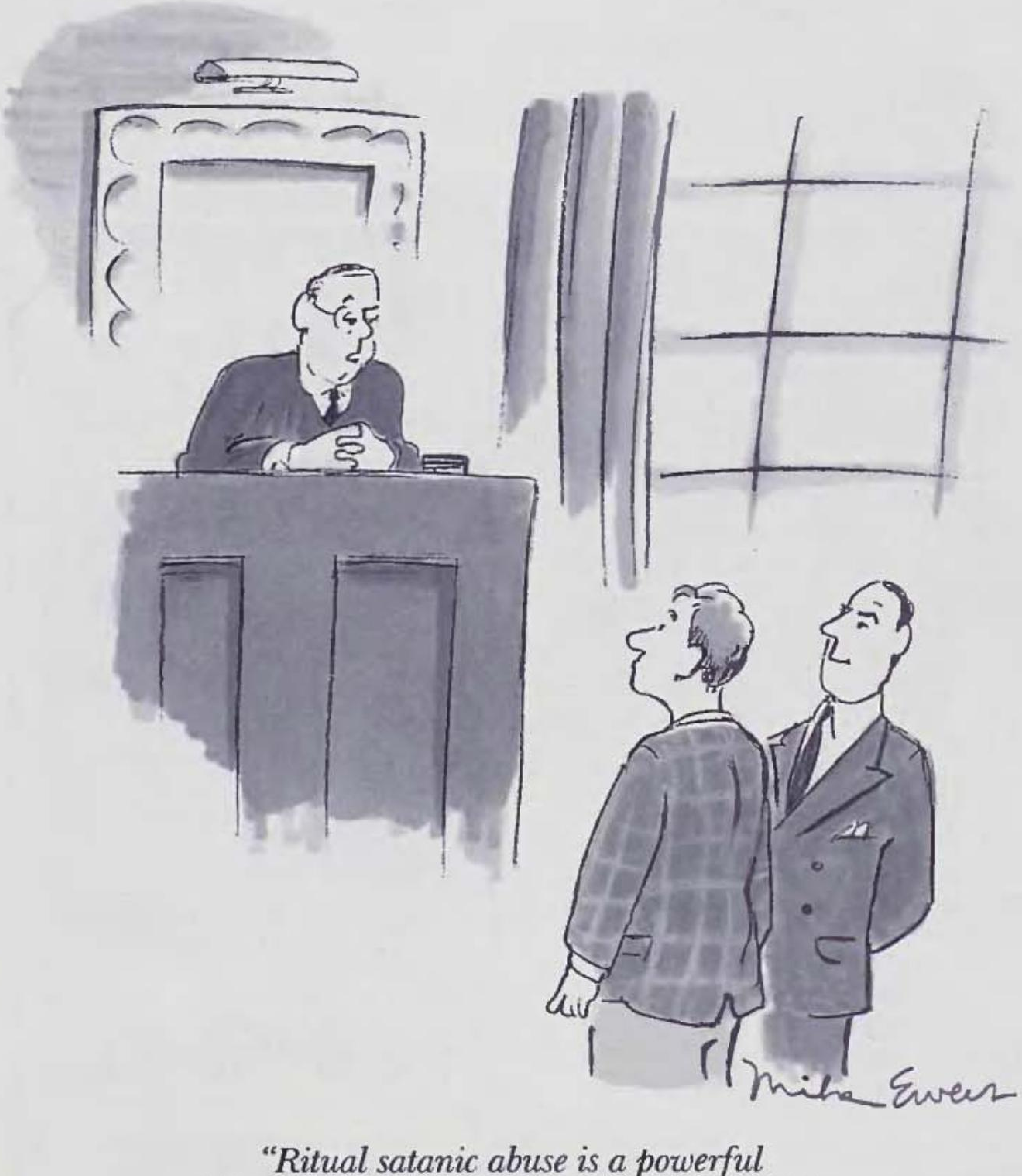
Nobody has cooler hair than Jack Lord. I wanted my hair to be a shelf that I could keep figurines on.

cartoonish, and people like that. We have a Bob Dole who sounds like the mayor of Munchkin Land. We have a Clinton who sounds like Slim Pickens' character in *Dr. Strangelove*. We have a Boris Yeltsin who is Boris Badenov of Rocky and Bullwinkle fame. We put these lips on them and people just accept it.

13.

PLAYBOY: We've noticed you've become much more comfortable with the talk-show host's tradition of interrupting guests to make jokes at their expense.

O'BRIEN: I usually interrupt them to make jokes at my expense. My style isn't so much to destroy people. I'd do it if I could. If I could rip people apart verbally and leave them smoldering, I'd do it. If there's someone on the show who has to be ridiculed, like Fabio, I'll do the job. But I don't usually see that as my goal. I'll just be the fast-talking, half wise guy–half coward who makes guests act more foolish than they normally would by acting foolish myself. I don't really think I'm a horrible freak, but it's always been a source of my comedy. I've had people say to me, "The show's doing great now, so you should stop doing self-deprecating humor." They don't understand. If the show knocked *60 Minutes* and *Friends* off the chart and became this entertainment juggernaut, I'd still find myself fairly ridiculous. When attractive women come on, I flirt with them. I generally make a fool of myself, but that means all the men watching at home can feel better about themselves because they know they would have handled it better. They choose me for late night so they can feel better about themselves.



"Ritual satanic abuse is a powerful defense, Mr. Lewis. Are you sure you want to blow it on parking violations?"

14.

PLAYBOY: Do you predict a talent-search program and magazine publishers' prize giveaways in Andy Richter's future?

O'BRIEN: Ed McMahon and Andy have already entered into discussions. It's really up to Ed who will be the chosen sidekick for the next generation. On our show, there was no goal to revive the sidekick. The only goal was to go back to more of a Carson treatment—to revisit that era of TV talk shows with full-blown sketches and production numbers. What Letterman did so brilliantly was to create the comedy of not trying. I couldn't out-Letterman Letterman. I couldn't take ironic detachment to the next level. I kept hearing the name Andy Richter, so I set up a meeting with him. I was ten minutes into talking with him and I thought, I'm going to hire this guy. What's great about Andy is he has that solid Ed McMahon look and a deep announcer's voice, and he has a little bit of the polish a second banana should have.

15.

PLAYBOY: The clip of a guest's latest movie is standard late-night fare. Do you feel terribly used when guests plug their projects, or are you grateful for anything that helps fill airtime?

O'BRIEN: I choose B. So they show a clip, great. That's 30 seconds I don't have to think about. These shows are whorehouses. People come on and pretty much prostitute themselves for their projects, and I prostitute myself for their projects. I do an hour a night, and if someone came on and wanted to show a 40-minute clip, I'd shake his hand and say, "Go ahead, I don't care." During clips, I leave the stage, get a massage and talk with my family in Boston.

16.

PLAYBOY: You're an M.D.'s son, so we presume you take a special interest in your employees' medical care. Have you enrolled *Late Night* staffers in an HMO, or do you allow them to choose their own physicians?

O'BRIEN: I'm the Henry Ford of late-night talk shows. I'm for getting the cheapest labor possible and providing the fewest services. I'm very backward in my views. I'll provide leeches if you get sick. But I'm one of those people who lets everything get better on its own. So was my dad, who would say if I had a sore throat, "Your immune system will take care of it and you'll get better."

17.

PLAYBOY: Fashion style is evolving from grunge and stubble to the clean-cut look with a healthy shock of hair. Want to claim some credit?

O'BRIEN: Yes. But the master is really Jack Lord of *Hawaii Five-O*. Nobody has ever had cooler hair than Jack Lord. If they don't broadcast *Hawaii Five-O* in your area, call your cable company and ask for it. That guy had the hair. Some people think I started having crazy hair when I got my TV show. Not true. In high school I looked like Jack Lord. I was working on the Jack Lord thing when I was, like, 16 years old. I don't know why I had that obsession, but I wanted my hair to be a shelf that I could keep figurines on.

18.

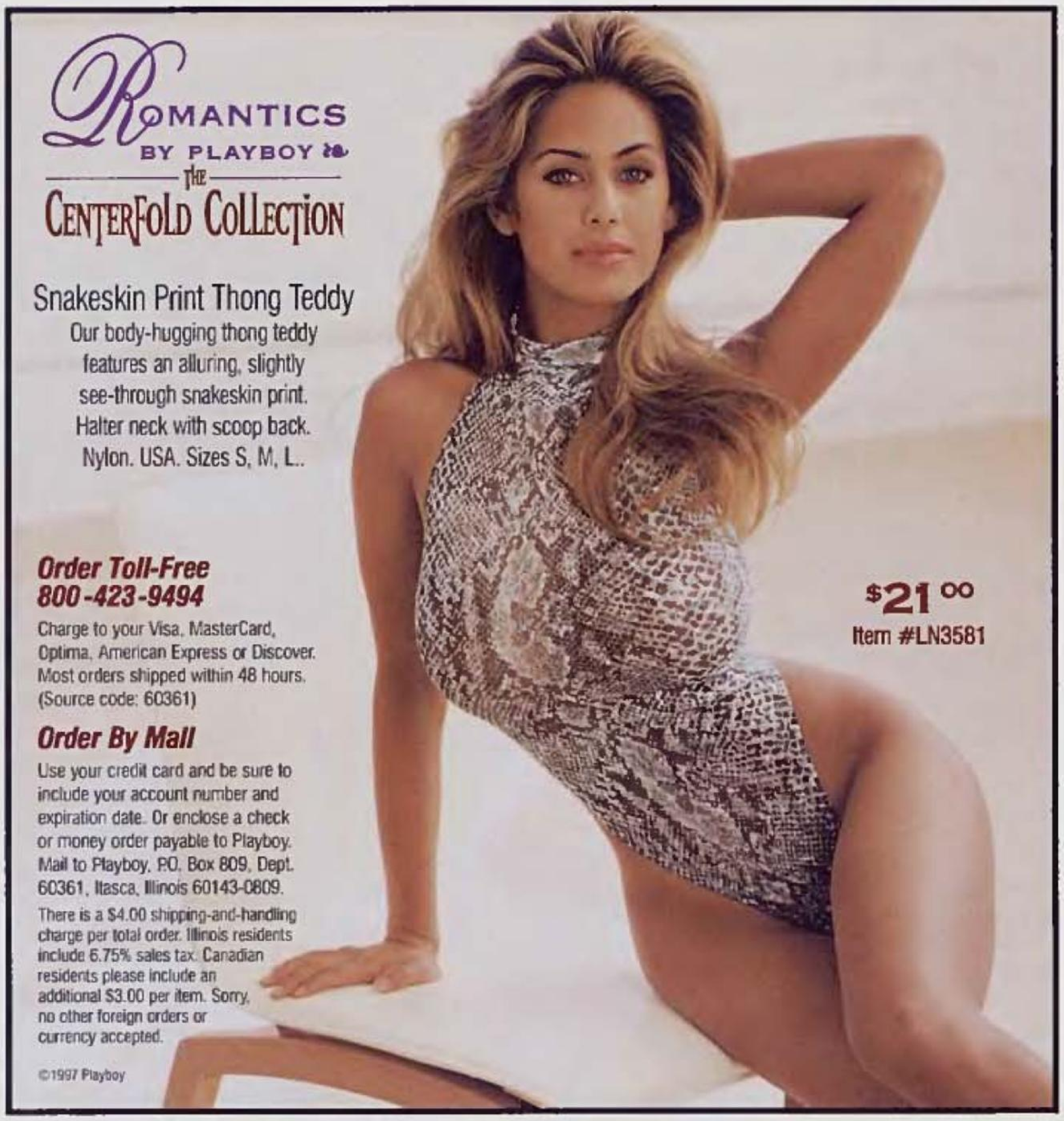
PLAYBOY: One night you showed a tape of a White House dinner you attended in honor of Irish president Mary Robinson. Wasn't that instance of self-promotion just a bit too blatant?

O'BRIEN: There's this old saying that the reason American Plains Indians—Native Americans; I want to be politically correct here—were able to survive was that they used every part of the buffalo. They didn't just use the meat, they also used the foreskin to make coin pouches and used the hooves as telephones. This show uses every part of the buffalo. If something happens in my private life or in Andy's private life, we turn it into a comedy sketch. When the White House invites me to a state dinner because it's rounding up "prominent Irish Americans"—isn't that a great phrase?—and there's footage of me shaking hands with the president, we're going to turn it into a comedy bit. For this, by the way, they invited every Irish American who had a job to the White House, and those who wore tuxes were allowed in the door. The White House has it down like a good restaurant. The maître d' comes by and shakes your hand and knows who you are and says, "So good to see you, right this way." We got real good Irish cuisine: beef marbled with lots of fat and a potato and then another potato and then for dessert, a potato. The weirdest part of the evening was when dessert came: It had a chocolate Irish flag on top. I thought it was such a strange act of patriotism to eat your native country's flag, but I did it happily.

19.

PLAYBOY: You recently visited the Emerald Isle. Was it only your great height that set you apart from the locals?

O'BRIEN: Visiting Ireland for the first time was very much like waiting to use the bathroom in my family's house, hanging around with people who have big, wide faces and pleasant dispositions. Suddenly it all made sense. Going back to Ireland, I understood why my skin is so pale. It's really foggy and rainy there. And I understood why I talk so much, because everyone was very inquisitive and talkative. I saw why my cholesterol is so high. Want some more butter? How



Romantics
BY PLAYBOY
THE CENTERFOLD COLLECTION

Snakeskin Print Thong Teddy
Our body-hugging thong teddy features an alluring, slightly see-through snakeskin print. Halter neck with scoop back. Nylon. USA. Sizes S, M, L..

$21 00
Item #LN3581

Order Toll-Free
800-423-9494
Charge to your Visa, MasterCard, Optima, American Express or Discover. Most orders shipped within 48 hours. (Source code: 60361)

Order By Mail
Use your credit card and be sure to include your account number and expiration date. Or enclose a check or money order payable to Playboy. Mail to Playboy, P.O. Box 809, Dept. 60361, Itasca, Illinois 60143-0809.

There is a $4.00 shipping-and-handling charge per total order. Illinois residents include 6.75% sales tax. Canadian residents please include an additional $3.00 per item. Sorry, no other foreign orders or currency accepted.

©1997 Playboy

PLAYBOY
MAKING LOVE SERIES
Arousal, Foreplay &
PLAYBOY
MAKING LOVE SERIES
with Dr. Barbara Keesling
VOL. II: TANTRIC LOVEMAKING
PLAYBOY
10 SECRETS FOR GREATER SENSUAL PLEASURE
with Dr. Ruth Westheimer
MAKING LOVE SERIES VOL III
© 1997 Playboy

PLAYBOY
MAKING LOVE VIDEO SERIES

Making Love Series Vol. 1: Arousal, Foreplay & Orgasm
Join world-renowned sex therapist Dr. Ruth Westheimer as she gives frank sexual advice to three real-life couples. This entertaining video combines erotic segments with candid, graphic discussions about the four stages of sex. Full nudity. 60 min.
LK1683V $19.98

$19.98 Each
Set of 3 Only
$49.94
LK1948V
Set of 3

Making Love Series Vol. 2: Tantric Lovemaking
By joining each couple in bed, Dr. Barbara Keesling reveals how tantric techniques can help you and your partner increase the pleasure of oral sex, engage in more pleasurable positions for greater clitoral and G-spot stimulation and achieve a simultaneous full-body orgasm. Full nudity. 60 min.
LK1688V $19.98

Making Love Series Vol. 3: Ten Secrets for Greater Sensual Pleasure
Five romantic couples demonstrate Dr. Ruth Westheimer's top 10 sex secrets. Learn to intensify orgasm, how sex toys add fun to foreplay, creative positions that revitalize intercourse and more. 60 min.
LK1694V $19.98

Order By Mail
Use your credit card and be sure to include your account number and expiration date. Or enclose a check or money order payable to Playboy. Mail to Playboy, P.O. Box 809, Dept. 60358, Itasca, Illinois 60143-0809.

Order Toll-Free 1-800-423-9494
Charge to your Visa, MasterCard, American Express or Discover. Most orders shipped within 48 hours. Ask for video number listed above. (Source code: 60358).

There is a $4.00 shipping-and-handling charge per total order. Illinois residents include 6.75% sales tax. Canadian residents please include an additional $3.00 per item. Sorry, no other foreign orders.

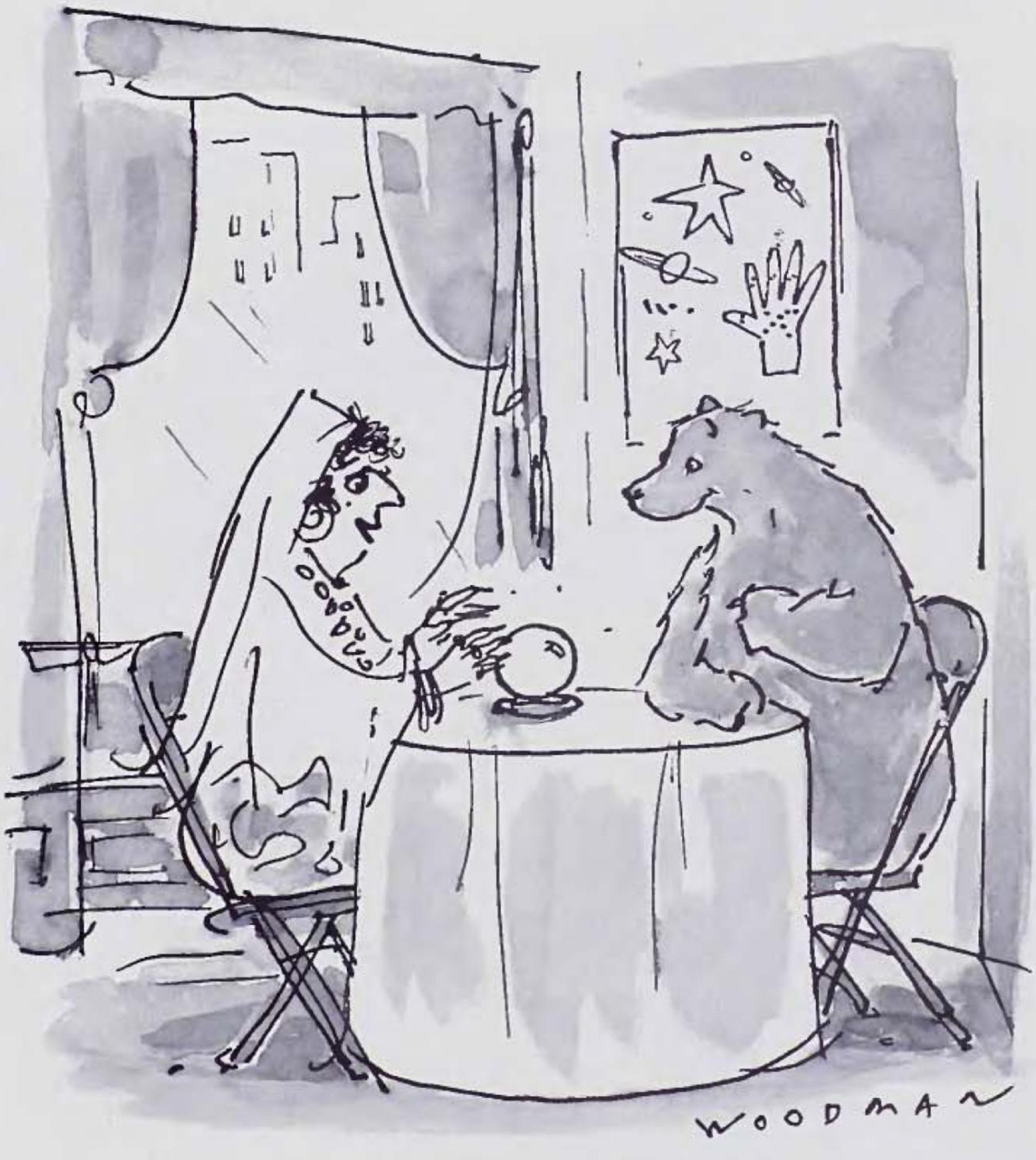
about more meat? Want some sausage? Have some butter with that meat. Some more meat with your sausage? Gravy with that? So many things hooked up for me, it was a revelation. So this is why I am the way I am. This is why I'm destined to have a heart attack when I'm 48.

Something most people don't know about the Irish is that our heads are twice the size of other people's heads. We have giant heads and big faces. Look at Ted Kennedy's head in your spare time. That guy's got a giant melon. And Daniel Patrick Moynihan. That's the curse of the Irish—giant heads, balloon heads, parade-float heads. Irish people can have normal-sized heads into their 30s, but once they get into their 40s, their faces get really big and red and round. It's going to happen to me. I'll have to get out of TV for that reason.

20.

PLAYBOY: You and your girlfriend spent a New Year's Eve together with your ex-girlfriend, *Friends* star Lisa Kudrow, and her husband. Are you trying to show the rest of us how to manage our relationships with women in a sophisticated, mature way?

O'BRIEN: I hope so. That's the point of it all. The reason it works is that Lisa and I were really good friends for 98 percent of the time we knew each other. I know you're not interested in that, but we created a foundation that helped us survive the fact that we were involved and then we weren't. Would you like to hear that we spent the evening in a chalet? I can make it a chalet if you want. All right, it was in a chalet. Lisa's husband and I came to blows. We fought in the snow. Lisa came out and said, "Stop it, I won't have it anymore." Just then lightning struck. We realized we had been making fools of ourselves, apologized and walked all the way back to town as the snow fell. How do you like that? Want the truth? We had a really good time. We went to a restaurant. The part I didn't like about the evening was that they provided silly hats. I'm just not a silly-hat guy, not because I might make a fool of myself but because it obscures valuable hair. But Lisa and her husband and my girlfriend all put on the silly hats, so eventually I had to.



"Salmon . . . I see lots of salmon."

SEX and the SUPER BOWL

(continued from page 66)

them on the field under his uniform. For warmth, he said.

The Packers would have turned to ice first.

Football's Elvis, the first man to remind fans that testicles are football-shaped, could afford to tweak the game's grim macho code. He was hetero in a better way, so securely male he didn't have to act like a jerk to prove it. While baseball's mythic Yankees made a juvenile hobby of peeking up women's skirts, or "beaver shooting," the 25-year-old from Beaver Falls, Pennsylvania had grown-up pursuits. He escorted models to his own pub, Bachelors III, then home to the white llama rug in his bachelor pad. How did Broadway Joe train before games?

"With a blonde," he said.

All this was a shock to boys like me who saw Bart Starr as the national quarterback, the president of manhood. You couldn't imagine Starr having sex. The closest I could come was picturing the moment immediately after: Starr claps his hands once and bounces to his feet, and Jerry Kramer hands him a towel.

Now here came Namath, a media-hungry cock of the walk who wrote about sex in his book *I Can't Wait Until Tomorrow 'Cause I Get Better Looking Every Day*. Reading that book, keeping my place with a Blessed Virgin bookmark, I suspected for the first time that being a man might be fun after all.

Sunning himself poolside before Super Bowl III, Namath guaranteed victory against the NFL's heavily favored, crewcut Colts. The establishment wasn't worried.

"You've got to remember, this was a guy lying in a chaise longue," says a league insider. Translation: While Namath played Zonker Harris, the Colts were running drills that would have made Sergeant Rock throw up.

Baltimore was the team of Johnny Unitas. Stone-faced like Starr but a better passer, Unitas was efficiency incarnate, the gray-flannel quarterback. But he had a bum elbow. His understudy, burr-headed Earl Morrall, was the league MVP. So Namath dissed Earl, saying there were five better QBs in the AFL, "including me."

Then he proved it.

Born-on date of modern sports: January 12, 1969.

Score: Jets 16, Colts 7.

Unitas made a final fling or two, but his era was over. Namath, jogging off the field with his index finger raised, was America's new alpha male.

On that day Starr, Unitas and the Eisenhower world they represented receded like my father's hairline. A paradigm shift occurred, a redefinition of cool. Before 1969 the word meant calm, unflappable: *Unitas kept his cool.* Now it was a personal style: *Namath is cool.*

With SB III American cowboys, war heroes and presidents all stepped down a rung. Pro football men were to be our primary heroes. The following year, more Americans watched the Super Bowl than saw Neil Armstrong walk on the moon. In the Seventies and Eighties the game came to mirror and occasionally even shape our idea of what it means to be a man. The greatest figures of all were Super Bowl quarterbacks, men so stellar that it took a new word to describe them: They were superstars.

There was Roger Staubach, a clean-living military man out of the U.S. Naval Academy, the Namath antidote. Staubach was the hero of the million boys who sold toothbrushes for the Fellowship of Christian Athletes.

There was Terry Bradshaw, punkinhead savant. As a rookie, Bradshaw lamely tried to impress his Steeler elders, standing up at meetings and telling dirty jokes. An opponent said he would need a two-letter head start to spell cat. But he won four Super Bowls, blazing a trail for sly rubes from William Jefferson Clinton to another mythic male: the "I love you, man!" guy in the beer ads.

Jim McMahon, the punk QB, won his Super Bowl despite a bum gluteus ("Pulled my butt"). McMahon, male hero as junkyard dog, livened up huddles by spitting at teammates. When a news helicopter buzzed the field, he mooned it.

Even the Alda era had its Super Bowl hero, the fey Fran Tarkenton, always skittering away from conflict.

At last the game begot the greatest Bowl hero of all, a man who jogged, passed and triumphed so coolly it seemed he lived on a slower clock than the rest of us. Joe Montana combined Namath's casual air and Starr's efficiency. Leading the Nielsen as well as the quarterback ratings, he became one of the most famous men in world history by starring in two of the top ten sports shows of all time—Super Bowl XVI and Super Bowl XIX.

Montana called 122 Super Bowl pass plays to Richard Nixon's one. (President Nixon phoned the play to Dolphin coach Don Shula in 1972.) By now the Bowl had already eclipsed politics and other sorts of potency. Even religion had lost ground. Church attendance tumbled on Super Sunday. Pop philosopher Norman Vincent Peale knew why: "If Jesus were here today," Peale said, "he would be at the Super Bowl."

But somebody else wouldn't. For in the 30 years in which the male envelope was pushed, stretched and twisted beyond recognition—enough to contain Namath, McMahon and Tarkenton as well as golden boy Troy Aikman and partyman Michael Irvin, the reputed cokehead and strip-searcher of hookers—almost every possible male role has been explored for hero potential. With only one casualty: the role we started with.

There are no more Bart Starrs. Even in the military the grimly efficient Starr role is on its way out. Scandals such as Tailhook show how unnatural it always was. Try stamping out man's wild oaty exuberance—the Namathness of maleness—and it reasserts itself in grab-ass games and worse. That is one lesson of the Super Bowl era: Expression beats repression.

But evolution never ends. The Starr-type star was replaced first by Namath, then by Montana and finally by a variety of self-expressionists who never set foot on the field.

THE COCA-COLA ORGASM

The game remains a test of testicles. Just ask the losers. The Cowboys will "test a person's manhood until someone knocks them off the pedestal," one victim grumbles.

A frisson of macho sex still attends the Super Bowl. In Tampa, before SB XXV, opponents Lawrence Taylor and Jim Kelly embraced as they left a strip club where they had co-judged a topless beauty pageant.

But another game, a metacontest, is played every year among corporate cowboys. Ever since Pete Rozelle (note the initials) adapted the NFL schedule to suit Bud, Coke et al., his corporate clients have sprayed money like cheap champagne all over the game. In 1986 Ford Motors spent $1 million entertaining its top salesmen at SB XIX. Today that sum is pocket change.

"The game today is corporate-driven. The Visa people, the Coca-Cola people and the Sherwin-Williams paint people, they're more a part of the Super Bowl than us football people," says longtime Cowboy executive Gil Brandt. He has seen every Super Bowl and applauds the game's growth, but still feels a bit outnumbered at today's corpfests. "Some teams in the league might send six or seven people," Brandt says, "while Coca-Cola sends 200." Corporate Super junkets are called "Attaboys." You earn one by kicking business butt.

"Not only are the players on the field the best in their business, but the people in the stands are also the best," crows Bill Cullom, president of the Greater Miami Chamber of Commerce, in *The Sacramento Bee*. But they aren't necessarily football fans. In fact, they may care less about seeing the game than about being seen.

Question: What's the chic thing to say in a Super Bowl skybox?

Answer: "Who's playing?"

"The game isn't for the fans. It's for the NFL to pay back all those sponsors and corporations that buy in," one SB party planner told writer John Underwood in *The New York Times*. Tickets are the chips the league uses "to reward

ADD ROMANCE
to your life with
PHEROMONE POWER

...While *you* choose the scent!

ATHENA PHEROMONE 10*x*™
aftershave/cologne additive
FOR MEN

Increases Romantic Attention you Get from Women

Created by Winnifred Cutler, Ph.D. co-discoverer of human pheromones in 1986, (*Time* 12/1/86; *Newsweek* 1/12/87) 10X underwent double-blind, placebo-controlled testing which proved it works.

Beth (MS) ***"I need to get another Athena Pheromone 10X for my husbend's aftershave. This works! It gives us an aura around the person and I love it!"***

Tim (NY) ***"Please send me 2 more vials of 10X. I can't tell you the difference it has made in my life. There is a definite reaction; quite an attention getter."***

Larry (NY) ***"This stuff is wonderful! I received it as e Christmas gift and am now purchasing some for my brother who needs some help with his love life."***

LET 10X RAISE THE OCTANE OF YOUR AFTERSHAVE!

Dr. Winnifred Cutler earned her Ph.D. from U. of Penn, and did post-doctoral work at Stanford. She has over 30 papers published in biomedical journals and has authored 6 books. Her 10X additive is odorless and won't change the scent of your aftershave or cologne.

10X is designed to **enhance your sex-appeal.** Vial of 1/6 oz. added to 2-3 oz. of your aftershave or cologne lasts 4-6 months. Not guaranteed to work for all, since body chemistries differ; **does work for most men.** Not an aphrodisiac. Patent Pending.

Also Available:
Athena Pheromone 10:13™ for women
http://www.Athena-Inst.com

to order **Call (610)827-2200**: or send coupon to:
Athena Institute, Dept PB5, 1211 Braefield Rd.,
Chester Springs, PA 19425

Please send me ___ vials of 10X for men @$99.50
and/or___ vials of 10:13 for women @$98.50
for a *total ______ by: ☐ money order, ☐ check
☐ Visa, M/C_____-_____-_____-_____
exp_____ signature____________
to: Name________________
Address________________
City/State___________ zip______
Daytime Phone______________
(*PA add 6% tax, Canada add US$7.50 per vial) PB5

politicians, civic leaders, media."

"The Super Bowl has nothing to do with football fans. It's a party for corporate America," says another NFL insider.

Brokers working for major corporations now hunt up scalped tickets, paying $500 to $3500 for admittance to "the greatest indulgence in the world."

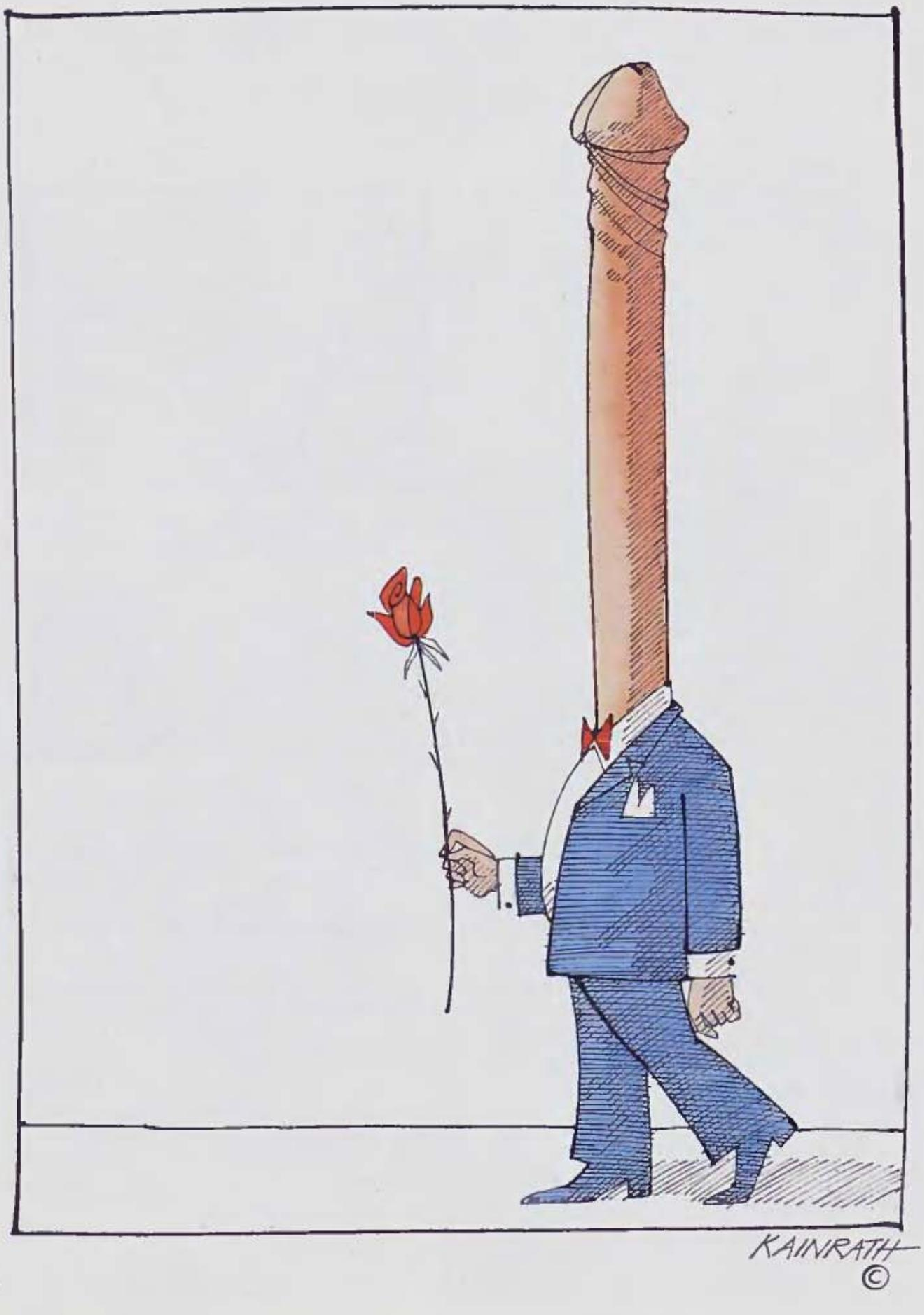
Dave Meggysey, a former NFL player, calls Super Bowl week "the corporations' orgasms of self-congratulation."

Limousines are no longer good enough. Alpha males helicopter to the game while schmucks sit in traffic in their limos. Like the Academy Awards, each Super Bowl features the postmodern spectacle of limo gridlock: tuxedoed drivers yelling at one another; fuming CEOs forced to watch the kickoff on backseat TVs.

Jim Steeg, executive director of special events for the NFL, has a helipad crisis to solve this year. "We may not get the pad site we planned on," Steeg tells me. Super Bowl chopper traffic has gotten so dense that chief executives may spend half an hour waiting their turn at the official Super Bowl helipad, wherever Steeg puts it. Which leads us to a super irony, a small but sweet revenge for the managerial underclass: Steeg says limo travel may actually be better these days. "Last year a guy in a limo beat a guy in a helicopter home by 20 minutes," he says.

At the best parties, hosted by the likes of Anheuser-Busch and *Sports Illustrated*, the best things in life are comped. "There's free champagne, beautiful girls, shrimp as big as your foot," says one fan.

Hottest ticket of all: admission to private parties such as the annual bash thrown by Barron Hilton, former part-owner of the San Diego Chargers. Even the annual Commissioner's Party pales in comparison. Invitations to Hilton's bash are actually scalped by whispering ticket brokers. Oddsmaker Danny Sheridan, a CBS football analyst and PLAYBOY contributor, was among a select few media members invited to Hilton's Super Bowl shindig in 1996. "It's hard to believe if you haven't been there. This is a party where, if you said, 'I want plutonium on my omelette,' you'd get it," Sheridan says. Aside from roast beef and seafood tables 50 yards long, Hilton's ultraexclusive game-day brunch features belly dancers, fortune-tellers, jugglers, a string quartet and the requisite bit of sex: Amid the seafood, reclining on an ice sculpture, lolls a bathing beauty in a barely-there bikini. The oysters are behind her. You have to lean way over if you want some.



In the suites at the Riverside Hilton, in limos moving through the mists of the French Quarter and past a relic streetcar labeled Desire, Super Bowl week revolves around sex, money and what Henry Kissinger called the ultimate aphrodisiac: power.

Politicians love the Super Bowl. Did you know that members of Congress have easy access to Super Bowl tickets? They become precious chips in the power poker game that makes America go. According to one source, "Our government takes care of the NFL with favorable legislation, and the NFL reciprocates. Super Bowl tickets are a way to pay back the politicians for their help, but it's bigger than that. Five years ago, Congress banned sports betting in every state where it didn't already exist. The NFL wanted that bill to pass. Do you know who got it through the Senate? Dennis DeConcini of Arizona. And who got the Super Bowl last year?"

Super Bowl XXX brought an estimated $150 million to the local economy. It was held in Tempe.

WHAT IT ALL MEANS

Dallas won. Partymen Deion Sanders and the alleged Michael Irvin shimmied their packages postgame as Vince Lombardi shimmied in his grave. But for one brief moment the most macho man in the world was a fiftyish fellow named Barry Switzer. After his team's 27–17 win, Switzer jokingly called for a postgame quaff, Jack Daniel's and Percodan. In his suite, two women waited for hugs—Switzer's ex-wife Kay *and* his girlfriend Becky.

Does it get any better?

The Cowboy coach thrust his hands in the air. It was, is, the essential male gesture, unchanged since we were ape-men dancing bloody-fisted over bloody lions. Fists overhead means dominance, victory, butt-kicking masculinity.

"Now let's win the party!" he said.

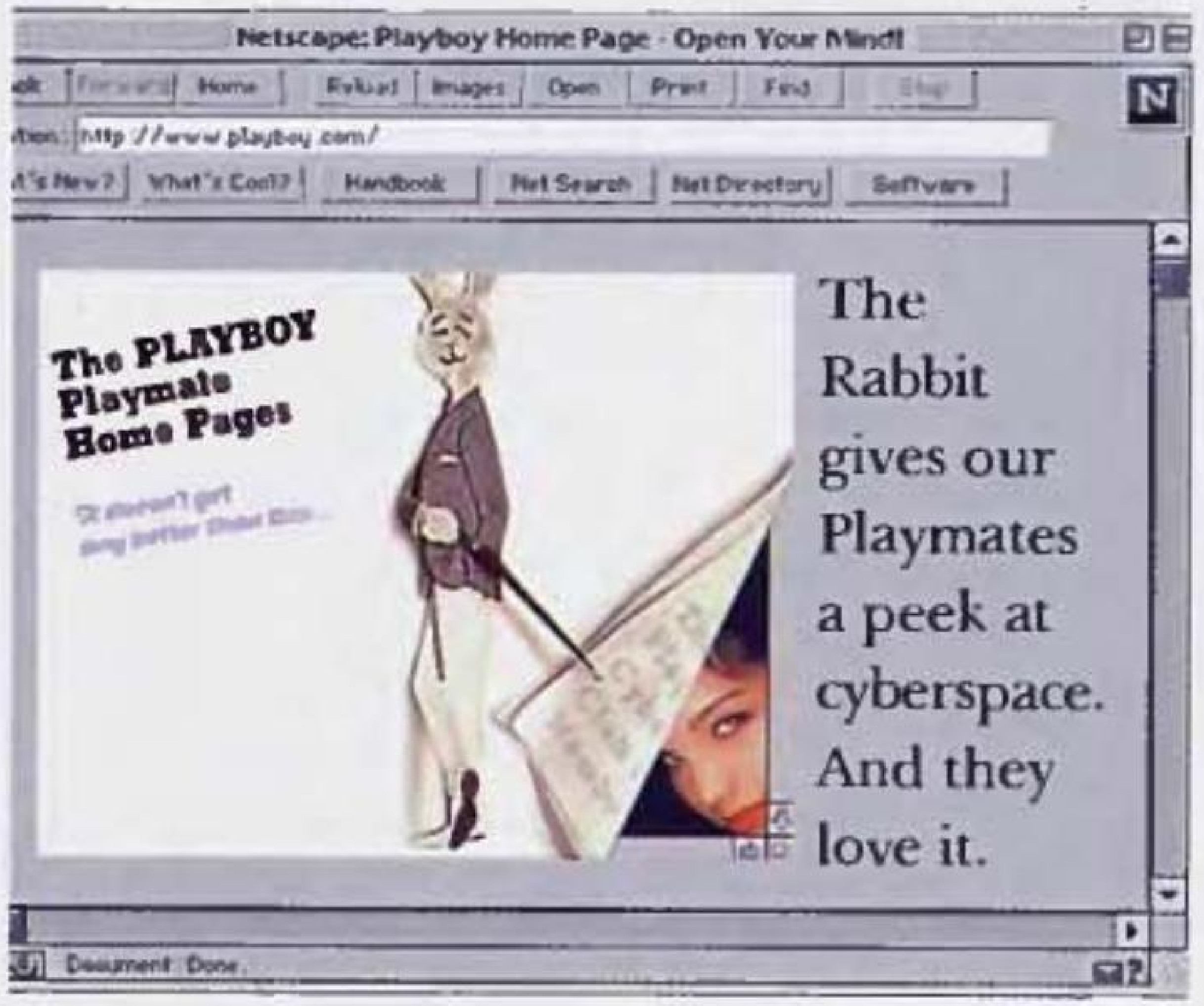
PLAYMATE NEWS

PLAYMATES ONLINE

If you're an online junkie and haven't visited **www.playboy.com,** what are you waiting for?

PLAYBOY CYBER CLUB

PLAYBOY's new pay site on the World Wide Web features home pages for each of the 516 Playmate centerfolds, including previously unpublished data sheets and thousands of photographs from our archives. Who is your favorite Playmate? Use the search function to call up her home page, portfolio, data sheet, collectibles and, in some cases, an audio greeting. Generate a list of Playmates who share your birthday, your taste in movies, your hometown or your enthusiasm for databases. The Playmates we've contacted have all been excited about the chance to interact online with you. They'll be hanging out in the Playmate Fan Club and the real-time chat rooms. Don't be shocked if Hef drops by to say hello at **cyber.playboy.com**.



The Rabbit gives our Playmates a peek at cyberspace. And they love it.

PLAYBOY HOME PAGE

Along with their pages at the Cyber Club, the 12 most recent Playmates have second homes at our free site. There, you will find unpublished photographs and voice messages. Then you can click on "All the Rest" and "PLAYBOY's Playmates" at **www.playboy.com**.

CANDY LOVING:
"I was always a dedicated and conscientious person. Then PLAYBOY came along and furthered my education."

FREQUENTLY ASKED QUESTIONS

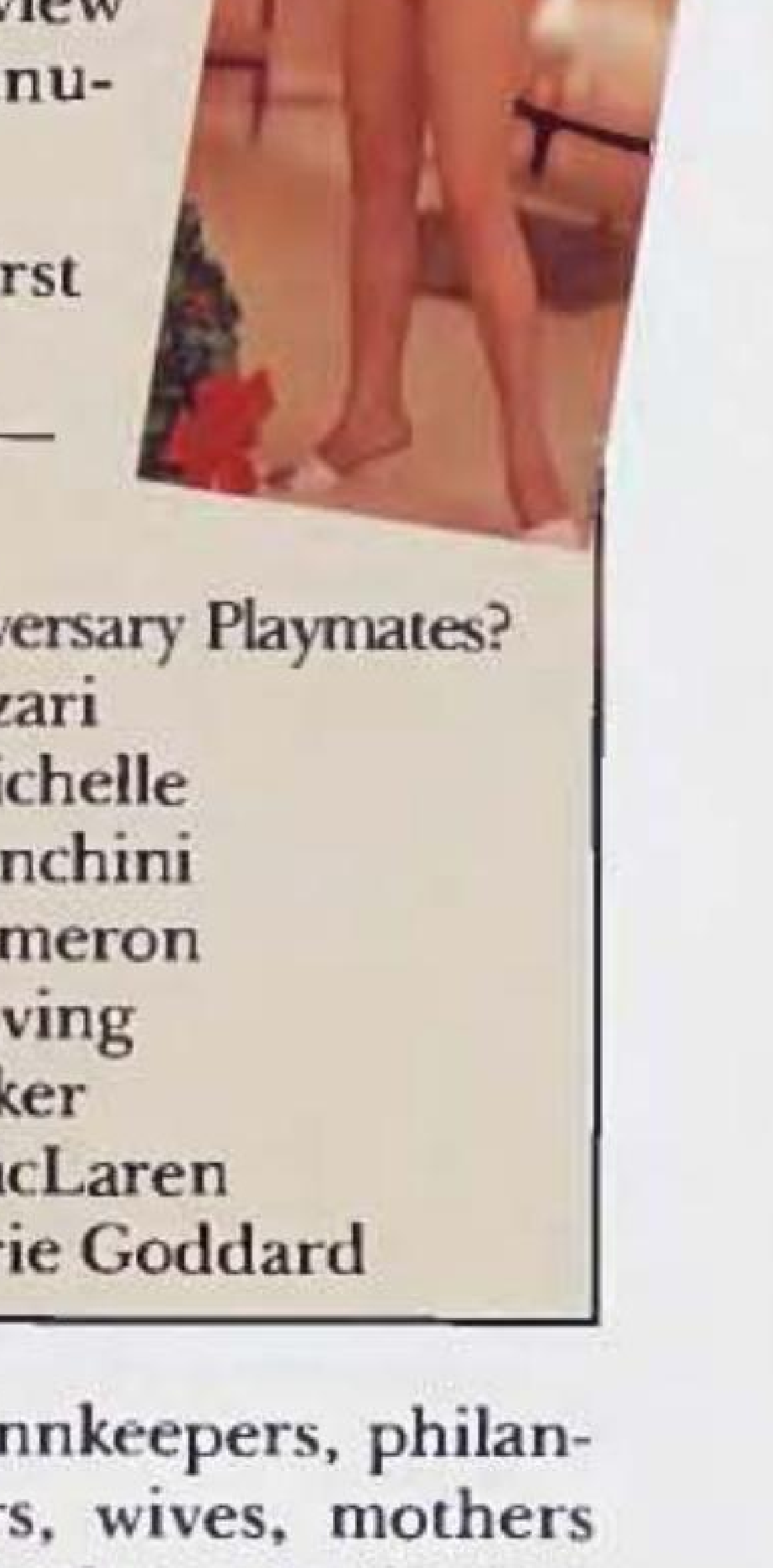
Are you curious whether the measurements of the average Playmate have changed over the years? Are you dying to know the most popular turn-ons? Got ten bucks riding on which Playmates appear with Hef on the PLAYBOY pinball machine? The Playmate FAQ will quench your thirst for knowledge. You should check it out at **www.playboy.com/faq**.

THE PLAYBOY LISTSERV

This moderated, unofficial e-mail group is the thinking man's alt.mag.playboy. Serious PLAYBOY fans post messages every day to discuss and debate which Playmate has provided the most fantasies. There are also detailed deconstructions of past and present pictorials, entertaining memoirs by fans who recall the first time they peeked inside Dad's stash and even an occasional comment about the articles. Cynthia Myers, Miss December 1968, the official Playmate of the Listserv, also posts comments. For information on joining the discussion, visit the PLAYBOY FAQ (**www.playboy.com/faq**).

THE PLAYMATE BOOK

In 1994, *The Playboy Book* (General Publishing) captured 40 years of entertainment for men in a remarkable coffee-table book. If PLAYBOY's complete pictorial history left you wanting more, you are definitely in luck. *The Playmate Book* (General Publishing), by Gretchen Edgren with an introduction by Hugh M. Hefner, offers five decades of Playmates and Playmate trivia. "Playmates are the stuff that dreams are made of," says Hef, "but they're also human beings who have touched the hearts and minds of our readers." In this book, you will meet all the Playmates through December of 1996. They are celebrities, actresses, doctors, lawyers, real estate brokers, artists, writers, singers, interior designers, athletes, dancers, photographers, sculptors, corporate execs, innkeepers, philanthropists, teachers, wives, mothers and even grandmothers. Is there a better way to keep the connection alive? Find out where your favorite Playmate is today and enjoy the nostalgic moment when you see her again. You can visit a bookstore or order through us via the Playboy Products catalog (800-423-9494; $50).



FREQUENTLY ASKED QUESTIONS: PLAYMATE OF THE YEAR

Who chooses the PMOY?

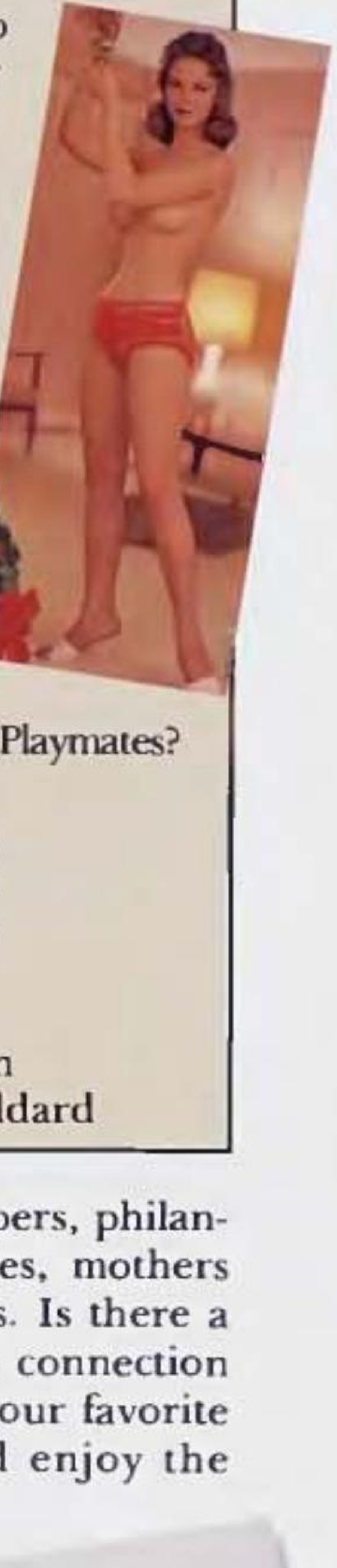
Hef makes the final choice after taking into account votes cast by our readers. The feature runs every June.

When did you first publish the *Playmate Review*?

The first review appeared in January 1956.

Who was the first PMOY?

Ellen Stratton—in 1960



Who are the Anniversary Playmates?

5th—Joyce Nizzari
10th—Donna Michelle
15th—Leslie Bianchini
20th—Nancy Cameron
25th—Candy Loving
30th—Penny Baker
35th—Fawna MacLaren
40th—Anna-Marie Goddard

PLAYMATE NEWS

GLAMOUR GIRL CONTEST

Before Steve Sullivan could launch his magazine *Glamour Girls of the Century*, he wanted to rank the 100 most beautiful women of all time. To do that, Sullivan created the All-Time Glamour Girl Survey especially for Playboy's Listserv group and lobbied for help from pin-up collectors and fans all over the country. Nearly 600 people cast votes for more than 1850 women, including Playmates, models, actresses and even strippers. Not surprisingly, Marilyn Monroe, who was featured as PLAYBOY's very first "Sweetheart of the Month" in December 1953, took the top spot. Other winners who have appeared in PLAYBOY: Jayne Mansfield (#2), Bettie Page (#4), Samantha Fox (#11) and Cynthia Myers (#13). You will find a ranking of the top 500 vote-getters posted on the Listserv site.

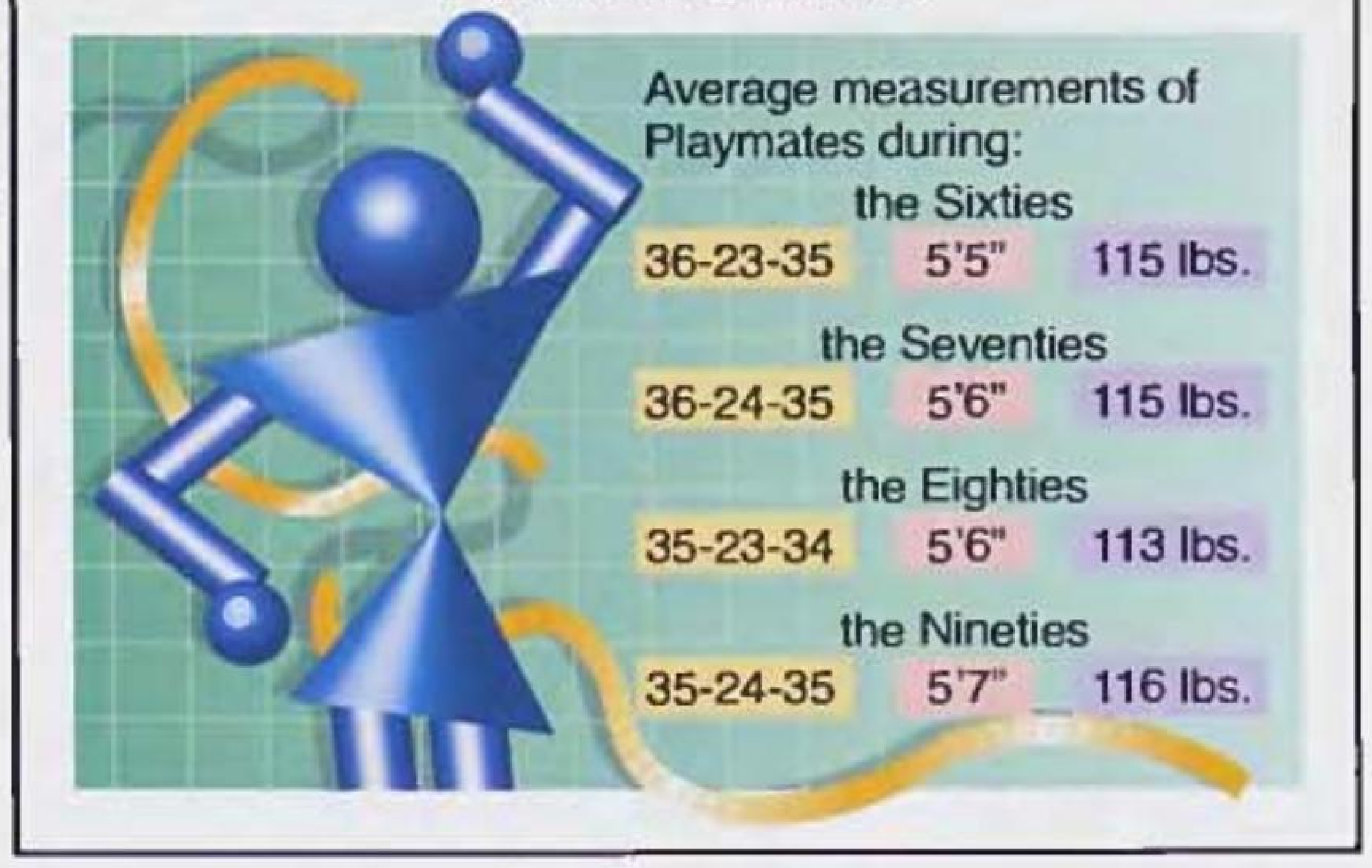
Bettie Page

PLAYMATE DIALOGUE

"When it comes to a glamour photograph, I really don't care how much, if anything, is exposed. But I do think about it. After all, I'm a heterosexual male. One of my favorite photos of Marilyn Monroe is over my desk. It's a simple head-and-shoulders shot. She has a great face, but not a killer face. What makes this photo is the attitude she projects. It's an invitation that is a perfect blend of sophistication and innocence."—Mark Tomlonson, tomlonson@wmich.edu.

KONA CARMACK:
"Playmates are like a sorority. We stick together."

PLAYMATE TRIVIA



Average measurements of Playmates during:

the Sixties	36-23-35	5'5"	115 lbs.
the Seventies	36-24-35	5'6"	115 lbs.
the Eighties	35-23-34	5'6"	113 lbs.
the Nineties	35-24-35	5'7"	116 lbs.

CAROL ZUBER-MALLISON

QUOTE UNQUOTE

"People send me *The Playboy Book* and current issues of the magazine for my autograph. It's a good feeling that 30 years later I was asked to be in *Playmate Revisited*. My life with PLAYBOY was the best thing I ever did, and if I had to do it over, I would in a second. I'd like to be a centerfold every year."

—DE DE LIND, MISS AUGUST 1967

"Being a Playmate in the Seventies was very different from being a Playmate today. Women have more choices now and more opportunities. I'm glad PLAYBOY finally ran some pictorials of women over 40. When I'm 80 years old, it's going to be a kick to show people my centerfold."

—CYNDI WOOD, MISS FEBRUARY 1973

PLAYMATE HOME PAGES

Spend the morning with Kona Carmack, the afternoon with Julie Cialini and the evening with Bettie Page. While that may sound like a far-fetched fantasy, thanks to the wizards in PLAYBOY's New Media Department such a day is actually possible. Visit the Playmates' home pages as often as you'd like. It's one of the Cyber Club's many membership privileges. The club can be found at **cyber.playboy.com.** Marilyn Monroe has her own home page, and so do the other Playmates. You can check out their data sheets, video and sound clips and unpublished photos—or you can buy collectibles. Think of it: lip prints and autographs. Then you can stop by the Playmate Fan Club to post a message for your favorite Playmate or to other club members. Or enter an auditorium chat room, where you can pose your question in real time to featured Playmates. A little-known fact: Playmates have been in cyberspace for 25 years. At the University of Southern California, when programmers needed an image to test digital-compression technology—to send images through phone wires—who did they use? November 1972 Playmate Lenna Sjööblom. Who says image isn't everything?

PLAYMATE GOSSIP

LEROY NEIMAN

ANOTHER SALUTE FROM JO COLLINS: This past Veterans Day, Playmates descended on the Motown Café in New York for Operation Playmate to raise money for veterans' groups. **Jo Collins,** 1965 Playmate of the Year, spearheaded the first Operation Playmate in Vietnam. She was joined by **Bebe Buell, DeDe Lind, Donna Edmondson** and **Stacy Sanches.** . . . **Julie Cialini** is the spokesmodel for a new cologne, Live, sold at Camelot record stores. . . . **Gillian Bonner** debuted a CD-ROM series for her Black Dragon Productions. Riana Rouge features live-action video, three-dimensional animation and an adventure story line. . . . **Cynthia Myers** will be featured in Steve Sullivan's sequel to *Va Va Voom!*, a tribute to pin-ups and glamour girls. . . . **Yvette Vickers'** cult following began with the sci-fi movies *Attack of the 50 Foot Woman* and *Attack of the Giant Leeches*. When she appears at science fiction conventions, her fans go wild. . . . Look for **Lisa Marie Scott** in three movies: *Ringer*, *Corporate Ladder* and *Glass Cage*. . . . **Petra Verkaik** has produced her own calendar called *Pin-Up Girls 1997*, which includes many of her Playmate friends. Call 800-PIN-UP97 to order. . . . **Tina Bockrath** and **Carrie Westcott** joined Playmates across the country for Kiss Across America last fall to raise money for Cable Positive, the cable industry's leading AIDS organization. The kisses flew from coast to coast. Did you get one?

Bockroth, Westcott

JOHN KENNEDY

(continued from page 130)

slow striptease by John Kennedy. He sells the ads. He lands the interviews. And he talks to Oprah about who thought up the idea of putting his father's alleged girlfriend on the cover of his magazine.

"It was a collective one, I think," said Kennedy. "I mean, what actually happened was that some of our editors had a meeting and thought about the idea. And then I said—we were going over it—to one of them, 'You know, we really should do something.' Because we've always played with political imagery. And I said, 'It's part of American history. It's a famous image.'"

One Kennedy friend tells a startling story about the family's attitude toward the Monroe episode.

"He once told me they had the tape of Marilyn at home, and they would sit around laughing at it," said the friend. "It sounds weird, I guess. But what else could they do?"

Is this plausible? Maybe so. Jackie Kennedy watched one of the television biopics about herself and laughed like crazy, friends have reported. When Oprah offered to roll the Monroe tape during Kennedy's visit to her show this past September, John didn't flinch. "I've seen it a few times, but I'll watch it again," he said. When the tape finished, he quipped: "She can carry a tune to boot."

"He gets very bad advice," said a family friend. "He trusts other people."

But he doesn't trust everybody. One October evening he took the subway home from work, changed his suit for shorts, a T-shirt and a pair of in-line skates and rolled along near the Hudson River until nine P.M. Reporters were waiting at his door.

"Is Carolyn pregnant?" one of them shouted. Kennedy scowled.

"I don't comment," he said, measuring every word, "on our personal life."

"So is she pregnant?" the reporter persisted.

"Would you say if you were pregnant?" Kennedy shot back and went into his building.

A writer recently called *George* about meeting Kennedy to discuss a story. "Can't do it today," said his secretary. "He has meetings until 2:30, then he's at the gym from three to six."

Those are his terms. The people in that famous picture by Dan Farrell are disappearing. Peter Lawford. Bobby Kennedy. Jacqueline Kennedy. Even the little boy who was told when to salute is all but gone. Now it's his picture. And he'll pose how he wants to.

WHERE & HOW TO BUY

Below is a list of retailers and manufacturers you can contact for information on where to find this month's merchandise. To buy the apparel and equipment shown on pages 15, 24, 79–83, 100–103 and 171, check the listings below to find the stores nearest you.

WIRED

Page 15: "We're All Ears": **Personal Internet recorder** by *Audio Highway*, 800-77-LISTEN. "A Few Good Men—and Demons": **Video game software** by *ID Software*, 800-ID-GAMES. "Wild Things": **Universal remote control, modules** and **transmitter** by *RCA*, 800-336-1900. **Modem** by *Sega*, 800-USA-SEGA.

STYLE

Page 24: "It's in the Bag": **Golf bags:** By *Salvatore Ferragamo*, at Salvatore Ferragamo stores. By *Luciano Barbera*, at Louis of Boston, 617-262-6100. By *Giorgio Armani*, at Giorgio Armani boutiques. By *Louis Vuitton*, 212-371-6111. By *Ralph Lauren*, at exclusive pro shops. At *Barneys*, Beverly Hills, 310-276-4400 and NYC, 212-826-8900. "South for the Winter": **Windbreaker** by *Tommy Hilfiger*, at Macy's and Dillard's stores. **Shirts** by *Gene Meyer*, at Saks Fifth Avenue stores. **Jacket** from *Perry Ellis*, at Marshall Field's stores. **Chinos** by *DKNY* and **pullover** by *CK Calvin Klein*, at select Bloomingdale's stores. **Pullover** by *Nicole Farhi*, at Fred Segal, 213-651-3342. "Hot Shopping: Honolulu": *Bailey's Antiques and Aloha Shirts*, 808-734-7628. *Go Bananas Kayaking*, 808-737-9514. *Soccer Locker*, 808-732-5717. *Sumo Connection*, 808-737-9116. *Island Golf*, 808-732-5274. "Screen/Play": **Moisturizers:** By *Chanel*, *Bijan* and *Kenzo*, at fine department stores. By *Neutrogena*, at specialty stores. By *Face Stockholm*, 212-334-3900.

HATS & COATS

Page 79: **Fedora** by *Makins*, at Saks Fifth Avenue and Neiman Marcus stores. Page 80: **Coat** by *Agnona*, at Saks Fifth Avenue stores. **Fedora** by *Makins*, at Saks Fifth Avenue and Neiman Marcus stores. **Sports jacket** by *Perry Ellis*, at select Burdines stores. **Tie** by *Perry Ellis*, at Bloomingdale's stores. **Shirt** by *Boss Hugo Boss*, at Hugo Boss, Washington, DC, 202-625-2677 and King of Prussia, PA, 610-992-1400. Page 81: **Coat** by *Ermenegildo Zegna*, at Neiman Marcus stores. **Fedora** by *Makins*, at Saks Fifth Avenue and Neiman Marcus stores. **Shirt** and **tie** by *Boss Hugo Boss*, at Hugo Boss, Washington, DC, 202-625-2677 and King of Prussia, PA, 610-992-1400. Page 82: **Coat** by *Allegri*, at Louis of Boston, 617-262-6100 and Saks Fifth Avenue stores. **Sports jacket** by *Perry Ellis*, at select Burdines stores. **Shirt** by *Perry Ellis Portfolio*, at Bloomingdale's stores. **Tie** by *Joseph Abboud*, at Nordstrom and Bloomingdale's stores. **Fedora** by *Worth & Worth*, 212-867-6058. Page 83: **Coat** by *Luciano Barbera*, at Barneys New York, 212-826-8900 and Bergdorf Goodman, 212-753-7300. **Fedora** by *Worth & Worth*, 212-867-6058. **Suit** from *Baldessarini Hugo Boss*, at Hugo Boss, Washington, DC, 202-625-2677. **Shirt** by *Emporio Armani*, at Emporio Armani stores. **Tie** by *Etro*, 212-719-1645.

CUPID'S QUIVER

Pages 101–103: **Champagne** from *Pol Roger*, 800-RED-WINE. **Bath products** by *Emporio Armani*, at all Emporio Armani stores. **Sterling silver compact** from *Asprey*, 800-883-2777. **Ring** by *Joel Soskil*, from Magnum Designs, 888-624-6864. **Bracelet** from *Cartier*, 312-266-7440. **Perfume** from *Jean-Paul Gaultier*, at fine department stores. **Picture frame** from *ABC Carpet & Home*, 212-473-3000. **Resorts:** Sandals Royal Bahamian, 800-726-3257. Hayman Island, 800-366-1300. Hotel Lutetia, 800-888-4747.

ON THE SCENE

Page 171: "How Sweet It Is": **M&M candy** from *FAO Schweetz*, 312-787-3773. **Chocolates and truffles** by *Godiva Chocolatier, Inc.*, 800-9-GODIVA. **Vodka-filled chocolates** by *Petrossian*, 800-828-9241. **Hazelnut-and-chocolate confections** by *Perugina*, 800-272-0500. **Devil Girl chocolate bar** from *Kitchen Sink Press*, 800-365-SINK. **Saltwater taffy** by *Fralinger's*, 800-938-2339. **Chocolates** by *See's Candies*, 800-347-7337.

CREDITS: PHOTOGRAPHY BY: P. 3 STEVEN BARBOUR, CATHERINE DWYER, GEORGE GEORGIOU, DOANE GREGORY, KATHI KENT, RON MESAROS, RANDY O'ROURKE, ROB RICH, JEFF STONEHOUSE, ROSALIE WINARD, BUNNY YEAGER; P. 10 ARNY FREYTAG; P. 15 GEORGIOU, TONY STONE IMAGES; P. 18 SYDNEY BALDWIN/© 1996 SONY PICTURES ENTERTAINMENT CO.; P. 22 © SYGMA; P. 23 GABRIELLA BRANDENSTEIN/© 1995 CASTLE ROCK ENTERTAINMENT; P. 24 GEORGIOU; P. 28 PHOTOFEST; P. 53 FREYTAG; P. 55 GEORGIOU, IRA WYMAN/SYGMA; P. 71 E.J. BELLOCQ; PP. 100-102 RICHARD FEGLEY (2), GEORGIOU (2), JAMES IMBROGNO (3); P. 107 DAVID CHAN; P. 108 STEFANO PALTERA; P. 131 HERB RITTS; PP. 167-168 DAVID ALLOCCA/DMI, WILLIAM GRAHAM, POMPEO POSAR, YEAGER (2); P. 174 CHAN (2); P. 176 STEPHEN WAYDA (2). P. 68 ART BY J.C. LEYENDECKER; P. 70 CAROL WALD COLLECTION, "SEPTEMBER MORN" ARTIST: PAUL CHABAS; KOBAL COLLECTION, "NUDE DESCENDING STAIRCASE" © 1997 MARCEL DUCHAMP ARS, NEW YORK/ADAGP, PARIS; P. 71 CAROL WALD COLLECTION (2), HAROLD WASHINGTON LIBRARY COLLECTION (3); P. 72 CAROL WALD COLLECTION (2), CULVER PICTURES, KEN FLOREY COLLECTION (2), ARTIST: RAPHAEL KIRCHNER; P. 133 BETTMAN ARCHIVE; P. 138 BETTMAN ARCHIVE; P. 140 CAROL WALD COLLECTION. P. 103 MAN'S ATTIRE COURTESY OF SENO FORMAL WEAR, CHICAGO AND NW INDIANA; ROLLS ROYCE COURTESY OF STEVE FOLEY CADILLAC, INC., NORTHBROOK, IL. P. 112 STYLING BY PAULA FOX FOR BUTLER RHEGANTI, GROOMING BY NANCY SPRAGUE FOR ONE NAKED EGG, WARDROBE BY PAUL SMITH.

"Would you rather reach Millions of Readers... or Readers with Millions?"

-Thomas L. duPont
duPont REGISTRY

A BUYERS GALLERY OF FINE AUTOMOBILES

duPont
REGISTRY

If Your Luxury, Exotic or Collectible Automobile Qualifies for Our Buyers
Call: (800) 233-1731 or (813) 573-9339 Ext. 250

PLAYBOY

ON·THE·SCENE

WHAT'S HAPPENING, WHERE IT'S HAPPENING AND WHO'S MAKING IT HAPPEN

HOW SWEET IT IS

We're not going to sugarcoat our feelings about Valentine's Day. If you're set on giving her candy, leave the boxes of ordinary chocolates to Forrest Gump. We've sampled the world of sweets and found everything from the ridiculous (R. Crumb's Devil Girl Choco-Bars, with the slogan "It's *bad* for you!") to the unique (vodka-filled chocolates by Petrossian) to the sublime (Godiva's best). On the romantic side, there are confections named Baci ("kisses" in Italian) and delicious truffles by See's Candies. Even good old M&Ms have been given a makeover—they now come in funky colors such as silver and gold. And if she doesn't like chocolate, saltwater taffy by Fralinger's will give her a very sticky thrill.

RICHARD IZUI

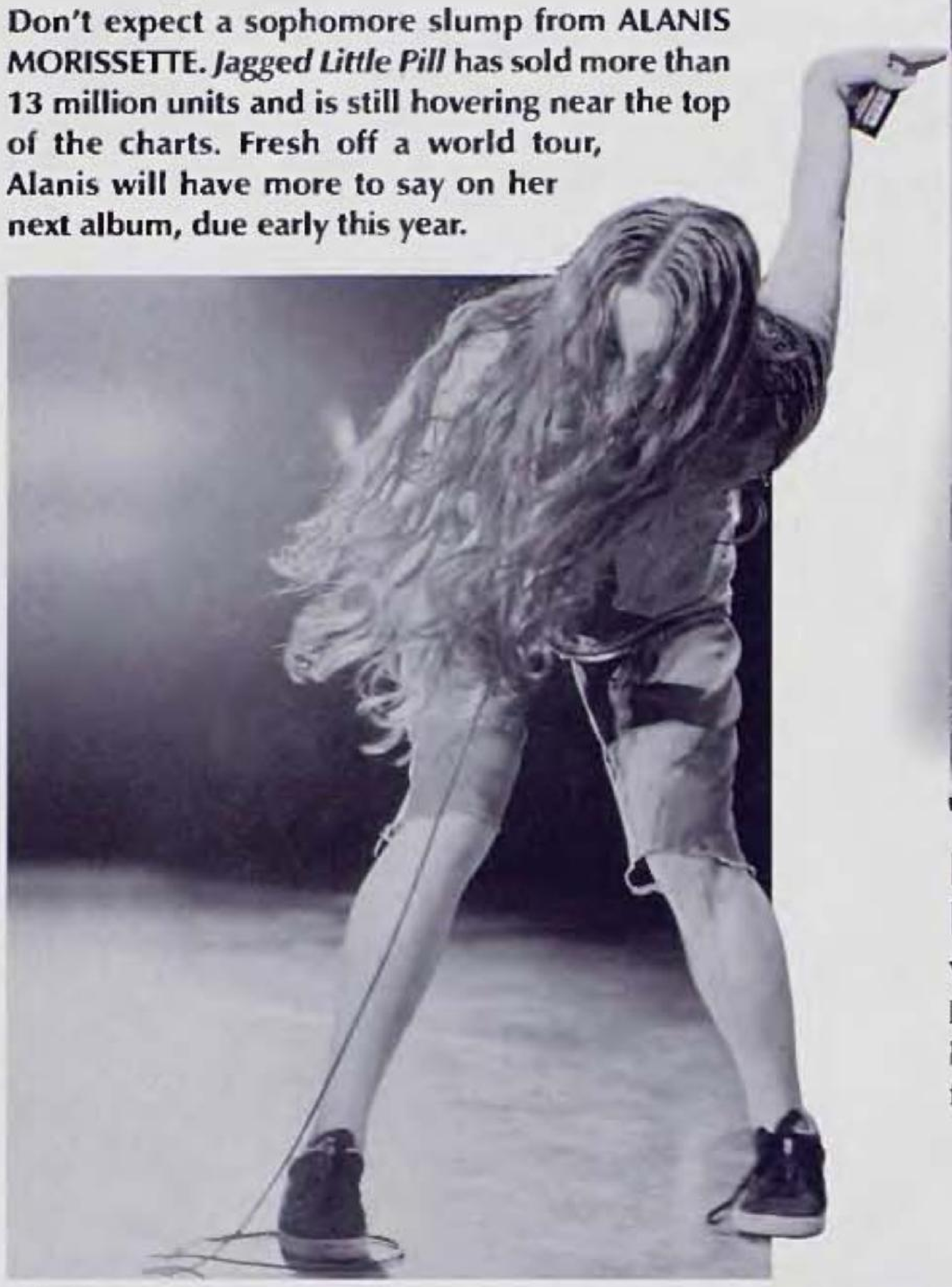
Clockwise from top left: Seven pounds of M&Ms in 24 colors ($55, including a tackle box). Godiva chocolates and truffles come nestled in a red velvet heart-shaped box ($55 for 12.5 ounces). Tin of vodka-filled chocolates by Petrossian ($45 for 350 grams). Hazelnut and chocolate Baci by Perugina wrapped in foil with a love note ($20 for a box of 36). Devil Girl Choco-Bars with R. Crumb artwork on the wrapper and box ($30 for a box of 15). Saltwater taffy by Fralinger's ($26 for a five-pound box). Center: See's chocolate ($25 for a 1.6-pound anniversary tin).

DEVIL GIRL
EAT ME!
CHOCO-BAR
IT'S BAD FOR YOU!
Bacio

WHERE & HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 169.

You Oughta Know

Don't expect a sophomore slump from ALANIS MORISSETTE. *Jagged Little Pill* has sold more than 13 million units and is still hovering near the top of the charts. Fresh off a world tour, Alanis will have more to say on her next album, due early this year.



© KEN SETTLE

© ROBERT MATHEU

Don't Call Information, Dial BR5-49

You might get a busy signal when you dial up Nashville's hippest hillbilly band. Formerly the house band in a boot store—honest—these boys now have a self-titled album climbing the country charts. After playing for tips, this is the big time.

Making Waves

Martial artist BOBBIE PAULSON appeared in *Casino* and *Invaders From Mars* and on the TV pilot of *The Watcher*. Watch Bobbie give new meaning to bodysurfing.

© ANDY PEARLMAN

See and Be Seen

SARAH JESSICA PARKER lit up Broadway, got us laughing in *The First Wives Club* and will appear on TV in two Neil Simon plays. Why not? She's second to none.

© DAVID ALLOCCA/DMI

A Teeny Bikini

DEBORAH TEXTOR was noticed first for posing on a greeting card. Check her out on video in the low-budget film *Agent Action*. Or feast your eyes right here.

© ANDY PEARLMAN

© TIM JAHNS

Our Aria to Carmen

CARMEN PALUMBO made her name on the covers of *Hot Bike* and *Nostalgia Cycle* and in Miller beer promotions. We like her in basic black.

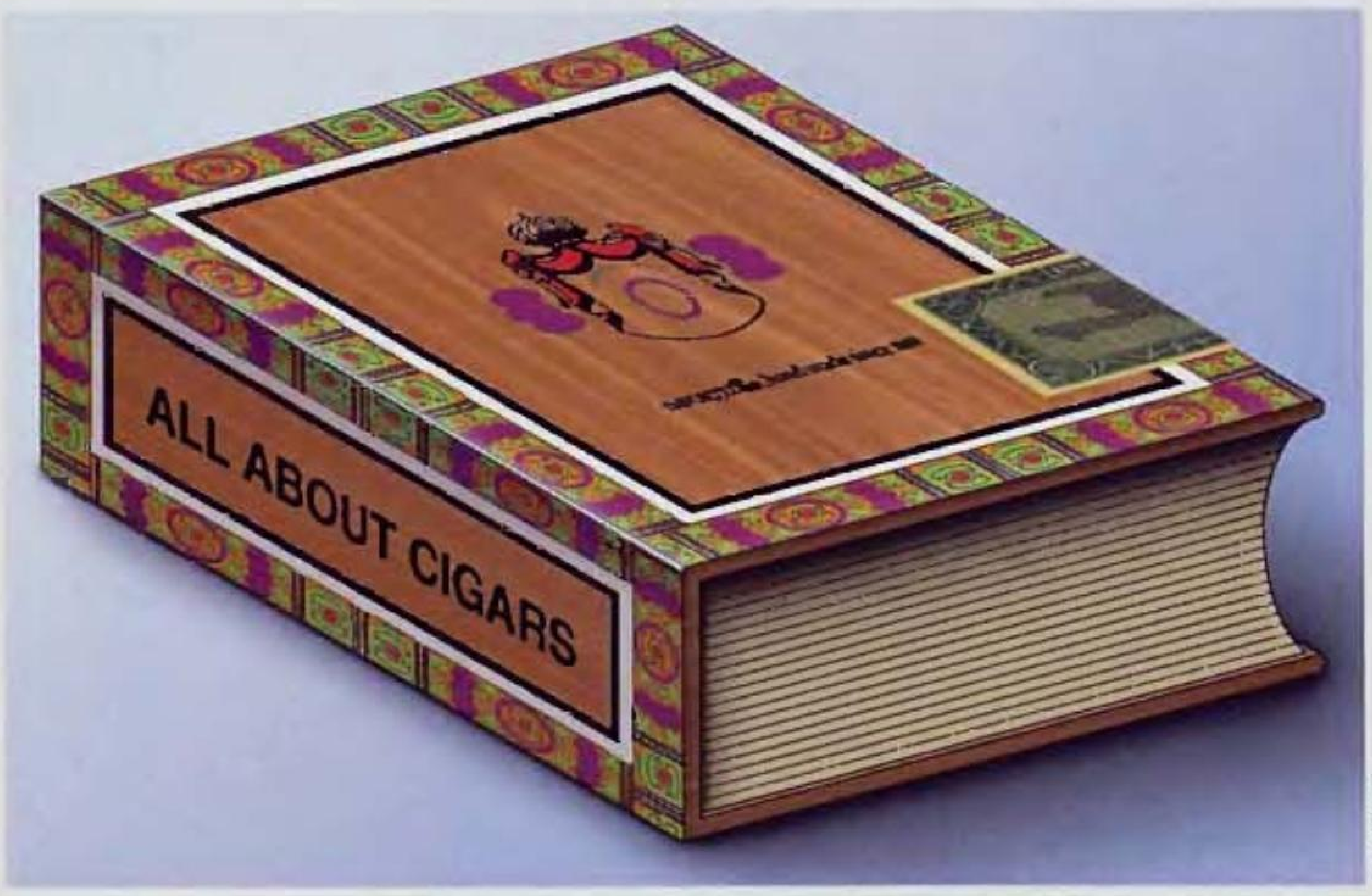
Hot Pot

Techno star **MOBY** is one of the few guys in his field known by name. He recently toured Europe with Soundgarden. Catch his drift.

© RIKKEN/SUNSHINE/RETNA

THE WORLD OF ROMANCE

Chivalry isn't dead, it's just gone under wraps. Inside this romantic gift box is a 0.8-ounce bottle of Joy eau de toilette, a split of Perrier-Jouët champagne, 4.5 ounces of Russell Stover chocolates and the red-and-white teddy pictured here. Bet we know which item you'll want your valentine to try first. It's all arranged in a heart-shaped box overlaid with a world map and topped with a gold bow, foreign coins and other gewgaws. A calligraphed card says, "I Would Give You the World." Price: $79 plus shipping from 888-LUV-IDEA.



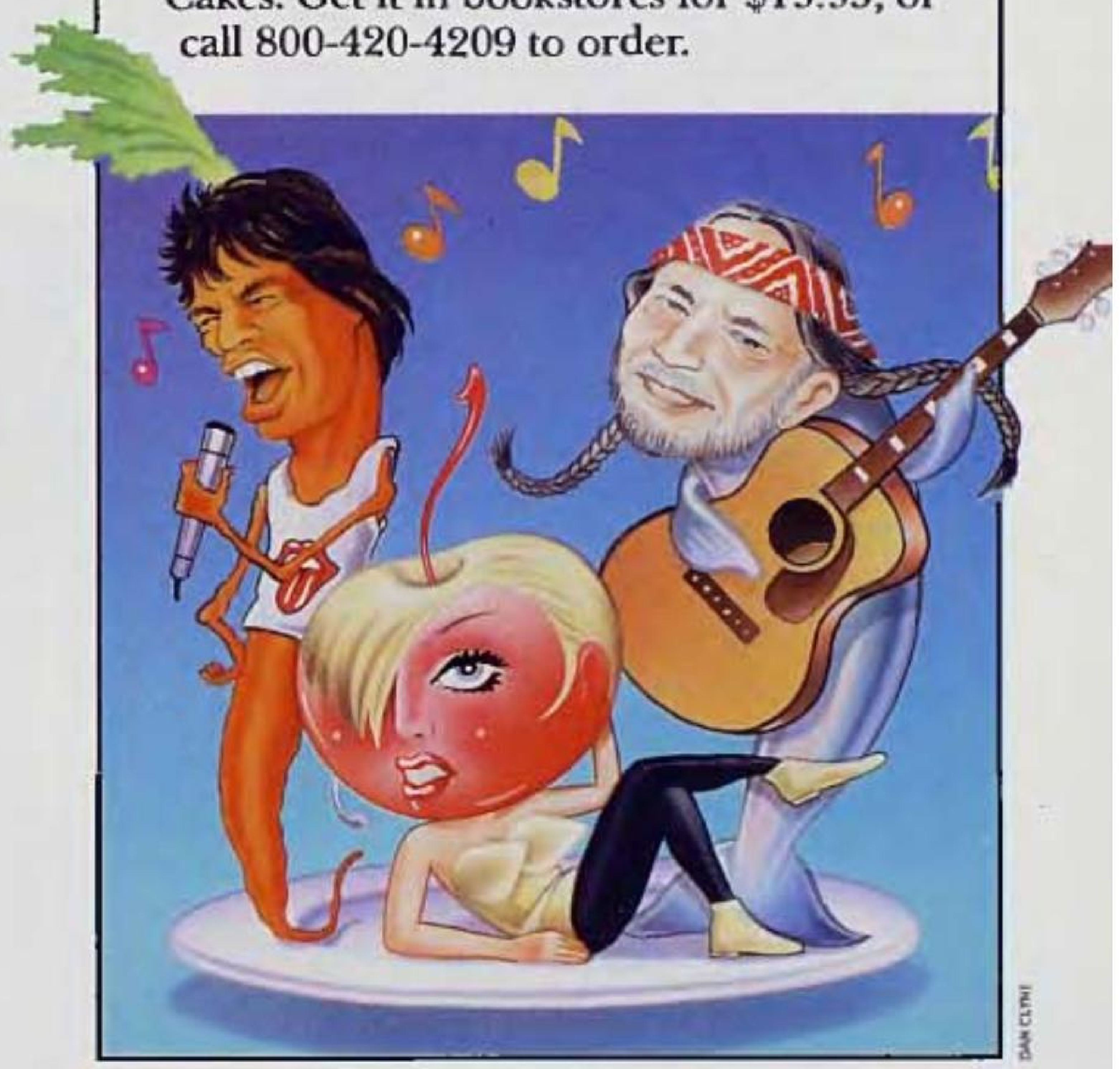
ABBE SENNETT

LIGHT UP! READ UP!

Cigar books are almost as hot as the stogies inspiring them. Barnaby Conrad III's *The Cigar* is a $29.95 hardcover filled with art, cartoons, labels, etc. and Conrad's words on the leaf. (Order from Chronicle Books, 800-722-6657.) *The Cigar in Art* (Overlook Press, $35) captures the cigar's illustrious history in painting with 85 color plates, each accompanied by a literary allusion. Other cigar books include: *The Good Cigar: A Celebration of the Art of Cigar Smoking* by H. Paul Jeffries and Kevin Gordon (Lyons & Burford, $25), *Cigar Aficionado*'s gorgeous *World of Cigars* ($19.95, call 800-761-4099), Schiffer Publishing's $69.95 hardcover *Antique Cigar Cutters & Lighters* (610-593-1777) and the updated and expanded second edition of Richard Carleton Hacker's bestseller *The Ultimate Cigar Book* ($34.95 at upscale tobacconists).

FEAST FOR FAMINE

Kool and the Gang's Mack-a-Licious Phat French Toast might win the prize for the most original name, but it's not the only wacky recipe featured in *A Musical Feast*, a cookbook written to help the homeless. More than 100 musical artists donated recipes; our favorites are Mick Jagger's Shrimp Curry, Madonna's Cholesterol Cherry Torte and Willie Nelson's Salmon Cakes. Get it in bookstores for $19.95, or call 800-420-4209 to order.



DAN CLYNE

HIT BELOW THE BELT

Ergo, Inc. was granted the first patent in the underwear business in 40 years for its e2u men's briefs—and wouldn't you know, the owner of the company is a woman. Cindy Michels says her all-cotton product "provides the freedom of boxers with the support an athlete needs." In other words, no pinching, binding or ass creep. White, teal, blue and black e2us are available in even sizes from 28 to 56. Price: $23. Call 800-568-5588.

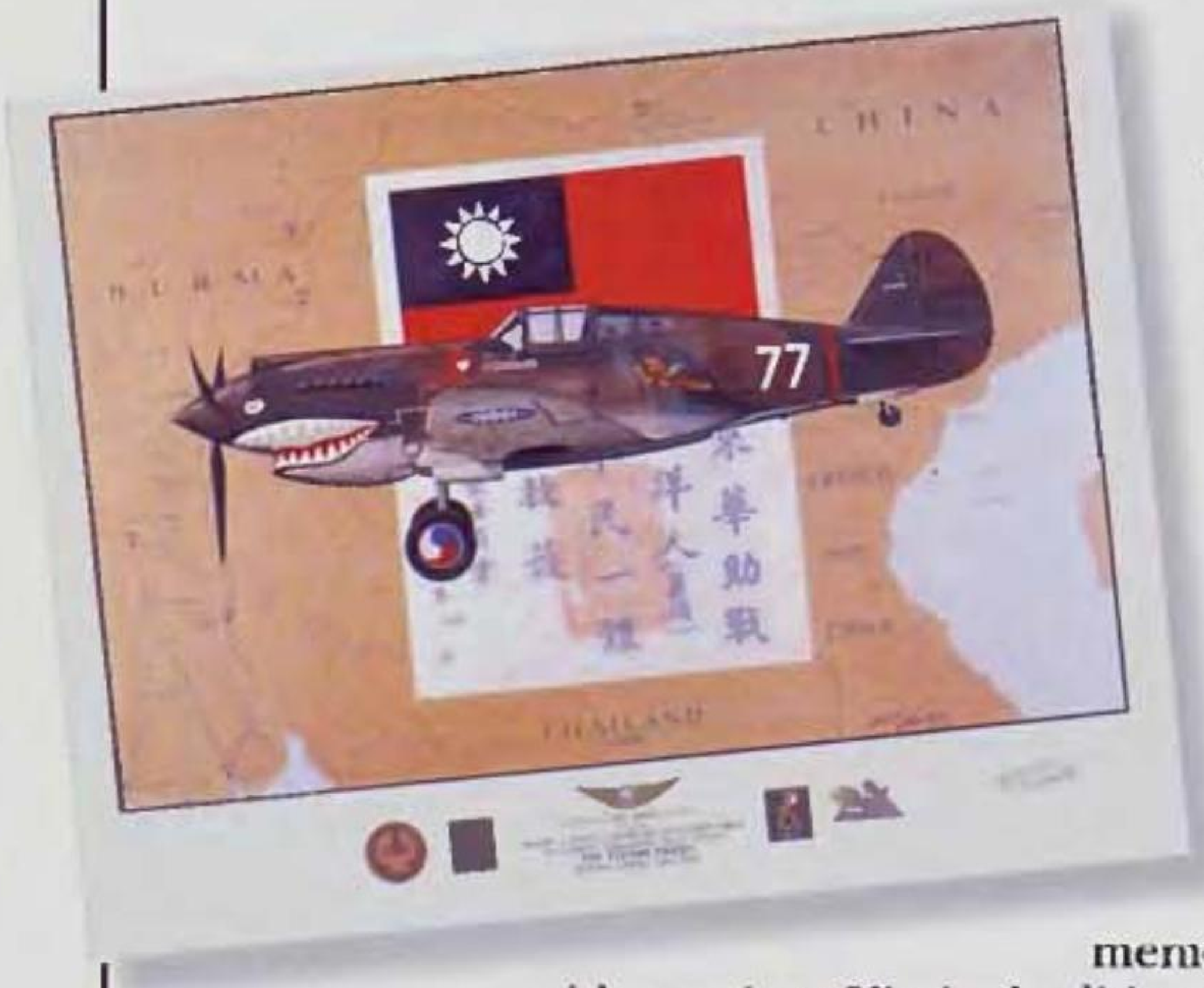
ABSOLUT-LY TERRIFIC

In 1981, 20,000 cases of Absolut vodka were sold in the U.S. By 1995, sales had increased to 3 million cases. The reason? An excellent product and a perpetually fresh ad campaign, starring the Absolut bottle itself. *Absolut Book* by Richard Lewis, a $60 tome available in bookstores, showcases nearly 500 Absolut ads and the story behind each. Our favorite? "Absolut Centerfold," a spinoff of our Playmate of the Month, with a data sheet that cites ice and tonic as turn-ons.

NO MORE MISSING LINKS

Cuff links are a hot fashion accessory these days. If your supply is depleted, the National Cuff Link Society has an answer. Its Cuff Links of the Month Club offers a different set of vintage links each month for $269 annually (or $139 for six months, $75 for three). Styles range from figurals and exotic stones to initials and advertising logos. The club also takes special requests. Link up with the club at P.O. Box 346, Prospect Heights, Illinois 60070, or call 847-816-0035.

MELINDA GORDON

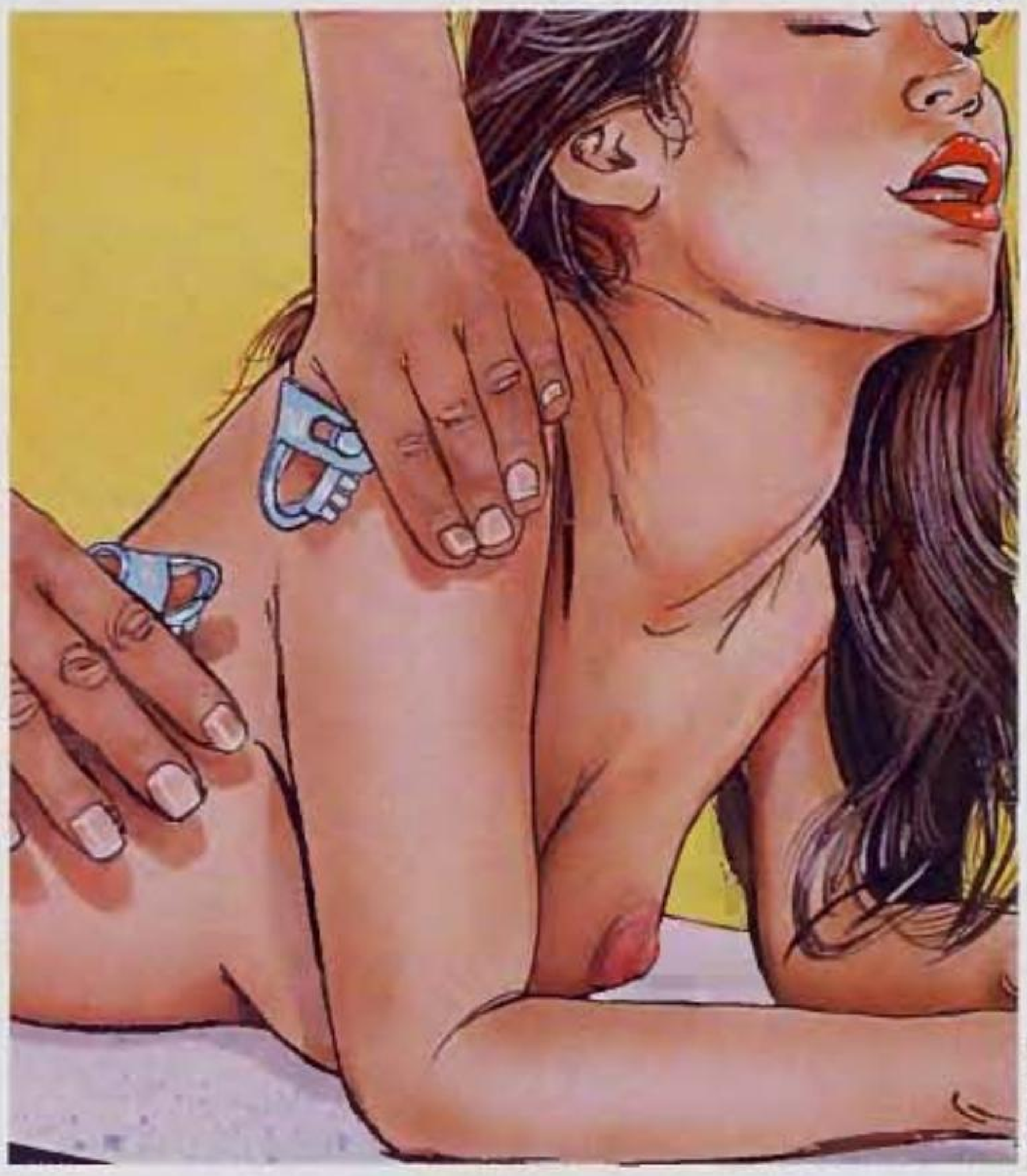


TIGERS IN THE SKY

The World War Two American volunteer group known as the Flying Tigers were the aces of the Far East skies, downing about 300 Japanese aircraft while losing only a few of their own. Check Six keeps the memories flying high with a series of limited-edition lithographs by aviation artist Larry Lapadura, including the 20″x 28″ one pictured here, signed by the artist and the plane's pilot, R.T. Smith. Its price: $125. Other aviation prints by various artists are also available, along with T-shirts, books and more. Call 800-704-5422.

THAT'S THE RUB

We understand the importance of a quickie—it's relaxing, relieves stress and feels great. A quickie massage, that is, and with a product named Thumb-ease, nubbed plastic devices that fit on the thumbs and stimulate pressure points, an impromptu massage will never be better. Thumb-ease cost $5 a pair. Also included is a card that shows where your pressure points are—as if you didn't know. Order from Milk and Honey Inc. at 505-474-6934.



PETER PALOMBI

KNOW YOUR VINO

Drinking games are no longer just for rowdy, *Animal House*–type college students. Bacchanales, a wine-tasting game for up to seven people, is actually educational. Learn to use sight, smell and taste to determine vintage, grape varietal, bottling region, château or domaine and aging potential. The $95 kit includes 40 scents, a snifter glass and three guidebooks. It's available from the *Wine Enthusiast* catalog (800-417-7788) or at department stores.

JOHN SCHMELZER

NEXT MONTH

GUESS WHO

PIN-UP GALA

KING VULTURE

MISS MARCH

THE VULTURE ON THE RING POST—HE'S A SHAMELESS SHAMAN, A HUCKSTER WITH A STRANGLEHOLD ON BOXING. IN A PROFILE ON THE GREAT AMERICAN HYPE MACHINE, **JACK NEWFIELD** DISCOVERS THAT IN **DON KING'S** WORLD, NICE GUYS USUALLY FINISH LAST

3001: THE FINAL ODYSSEY—WHAT HAPPENS TO ASTRONAUT FRANK POOLE WHEN HIS BODY IS RECOVERED AND UNFROZEN A THOUSAND YEARS AFTER HE WAS TERMINATED BY HAL?—THE FASCINATING CONCLUSION TO THE SPACE EPIC, BY **ARTHUR C. CLARKE**

WHY NEW SEX IS THE BEST SEX—IT'S NOT ONLY HOT, IT CAN ALSO BE THE TEMPLATE FOR A RELATIONSHIP—A DETAILED HOMAGE BY OUR FAVORITE TANTALIZING SEX WRITER, **SARI LOCKER**

SURF TV—THOUGHT YOU HAD A BREATHER FROM FANCY TOYS? NOW THERE'S A GADGET THAT CAN TURN CYBERGEEKS INTO COUCH POTATOES—SURFING THE NET THROUGH YOUR TELEVISION

MICHAEL JORDAN—HE HAS A FILM, A COLOGNE AND THE BEST MOVES IN HIS SPORT. WHAT'S LEFT FOR BASKETBALL'S GREATEST? MICHAEL HAS SOME SURPRISES IN 20Q WITH **KEVIN COOK**

CLINT EASTWOOD—HE'S THE SELF-MADE STAR WHO ONCE DESCRIBED HIMSELF AS "A BUM AND A DRIFTER." MORE THAN 50 FILMS LATER, HE'S COLLECTED AN OSCAR (FOR *UNFORGIVEN*) AND MORE GREAT ONE-LINERS THAN ANY OTHER STAR. A PLAYBOY INTERVIEW WITH THE HOLLYWOOD LEGEND, BY **BERNARD WEINRAUB**

SURPRISE PICTORIAL—JUST WHEN YOU THOUGHT THE TRIAL OF THE CENTURY WAS YESTERDAY'S NEWS, A RIVETING FIGURE EMERGED FROM THE WINGS. STAY TUNED FOR THE SEXIEST EXHIBIT A THIS SIDE OF BRENTWOOD

PLAYBOY'S GUIDE TO SPRING SKIING—IT'S BIKINI TIME ON THE SLOPES. THERE ARE NO LIFT LINES—AND THERE ARE GREAT EVENTS (SUCH AS THE WORLD CUP FINALS IN VAIL) TO LURE THRILL-SEEKERS TO THE ROCKIES

CHARGE!—IT'S SPORTY, SPEEDY AND WILL NEVER RUN OUT OF GAS. AN EXCLUSIVE LOOK AT GM'S BATTERY-RUN ELECTRIC CAR, THE EV1

PLUS: HOW TO JAZZ UP YOUR SPRING WARDROBE, THE ORIGINAL SEX KITTEN **BRIGITTE BARDOT,** CUFF LINKS THAT GRAB ATTENTION AND AN INSIDE PEEK AT LOS ANGELES' PIN-UP MECCA, **GLAMOURCON**